April 15, 1974

THE NEW YORKER

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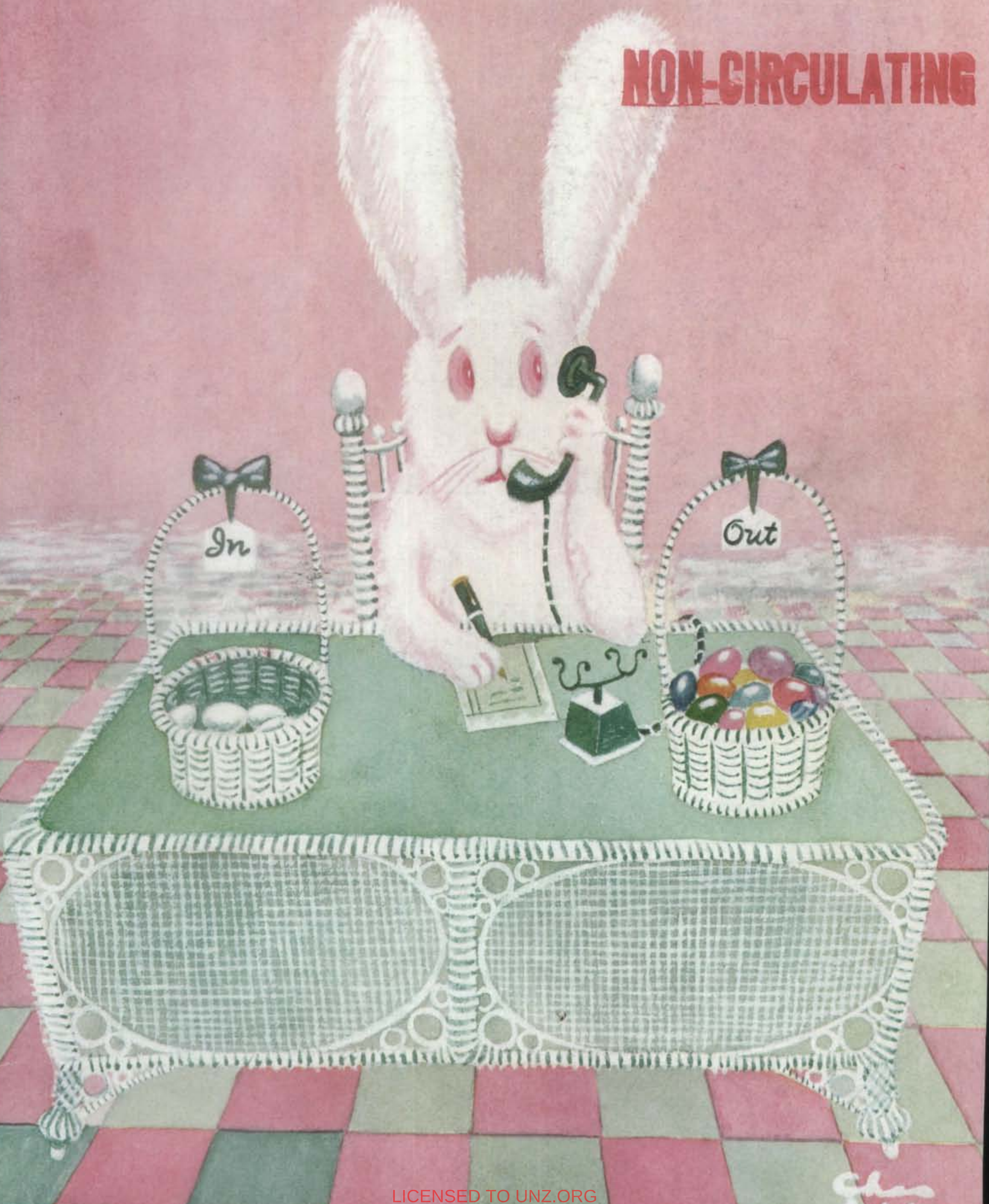

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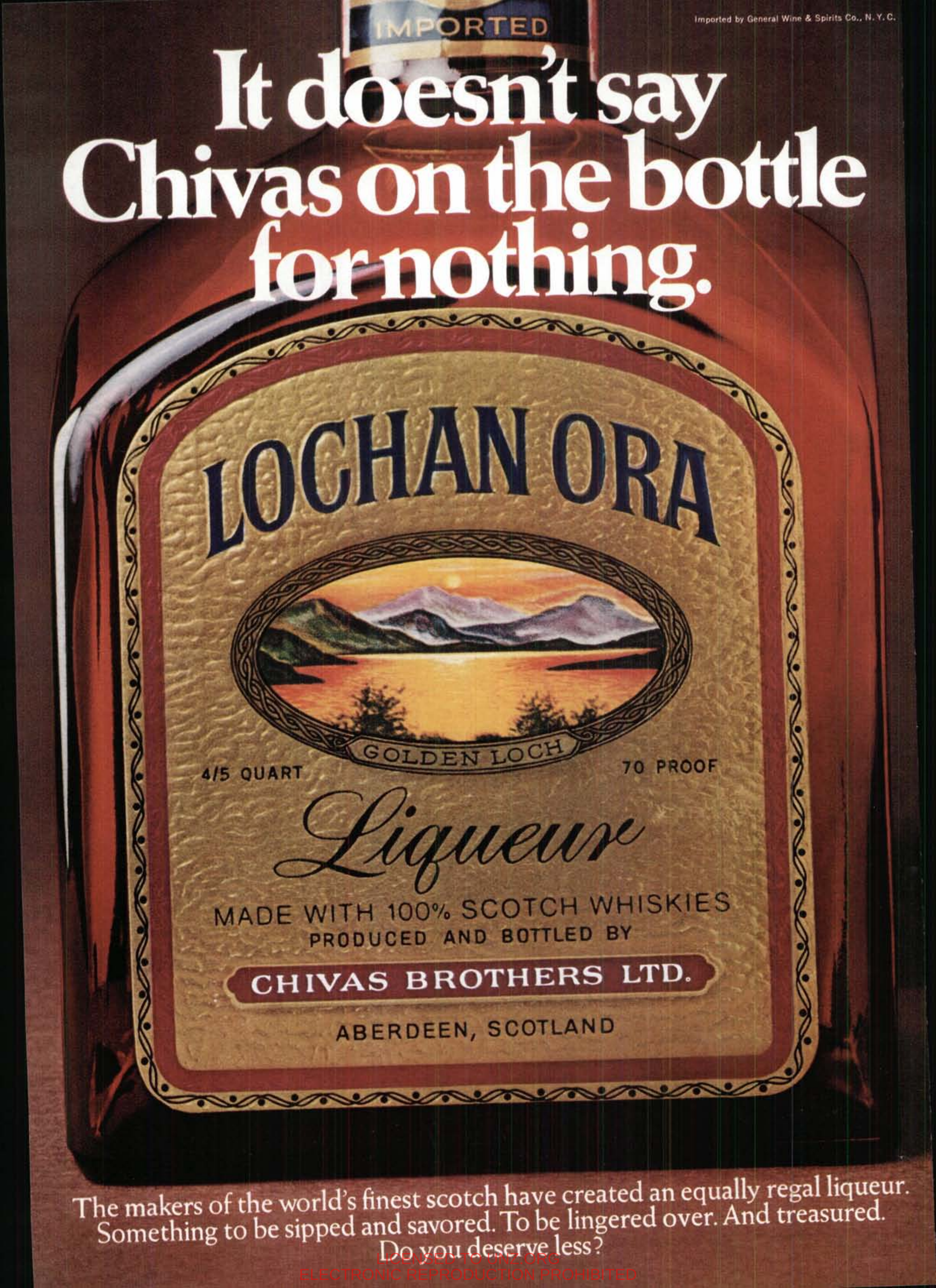
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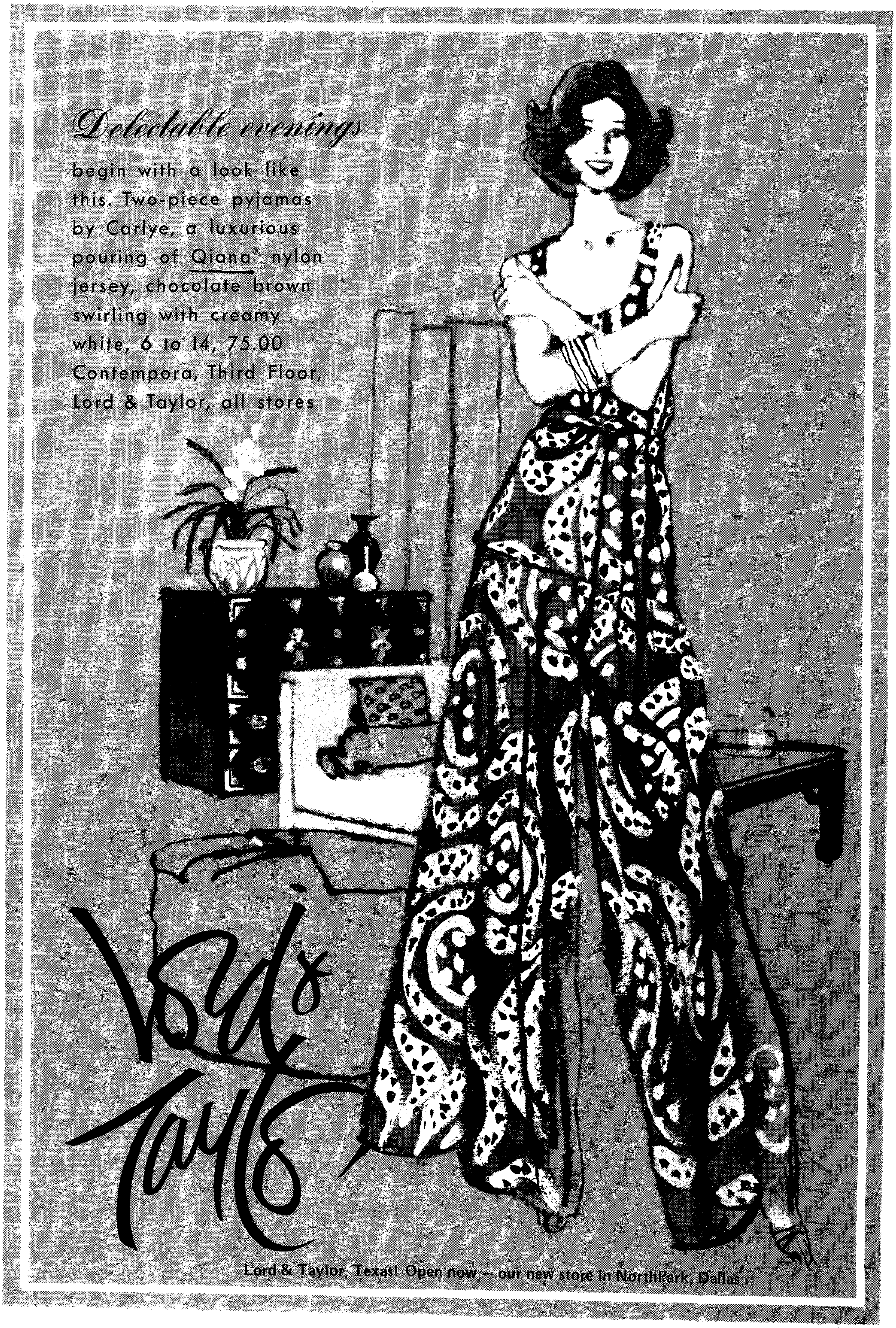

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bad Habits—A pair of very funny one-acters by Terrence McNally, each of them set at a sanatorium. The performances, under the direction of Robert Drivas, couldn't be better. With Paul Benedict, Doris Roberts, and J. Frank Lucas, among others. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

British Theatre Season—The Royal Shakespeare Company closes out the season at the Brooklyn Academy of Music with Michael Redgrave in two anthologies. **THE HOLLOW CROWN**, devised by John Barton. Thursday, April 18, at 7; Friday, April 19, at 1:30 and 8; Saturday, April 20, at 8; Saturday, April 27, at 8; and Sunday, April 28, at 2 and 7:30. . . . **PLEASURE AND REPENTANCE**, devised by Terry Hands: Sunday, April 21, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday, April 25, at 1:30 and 8; and Friday, April 26, at 8. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Candide—Harold Prince has turned the Bernstein-Wilbur musical of 1956 into a child's game that any number can play. The cast is young, merry, and companionable as it lopes around and through the audience. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Clarence Darrow—Henry Fonda brings to life that sturdy midwestern lawyer and Peck's bad boy, whom history sees as having been nearly always on the right side. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, April 27.)

The Dance of Death—An abridgment of the Strindberg play about married hatred. Robert Shaw, Zoe Caldwell, and Hector Elizondo are superb, and so is the setting, by Santo Loquasto. Directed by A. J. Antoon. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, May 5.)

Dear Nobody—This recitation, by Jane Marla Robbins, of entries from the diaries of Fanny Burney becomes, at its best, a gossipy evocation of life in eighteenth-century England. Miss Robbins has chosen well, and the evening is consistently entertaining. Patricia Zipprodt designed her lovely costumes. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fashion—A musical adaptation in modern dress of Anna Cora Mowatt's hit of 1845, with a cast of nine women and a man. There is some ridicule of the original play, which is annoying at first, but soon charm conquers all. Don Pippin is responsible for the melodic score, Steve Brown for the bright lyrics, and Mary Jo Catlett (as a social-climbing matron) for one of the funniest, most delightful performances around. Anthony Stimac was both adapter and director. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Wednesday, April 10, at 2:30 and 8; Thursday and Friday, April 11-12, at 8; Saturday, April 13, at 2:30 and 8; and Sunday, April 14, at 3. Moves on Wednesday, April 17, to a new supper club called the Little Hippodrome, 227 E. 56th St., where performances will be given Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30, with matinées Sundays at 3.)

Les Femmes Noires—The black women of this city, and some of their men, speak about the circumstances of their lives and a number of other matters. Edgar White's play as a whole doesn't add up to much, but episode by episode it is often interesting and dramatic. The acting, under Novella Nelson's direction, is excellent. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 14.)

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Find Your Way Home—A play by John Hopkins about a triangle—a husband, his wife, and his young male lover. An interesting and often amusing play, well acted by Lee Richardson, Jane Alexander, Michael Moriarty, and John Ramsey. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Good Doctor—Nine skits by Neil Simon, based on Chekhov. The skits are not much, but the cast is perfection—Christopher Plummer, Barnard Hughes, René Auberjonois, Frances Sternhagen, and Kathryn Walker. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Good Evening—Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a series of skits as deft, daft, and laughable as they themselves are tall and short. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.)

The Great MacDaddy—This new musical, the first offering this season of the Negro Ensemble Company, has a very musical score by Coleridge-Taylor Perkinson. Paul Carter Harrison's script, though murky with symbols and ritual, is serviceable, and the performance—acting, dancing, and singing—is absolutely fine. With Roscoe Orman, Cleavon Little, and Marjorie Barnes in the leading roles. Direction by Douglas Turner Ward, choreography by Dianne McIntyre. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:40; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 5 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 14.)

Hard to Be a Jew—Joseph Buloff in a Yiddish musical taken from Sholom Aleichem's play. Reopens Saturday matinée, April 13. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Saturdays at 2 and 8:15, and Sundays at 2 and 6.)

The Killdeer—The tone is comic, but the story—about a middle-aged failure whose marriage is on the rocks—is sad. Ralph Waite is entirely believable as the failure, and Barbara Barrie is marvellous as his wife who cannot disguise her disappointment in him. All the other performances, under Melvin Bernhardt's direction, are very good, too. Jay Broad is the playwright. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 28.)

Lorelei—An ineffectually disguised revival of the twenty-five-year-old musical "Gentlemen

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'ULTIMA' II / CHARLES REVSON

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Prefer Blondes." Nothing, alas, has improved with age, not even its formidable star, Carol Channing. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Manhattan Project—Final performances—Open rehearsals of a new play by Wallace Shawn, **OUR LATE NIGHT**, Wednesdays, April 10 and 17, at 8. . . . ¶ Beckett's **ENDGAME**, Thursdays through Sundays, April 11-14 and 18-21, at 8. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651.)

Moonchildren—Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties had a very brief run on Broadway a couple of years ago. This small theatre—Off Broadway—is a far more appropriate setting for it. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. With Michael Sacks, Jim Jansen, Renée Tadlock, and Kenneth McMillan, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—Colleen Dewhurst, Jason Robards, and Ed Flanders, in José Quintero's stunning production of one of the great O'Neill soul-searchings, with self-hatred nearly always outwitting self-esteem. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Music! Music!—A five-week engagement of a cavalcade of American music, with Gene Nelson, Larry Kert, Karen Morrow, and Donna McKechnie. Alan Jay Lerner wrote the book, and the songs are by the popular composers of the last eighty years, including Gershwin, Porter, Rodgers, Bernstein, and Loewe. Directed by Martin Charnin. Previews Wednesday, April 10. Opens officially on Thursday, April 11, and will run through Sunday, May 12. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

My Fat Friend—A relentless sequence of jokes, which Lynn Redgrave and George Rose happily mistake for a play and throw their gifted selves into with surprisingly pleasant results. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Noël Coward in Two Keys—A couple of one-act comedies that are brought to vigorous life by Jessica Tandy, Hume Cronyn, and Anne Baxter. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Over Here!—A big, foolish, and mysteriously charming musical, starring the Andrews Sisters. The time purports to be the Second World War and the scene the homefront, but don't you believe it. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Raisin—A musical distinguished for the intrepidity of the director and choreographer, Donald McKayle. The book is based on Lorraine Hansberry's "A Raisin in the Sun," which shows its years. The large cast is superlative, as their materials are not. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Le Roi Se Meurt—Ionesco's play presented, in French, by Le Tréteau de Paris. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. Monday, April 15, at 7:30; Tuesday, April 16, at 1 and 7:30; Wednesday, April 17, at 7:30; Thursday, April 18, at 1 and 7:30; Friday, April 19, at 7:30; and Saturday, April 20, at 1 and 7:30. For tickets, call PL 9-4747.)

A-Season-Within-a-Season—J. E. Gaines' **HEAVEN AND HELL'S AGREEMENT**, the final offering in a series of plays by new black playwrights, presented by the Negro Ensemble Company. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:40; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 5 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 14.)

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Short Eyes—Miguel Piñero's drama is set in a house of detention and is about a man who is brought there on the charge of molesting a child. The action, under the direction of Marvin Felix Camillo, is often brutal and always valid. Many members of the company ("The Family") have themselves been prisoners, and their small scenes—their sudden fights and their bursts of singing and comedy—are almost as important as the plot. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 14.)

Thieves—Marlo Thomas gives a very attractive performance as a muddled young wife in this gag-ridden trifle of a comedy by Herb Gardner. The valiant direction is by Charles Grodin. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Ulysses in Nighttown—Zero Mostel makes an affecting Leopold Bloom as he wanders drunkenly through the brothels of dark and punitive Dublin. Directed by Burgess Meredith. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?—Mark Medoff's efficient, occasionally exciting, but essentially shallow melodrama about a brash young man running dope from Mexico to California, who stops off at a diner in New Mexico and taunts everyone in sight, to depressing effect. The playwright may have some messages in mind about such matters as the legend of the Old West or the hypocrisy of the middle classes, but these can easily be ignored. The actors do well, under Kenneth Frankel's direction. With Kevin Conway in the leading role, and Elizabeth Sturges as a fat, gentle countergirl. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Words and Music—A forty-year retrospective of the works of songwriter Sammy Cahn, with Mr. Cahn as host, narrator, and performer, accompanied by singers Kelly Garrett, Jon Peck, and Shirley Lemmon. Directed by Jerry Adler. Previews Friday through Sunday, April 12-14. Opens officially on Tuesday, April 16. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling, witty, all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,809 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.). . . **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **IRENE:** Jane Powell, George S. Irving, Ron Husmann, and Patsy Kelly in a simpleminded curiosity of a musical that at times seems first-rate. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC:** A sweetly romantic and yet coolly amoral musical about lovemaking and its consequences. The music and lyrics are by Stephen Sondheim, the book (borrowed from a Bergman screenplay) is by Hugh Wheeler, and the brilliant direction is by Harold Prince. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Northern J. Calloway, John Rubinstein, Eric Berry, and Priscilla Lopez. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 861-7362. Thursday at 7:30, and Friday and Saturday at 7:30 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, April 14.). . . **THE SUNSHINE BOYS:** Neil Simon's comedy, worth seeing for the performances by Jack Gilford and Lou Jacobi as a pair of querulous elderly vaudevillians. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON:** This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 21.). . . **WHAT'S A NICE COUNTRY LIKE YOU DOING IN A STATE LIKE THIS?:** A satirical revue, with a young and refreshing cast of five. Words by Ira Gasman and music by Cary Hoffman. (Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. 757-3789. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

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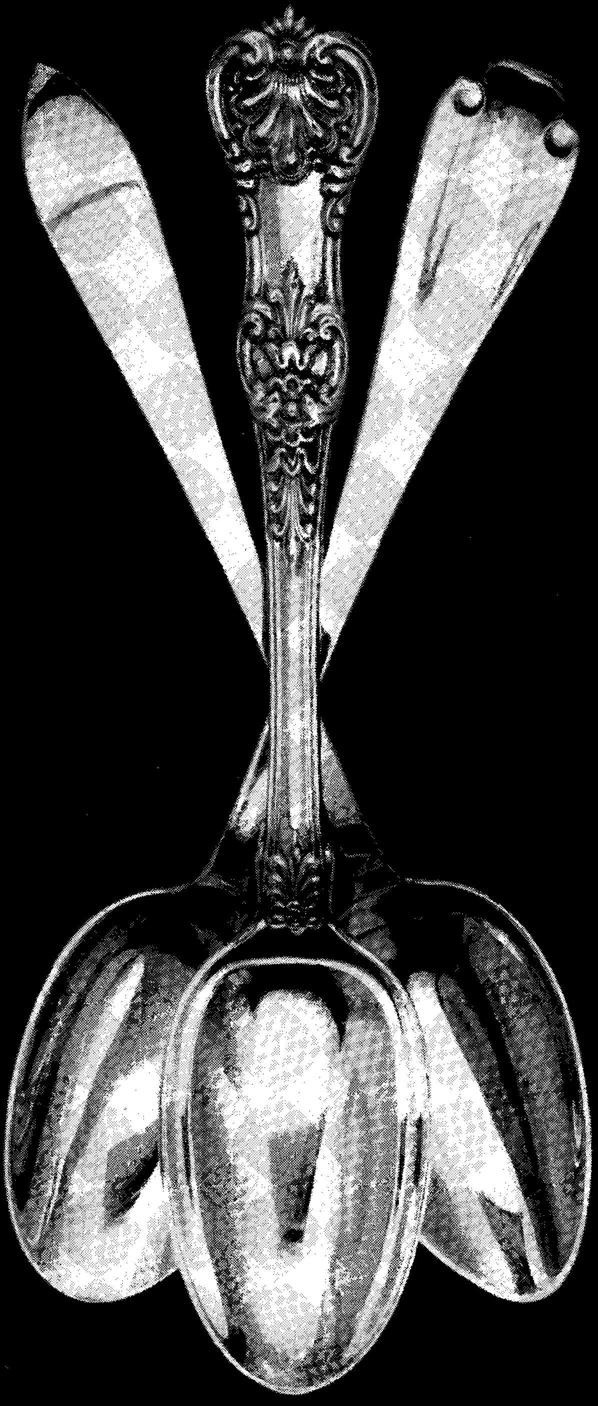
The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey–and for those who like it, there's nothing like it. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Mondays through Fridays at 10:30 and 2:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1:15 and 5:30. Because of hockey playoffs,



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the afternoon and evening performances on Saturday, April 13, and both performances on Sunday, April 14, will be cancelled. Closes Monday, May 27.)

Blue Hill Troupe—Presenting benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "H.M.S. Pinafore." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday, April 17, at 8:30; Thursday, April 18, at 7:30; Friday, April 19, at 8:30; and Saturday, April 20, at 2:30 and 8:30. For tickets, call 861-7955.)

DANCE

Harkness Ballet—A two-week engagement—Wednesday evening, April 10: "Ballade" (première), "Gemini" (New York première), "The Brood," and "Firebird."... ¶ Thursday evening, April 11: "Time Out of Mind," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," "Shadows" (première), and "Firebird."... ¶ Friday evening, April 12: "Schubert Variations," "The Brood," "Percussion for Six-Men," and "Souvenirs."... ¶ Saturday matinée, April 13: "Schubert Variations," "Ballade," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," and "Firebird."... ¶ Saturday evening, April 13: "Firebird," "Shadows," "Bergamasca" (première), and "Ceremonials."... ¶ Sunday evening, April 14: "Ceremonials," "Three Preludes," "Sebastian," and "Souvenirs."... ¶ Tuesday evening, April 16: "Ballade," "Gemini," "The Lottery" (première), and "Souvenirs."... ¶ Wednesday evening, April 17: "Schubert Variations," an unnamed ballet (première), "Bergamasca," and "Ceremonials."... ¶ Thursday evening, April 18: "Night Song," "Memories" (première), "The Lottery," and "Souvenirs."... ¶ Friday evening, April 19: "Time Out of Mind," "Memories," "The Brood," and "Firebird." ... ¶ Saturday matinée, April 20: "Ballade," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," "Percussion for Six-Men," and "Souvenirs."... ¶ Saturday evening, April 20: "Night Song," "Sebastian," "Three Preludes," and "Time Out of Mind." (Harkness Theatre, Broadway at 63rd St. 581-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Closes Sunday, April 21.

Festa Brazil—A two-week engagement by a Brazilian folkloric troupe from Bahia. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, April 17, at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 21.)

Martha Graham Dance Company—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Saturday, May 4—Monday, April 15, at 7: "The Theatre of Martha Graham."... ¶ Tuesday, April 16, at 8: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Circe," and "Appalachian Spring."... ¶ Wednesday, April 17, at 8: "Clytemnestra."... ¶ Thursday, April 18, at 8: "El Penitente," "Diversion of Angels," and "Deaths and Entrances."... ¶ Friday, April 19, at 8: "Embattled Garden," "Chronique," and "Appalachian Spring."... ¶ Saturday, April 20, at 2: "Embattled Garden," "Diversion of Angels," and "Deaths and Entrances."... ¶ Saturday, April 20, at 8: "Clytemnestra." (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064.)

Dance Theatre of Harlem—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, April 28—Tuesday, April 16, at 8 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 690-3189); Wednesday, April 17, at 8; and Saturday, April 20, at 2: "Fête Noire," "Le Corsaire," "Wings" (New York première), and "Dougla" (première).... ¶ Thursday through Saturday, April 18-20, at 8: "Holberg Suite," "Caravansarai" (New York première), "Moonscapes" (première), and "Forces of Rhythm." (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270.)

Jamaica National Dance Theatre Company—Final performances—Thursday through Saturday, April 11-13, at 8: "Celebrations," "Mountain Women," "African Scenario," "Street People," "Dialogue for Three," and "Kumina."... ¶ Sunday, April 14, at 2 and 6: "Revelry," "Thursday's Child," "Homage," "Street People," "Windsongs," and "Kumina." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Eleo Pomare Dance Company—"Another Shade of Blue," "Blues for the Jungle," "Passage," and "Serendipity '66." (Harlem Cultural Center, Seventh Ave. between 137th and 138th Sts. 862-3000. Friday through Sunday, April 19-21, at 8.)

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José Molina Bailes Españoles—A company of dancers, singers, and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, April 20, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Norman Connors—Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804). Drums, leading a quartet, through Monday, April 15.

Sonny Fortune—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Saxophone, leading a quintet with trumpeter Charles Sullivan, Sundays, from four to seven.

Dizzy Gillespie—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Trumpet, leading a quartet, from nine-thirty, through Friday, April 12.

Tiny Grimes—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Guitar, leading a trio, from nine to one, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

Jim Hall—Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135). Guitar, with bassist Jack Six. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to one.

Chico Hamilton—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Drums, leading a quintet, from nine-thirty. Beginning Saturday, April 13.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). With vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater, at ten, beginning Monday, April 15.

Ellis Larkins—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Piano, with bassist Al Hall, Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty, plus a program of works by W. C. Handy and Spencer Williams on Sunday, April 14, from five-thirty to seven-thirty.

Junior Mance—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Piano, with a trio, Thursday through Saturday, April 18-20, from ten until three.

Dave McKenna—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Piano, with a trio, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to one.

Jimmy McPartland—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Cornet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, Major Holley, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

Joe Newman—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Trumpet, leading a quartet, from nine to three, through Saturday, April 13.

Jimmy Rowles—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, with bassist Tommy Bryant, from eight to one, except Sunday, through Thursday, April 18.

Bobby Short—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-forty-five.

Billy Taylor—Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000). Piano, leading a trio, Thursdays through Tuesdays, from nine-thirty.

Happy and Artie Traum—Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870). Vocals and guitars, through Sunday, April 14.

Muddy Waters—Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892). Blues singer, with a septet. From nine-thirty, through Sunday, April 14.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Guitar duo. From nine-thirty to two-thirty, through Saturday, April 13.... ¶ Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Sunday, April 14, from nine to two.

•

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A seaworthy vessel complete with dangling halyards, barrels, and a close-quartered conviviality. The musical crew consists of pianist John Foster's trio Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home of the Grove Street Stompers, a go-get-'em Dixieland band composed of people who hold other jobs most of the time but who turn this little bar into a rollicking room Mondays between nine-fifteen and one. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel Godwin plays 1001 Songs Everyone Remembers. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Red brick walls familiar from album jackets of the early sixties. Drummer Norman Connors, displaying his admiration for Afro-American music, leads a quartet through Monday, April 15. Also on the bill will be Frank Speiser's one-man show of Lenny Bruce material. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; on Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty. Outsize ice-cream sodas and such. Tuesdays are set aside for lesser known performers.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—This appealing soul-food restaurant, with red tablecloths, white brick walls, and an amiable staff, features various jazz groups. Versatile trumpeter Joe Newman heads up a quartet through Saturday, April 13. On Sunday, April 14, and Tuesday, April 16, pianist Cedar Walton works with his trio. Charles McPherson, an alto saxophonist whose reverence for Charlie Parker is quite evident, leads his quartet beginning Wednesday, April 17. Music from nine to three.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Rock and folk have been a big business for years, and at last New York has come by a club capacious enough to wheel and deal in these areas effectively. Until now, one has had to endure establishments that were tiny, poorly (if at all) designed, and, if their entertainment was any good, inhumanly crowded—all in all, better suited for sociocultural tab-keeping than for music listening. This new club, listeners will be glad to hear, seats four hundred and fifty customers; the tables are arranged not in the usual jumble but in orderly rows—there are even aisles to walk in. Other oddities (by rock-club standards) include a sophisticated lighting system controlled from a Shakespearean balcony; a large, elevated stage that gives nearly everyone in the house a clear view of the performers' costumes and mannerisms; and, best of all, an impressive sound system that just begs for a "recorded live" album. The Billy Cobham band will perform opposite the improvisational group Credibility Gap through Sunday, April 14. On Friday and Saturday, April 19-20, folksinger Don McLean will alternate with Country Gazette, a group that was born in the West, and whose well-versed strings (fiddle, banjo, guitar, and bass) cause listeners to be grateful for their enthusiastic and artful devotion to Bill Monroe's invention of the thirties—bluegrass. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Just next door to the local supermarket, this friendly, wood-panelled concern provides dinner. Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma play guitar duets, exchanging solos, and looking quite pleased when the other performs a particularly risky or successful run. Through Saturday, April 13. The hours are nine-thirty to two-thirty.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Bobby Short is renowned as much for his choice of material as for his talent, which is decidedly unfair; the quality of a Cole Porter song, after all, can be taken for granted. Not so Mr. Short—his forte is intensity rather than insouciance. Accompanied by bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan, he arrives at nine-forty-five every night except Sunday and Monday. Dinner and supper.

Churchill's, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (RH 4-9921)—A bright, crowded spot with musicians tucked away so that they're hard to see and hard to hear. Young stride pianist and vocalist Brooks Kerr ably re-creates sounds from the thirties, with the distinguished help of drummer Sam Woodyard and tenor saxophonist Paul Quinichette. Quinichette, a Lester Young disciple—he sounds like Young and holds his horn the way Young did, in a nearly horizontal position—was once dubbed

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“the Vice-Pres.” Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. The No Gap Generation Jazz Band, a swing band led by Art Miller, a young clarinettist, fills in Mondays, Tuesdays, and Fridays. Music from eleven to four. Dinner.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Colored glass and antique cooking tools serve to decorate this establishment, vaguely reminiscent of a Howard Johnson's. Pianist Jimmy Rowles collaborates with bassist Tommy Bryant from eight to one, through Thursday, April 18. Pianist Barbara Carroll, who played bop on 52nd Street in the late forties, arrives the following evening to play in a more conventional manner. Sundays, Dick Hyman dominates the keyboard. Dining.

Grand Finale, 210 W. 70th St. (595-4206)—A large, square room with wooden planks on the pillars, bright-red walls, and a central stage. Singer Paula Lockheart and country singer and guitarist Michael Federal appear at nine and midnight through Saturday, April 13. Vocalist Johnny Savoy performs on Monday, April 15, and pop singer Barbara Jean English appears on Tuesday, April 16. Gotham, a trio of male singers, commences on Wednesday, April 17. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A warm and serene club (in spite of its tiny size and crowded conditions) with rattan shades on the windows and on the softly colored lanterns that hang in its U-shaped quarters. Ellis Larkins, Al Hall, and all their admirers gather in this amiable setting Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty. On Sunday, April 14, the duo will play works by W. C. Handy and Spencer Williams from five-thirty until seven-thirty, before their usual sets begin. Mondays, Norma Shepherd sings at the piano with bass accompaniment by Johnny Williams. Snacks.

Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135)—Spare, modern, and spacious, the new setting for this recently reopened club is quite a contrast to its former home, where musician and listener alike felt cramped. The business at hand, however, remains as it was: nightly devotionals to the great spirit of the guitar. Jim Hall's mastery of the guitar is acclaimed by musicians, critics, record producers, and listeners, and it is on display here now. Aided by bassist Jack Six, Hall plays Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. On Sunday and Monday, April 14-15, guitarist Carl Thompson and a bassist do the honors. Dinner.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—In its sleek, slick midtown home, this club, a rather formal setting for jazz, is currently offering Dizzy Gillespie and his latest group through Friday, April 12. Pianist Mike Longo will also be on hand through Saturday, April 13. Drummer Chico Hamilton and his fine young quintet come in on Saturday, April 13, and they will share the stage with singer Teri Thorton from Monday, April 15. Sundays, various performers drop in. Nightly at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—A dim den in which people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to piano music. Lance Hayward supplies the sounds (along with bassist Gino Biondi on Friday and Saturday, April 12-13, and bassist Bill Pemberton on Friday and Saturday, April 19-20), every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts sits in. From nine-thirty to three. Singer-pianist Dottie Stallworth appears on Sundays from five to eight.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one, either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland when Jimmy McPartland, Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, Major Holley, and Eddie Locke cut loose. Music from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—A large, modern, noisy, and crowded restaurant complex that boasts, among other curiosities, a circular bar and a U.P.I. teletype machine. Just outside the **52nd Street Room**, downstairs, hangs a large portrait of that street as it looked in the forties, with neon lights blazing in front of clubs like the Three Deuces, the Onyx, the Famous Door. *Ça change,* all right, but it's nothing like *la même chose.* Inside the big rectangular room, large audiences assemble not for music but for jester David Frye. Comedian Jackie Mason succeeds Mr. Frye on Monday, April 15. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ On the mezzanine, the lively little revue (updated now and then) called “What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?” is still functioning.

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Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—This thriving music enterprise, unique on the upper East Side, has come to rival (and occasionally surpass) even Max's Kansas City in its first-rate lineup of entertainers and musicians—blues, folk, rock, and jazz, too—and in the crowds that these performers draw. The back room, where the stage is located, has become a mass of ropes, riggings, masts, and jammed-together tables and chairs; the bar provides a large standing space for the neck-craning youths who can't get a table, and the barroom walls are papered with posters of Robert Redford, Jerry Jeff Walker, and Azuma porn. Muddy Waters, a veteran Chicago-blues singer and guitarist, will lead his septet through Sunday, April 14. Mighty Joe Young, another Chicago-blues singer-guitarist, will bring in his foursome on Tuesday, April 16. Nightly, starting at nine-thirty. Mondays, various other musical types drop in. Snacks.

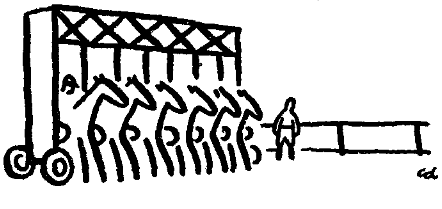
Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—It was once fashionable to be seen here, but it is now all but impossible—the place is just too crowded. Through Sunday, April 14, Happy and Artie Traum sing and play original compositions that could easily pass for nineteenth-century folklore. Singer-guitarist James Vincent and his group, the New Culmination, share the facilities with the Traums. Three-inch-platformed and sequinned, the New York Dolls drag on loudly Monday and Tuesday, April 15-16. A pair of folksingers, Janis Ian and Eric Kaz, follow them on Wednesday, April 17. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the shows are. Steaks and lobsters downstairs.

Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—Wine and cheese and folk and rock in a Village-coffee-house atmosphere. Ellen McIlwaine lambastes her guitar while she sings, loudly and strongly, American and Latin folk music. Through Monday, April 15. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—A Tudorish dining room and bar that aspires to the nineteenth century. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to one, Dave McKenna—whom cornettist Bobby Hackett has called “the world's best pianist”—is at the keyboard, together with bassist Bucky Calabrese and drummer Joe Corsello. Deadpan clarinettist Woody Allen participates with the Monday-night Dixieland band from nine to twelve. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A thriving upper West Side restaurant that features hanging plants, butcher-block tables, director's chairs, and a relaxed atmosphere. Guitarist Joe Beck and saxophonist Dave Sanborne will be present Thursday through Saturday, April 11-13. The next week (Thursday through Saturday, April 18-20) is given over to the bluesy pianist Junior Mance and his trio. Music from ten to three. Dining.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Taking its name from a corridor in the old Waldorf-Astoria, this elongated blue-green restaurant is now presenting the fine piano works of Billy Taylor. He is assisted by drummer Bobby Thomas and bassist Lisle Atkinson Thursdays through Tuesdays from nine-thirty. Dinner.



Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—A cabaret intent on forming an up-to-date and liberated show-biz image. Novella Nelson sings in a dramatically effective way, and she has acquired, it seems, a snowballing following. Shows begin at nine and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Jeremy Stone's keyboard work fills most of the gaps between shows. On Sunday, April 14, at nine and eleven-thirty, Geraldine Fitzgerald will present a program of dramatic readings and street songs. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—Small enough for enjoyable acoustics, these two second-floor rooms of a townhouse evoke a lived-in elegance. Bucky Pizzarelli, the guitarist-in-residence, plays from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—An unobtrusive entrance makes it easy to overlook this pleasant upper West Side room of simple design. Saxophonist Lou Porter works with his trio on Thursday, April 11. On Fridays and Saturdays, a trio led by vibraharpist David Friedman keeps things moving. On Sunday, April 14, the Chuck Wayne-Joe Puma duo drops by, and guitarist Lou Chiassarano heads up a trio on Thursday, April 18. The music is featured from nine-thirty to three (nine to two on Sundays). Snacks.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A reliable forty-year-old institution down a steeply staired entrance. Drummer Tony Williams and his quartet play through Sunday, April 14. From Monday, April 15, through Monday, April 22, Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, about fifteen other first-rate musicians, and lively vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater take over, extending their usual Monday-night stand. The music begins at ten. Sundays, from four to seven, alto saxophonist Sonny Fortune brings in a quintet, which features Charles Sullivan, a bright young trumpeter.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt are the instrumentalists Thursdays through Sundays; Kenny Brawner and a bassist perform Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. Pianist Brooks Kerr and his ensemble—Sam Woodyard and Paul Quinichette, with the addition of trumpeter Franc Williams—troop across the park from their upper East Side base (Churchill's) to perform here Mondays and Tuesdays. On Sunday, April 14, Kerr will give a solo performance, beginning at nine. On Wednesdays and Thursdays, guitarist Tiny Grimes (who recorded with Charlie Parker in the forties) leads a trio. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—The **ROYAL BOX** reopens on Tuesday, April 16, with the dance bands of Sy Oliver and Peppi Morreale. Music from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Herb Winner spends Tuesdays through Saturdays in the **CAFÉ**, with a dance trio, seven-thirty until quite late; Phil Wayne's triad prevails Sundays and Mondays. Additionally, pianist Teddy Diamond plays for cocktails Tuesdays through Saturdays, from five-thirty to seven-thirty.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—These nights, the **PERSIAN ROOM** affords the songs of Hildegarde. The schedule is Mondays through Thursdays at ten, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Barry Levitt and René Martel are on the bandstand, heading up their crews, for dancing, from seven-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ There is piano-and-violin music by Jules Kuti and Ernest Schoen in the **PALM COURT** Tuesdays through Saturdays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, followed by pianist Ruth Andrews from nine-thirty to one. Sundays from four to midnight, and

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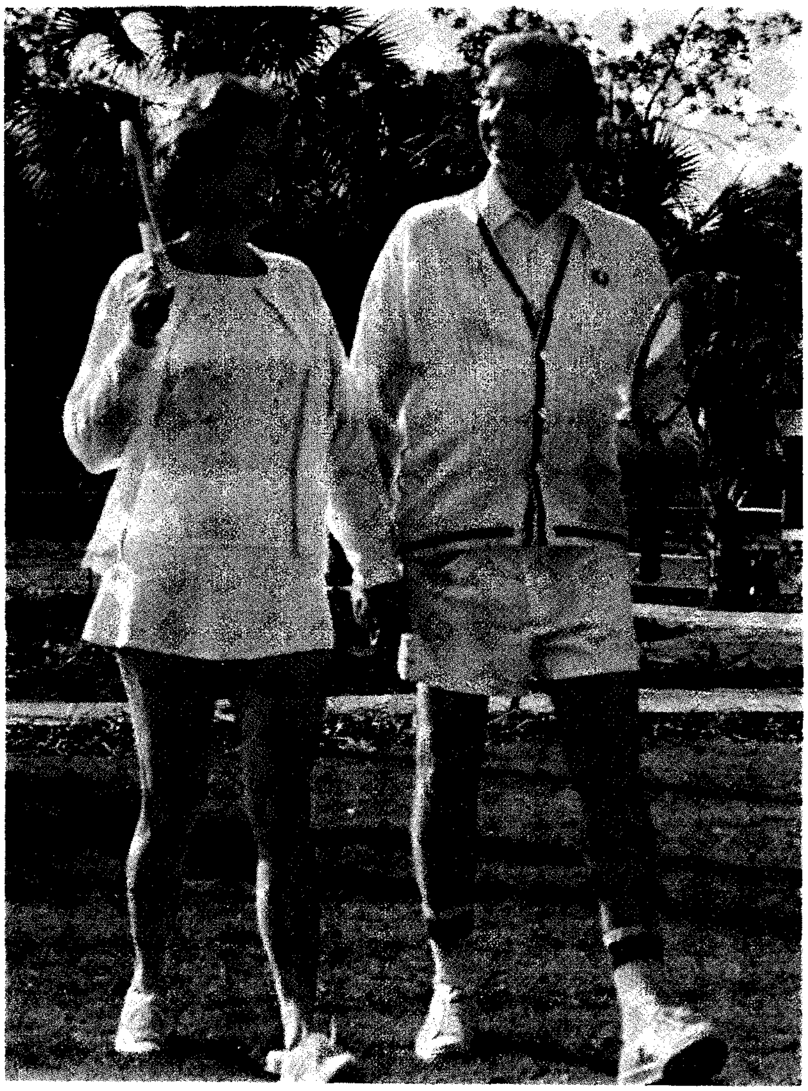
When they're away from the island, Billie and Bob occasionally rent their villa to others. You might enjoy a vacation here yourself. If not at the Simpson's, perhaps one of their neighbor's places. You may want to look into the possibility. For further information and for a copy of A Guide to Vacationing on Hilton Head Island write: Charles Rousek, Vice President, The Hilton Head Company, P.O. Box 1304-C, Hilton Head Island, South Carolina 29928.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Mondays from five to seven and eight to midnight, violinist Sandu Marcu holds the floor.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Room at the top. Singer Janice Harper and the Lee Evans quartet descant for dinner and supper. Discothèque music commences at eight. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This spaceship moored high over midtown Manhattan is presenting the piano team of DeMaio and Silver in a musical-comedy repertoire, Tuesdays through Sundays, from seven to midnight.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—On Tuesday, April 16, the **MAISONETTE** reopens to present the songs of Theodore Bikel at dinner and supper. Anthony Terini's orchestra will provide the dance music. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **LA BOITE RUSSE,** a quiet glade, is dispensing accordion and piano music from seven to one. A Russian menu. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ Chris Connor, that determined and detonating troupial, and the Mike Abene trio are in residence in the **ST. REGIS ROOM.** *Their hours are Tuesdays through Fridays at* ten and midnight, and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. Snacks. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The **EMPIRE ROOM** resumes its career on Tuesday, April 16, at ten, with a dinner visitation by singer Bobby Vinton. Thereafter, he will appear twice an evening. The dance music will issue from the Bob Rosengarden orchestra. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

CHARLES SHEELER (1883-1965)—An exhibition of works on paper—pen-and-ink drawings, crayon drawings, lithographs, tempera paintings, and watercolors—which spans the artist's career and offers surprises to the viewer who associates industrial and architectural subjects with the name Sheeler. The most surprising and outstanding work on view is "Objects on a Table" (1924), which brings Gris and Braque to mind. It is a Cubistic still-life showing a white teapot, a white dish, and a green wineglass on the glass top of a side table with long turned legs; a strip of Persian carpet is at the bottom edge of the picture, and strange, brooding shadows and blocks of light appear on the wall and floor. A group of Cubistic landscape drawings (1914-16) and a group of flower drawings (1922-24) are other untypical and superior works. Many of the examples of the mature style—drawings and lithographs of industrial landscapes, Bucks County barns, wood-burning stoves, tree trunks, sleeping cats—have a touch of the slickness and folksiness that American realism seems unable to shake. Through Saturday, April 20. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD AHNTHOLZ—Brightly colored landscape paintings. Through Saturday, April 13. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

CAROL ANTHONY—Thirty-two set pieces by a young Philadelphia woman who works in papier-mâché to portray, in about half life-size, military dunderheads, dangerous-looking babies, senior citizens taking their ease, a softball team of girl brats, and other wonders *of our time. Through Saturday, April* 20. (Fairtree, 924 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

JEAN ARP (1887-1966) / **ISAMU NOGUCHI**—Collages and sculptures. / Sculptures and related collages. Through Saturday, April 20. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRANCINE BARKAN / HARRY NEYER—Post-Impressionist still-lifes and interiors. / Brightly colored sculptures combining metal and found objects. Through Saturday, April 13. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

WILLIAM BECKMAN—Paintings and pastels of figures and landscapes. Through April 27. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES BISHOP—Geometrical oil studies on paper. Through May 4. (Esman, 24 E. 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLARD BOEPPLE—Abstract steel sculptures.

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Through May 4. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

ILYA BOLOTOWSKY—Geometric abstractions on rectangular, circular, or diamond-shaped canvases. Through April 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ELAINE BREIGER—Abstract landscapes in acrylic. Through Wednesday, April 17. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—Aubusson tapestries. Starts Friday, April 12. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

ANTONI CLAVÉ—Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by a Spanish artist who lives in Southern France. Through Saturday, April 13. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

ALAN DAVIE—Small oils painted during 1973 by an English artist. Through April 27. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

RONALDO DE JUAN—Abstract Expressionist paintings. Through Saturday, April 13. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

STEPHEN EDLICH—Small three-dimensional bronzes and bronze reliefs, and collage-drawings. Through April 24. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACQUELINE FOGEL—Polychrome figure sculptures made from discarded parts of furniture. Through Saturday, April 20. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN HELIKER—Paintings of the Maine coast, still-lifes, and interiors, plus drawings. Through May 4. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

BUDD HOPKINS—Hard-edge abstract paintings. Through April 30. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILL HORWITT—Ten abstract painted-wood sculptures and four abstract paintings. Through May 4. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARTIN HURTIG—Indoor and outdoor sculptures in various mediums. Through April 27. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT JORDAN—Landscapes, seascapes, and interiors. Through April 27. (FAR Gallery, *746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)*

RÓMULO MACCIÓ—Surrealistic figure paintings. Through May 4. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

RODGER MACK—Sculptures cast in bronze at a *foundry that the artist designed and built for* Syracuse University, where he teaches. Through Saturday, April 20. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

BRICE MARDEN—Paintings composed of two or three panels of single colors. Through Wednesday, April 17. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

HERMAN MARIL—Landscapes, still-lifes, and tapestries. Through Friday, April 19. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT MOTHERWELL—Recent paintings and collages. Through April 25. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

WILLIAM PETTET—Abstract paintings. Through *Saturday, April 20.* (Willard, *29 E. 72nd St.* Closed Mondays.)

DAVID ROTH—Painted strings arranged according to mathematical schemes, plus diagrams of the schemes, plus drawings. Through May 1. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDWARD RUSCHA—Paintings. Through Saturday, April 20. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

EGON SCHIELE (1890-1918)—Drawings and watercolors. Through June 15. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID SMYTH—Large black drawings, including two triptychs, done on aluminum sheets, and a corner sculpture, by a young New York artist. Through Saturday, April 20. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

FRANCISCO TOLEDO—Oils and gouaches concerned with the relationship between animals and people. Through Saturday, April 20. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROGER VAN DAMME—Paintings and drawings by *this artist, who has gone through landscapes* and coffee cups and is now concentrating on nudes. Through Saturday, April 20. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

JAMES WEEKS—Mostly landscapes of the Concord River valley. Through April 27. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

AMERICAN WATERCOLOR SOCIETY—The hundred-and-seventh annual of watercolors, gouaches, and pastels by artists from all parts of the United States. Through April 21. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibition of works from the famous Cone Collection of the Baltimore Museum features thirty-eight paintings and drawings by Matisse and thirty-five paintings and drawings by Picasso, and includes work by Cézanne, Gauguin, Renoir, Modigliani, Sisley, Lipchitz, and Zorach. A large Matisse oil called "The Magnolia Branch" (1934), done in the flat, fast, clear-color late style, gives a particularly strong and pure account—with its vase of flowers, sleeping puppy, and sense of air and light and fragrance, and with the hurry of its brush strokes—of *the artist's delight in the fleeting world of* the senses. "Interior with Flowers and Parrots" (1924) and "The Pink Nude" (1935) are two other of the Cone sisters' good buys. Among the Picasso paintings are works from the Blue Period and that of the circus people, and among the drawings is a charming pen-and-ink sketch of himself looking portly. Through May 4. . . . **GRAHAM,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Works in mixed mediums on the theme of flowers. Alice Neel, Edward Sorel, Jane Wilson, and other contemporary Americans are represented. Through Saturday, April 20. (Closed Mondays.). . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER,** 21 E. 67th St.: "Twenty Years of Post-Impressionism, 1880-1900," a show including works by Bonnard, Gauguin, Lacombe, and Vuillard. Through April 27. (Closed Mondays.). . . **INGBER,** 3 E. 78th St.: Gretna Campbell, Louis Finkelstein, Edith Schloss, and others. Through Tuesday, April 16. (Closed Mondays.). . . **NICHOLLS,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings, cartoons, and drawings by Charles Addams, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, George Price, Charles Saxon, James Stevenson, and Barney Tobey. Through Saturday, April 13. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.). . . **SOLOMON,** 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings and graphics by Chagall, Gottlieb, Hofmann, Miró, and Picasso. Through April 30. . . . **WASHBURN,** 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: A small exhibition of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs done in the thirties under the Public Works of Art Project, the Works Progress Administration Federal Art Project, and the Treasury's Relief Art Project. Through Saturday, April 13.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

YAACOV AGAM—Graphics, sculptures, and tapestries by an Israeli Op artist. Through Saturday, April 20. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

FELICIANO BEJAR—Sculptures in plastic and metal. Through Thursday, April 18. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JULIEN BINFORD—Paintings of flowers by this Virginia artist. Through April 27. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOE BRAINARD / ARLENE SLAVIN—Dogs, nudes, portraits, and still-lifes. / Geometric paintings. Through April 25. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHARLES BURCHFIELD (1893-1967)—Thirty watercolors painted between 1916 and the year of the artist's death. Through Saturday, April 20. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

GABRIELLE DRAGO—Abstract and representational paintings. Through Saturday, April 20. (Panoras, 62 W. 56th St.)

JOHN GUNDELFINGER—Landscapes of the area around the Delaware Water Gap. Through April 25. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

BARBARA HEPWORTH—Abstract sculptures, mostly

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in stone. Through April 27. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Darryl Hughto—Abstract diamond-shaped paintings. Through Thursday, April 18. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hubert Long—Assemblages pieced together from fragments of weathered wood, often suggesting temple ruins, altars, and totems. Through Saturday, April 13. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ronald Mallory—Acrylic sculptures containing moving mercury. Through May 4. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Eliseo Mattiacci—Conceptual sculptures. Through Saturday, April 13. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

John McLaughlin—Black-and-white hard-edge oils. Through Wednesday, April 17. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Willard Midgette—Two mural-size figure paintings dealing with illusion, as well as two smaller works. Through May 4. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Ben Nicholson—A show of works on paper in honor of the artist's eightieth birthday. Through May 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stephen Pace—Figures and landscapes. Through April 25. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stephen Porter—Ten abstract wood sculptures. Through Saturday, April 20. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Herman Rose—Oils, watercolors, and monoprints, many recently executed in Israel. Through April 27. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lucas Samaras—Self-portrait photographs distorted by the artist. Through April 27. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Wayne Williams—Welded-copper and steel sculptures of human figures and animals, plus a group of drawings. Through Saturday, April 20. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Group Shows—At the **JANIS**, 6 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures that were sold by the gallery during the past twenty-five years and have now been borrowed back to celebrate the gallery's twenty-fifth anniversary. Through Saturday, April 13. . . . **LEWISON**, 30 E. 60th St.: Nineteenth-century American paintings by Sully, Eilshemius, Bierstadt, and others. Through May 25. (Closed Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4:30.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Carl Andre—Floor pieces. Through May 1. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Brach—Abstract paintings by an artist *living in California. Through April 24.* (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Cohen—Abstract paintings, some leavened with symbolism. Through April 25. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

William Copley—Paintings and drawings from 1946 to 1972 in a show that is running concurrently with his exhibit at the New York Cultural Center. Through May 25. (Onnasch, 139 Spring St. Closed Mondays.)

David Diao—Large abstract paintings, in earth colors. Through Tuesday, April 16. (Cunningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Rafael Ferrer—Crayon drawings done on paper bags and on navigational maps, plus works resembling kayaks and oars which hang from the ceiling. Starts Saturday, April 13. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Gaffney / Howard Goldstein—Black-and-white drawings of the artist's studio. / Geometric paintings. Starts Saturday, April 13. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Henry—Paintings by a one-time student of Hofmann, Reinhardt, and Seligmann. Starts Friday, April 12. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Steve Kelsey—Abstract paintings. Through Friday, April 19. (Yu, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Ron Kleemann—Photo-Realist paintings devoted to automobiles—gleaming yellow cabs, chrome-laden hot rods, racers laid open for repairs. Through April 27. (Meisel, 141 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Marilyn Lenkowsky / David Reed / Herbert Schiffrin—Two wall pieces, one orange and the other green. / Vertical abstract paintings. / Four large abstract paintings. Through Wednesday, April 17. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Alvin Loving—Shaped-cardboard collage paintings. Through April 25. (Fischbach, 489 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

Noel Mahaffey—Photo-Realist studies of Texas chili palaces and Philadelphia counting-houses. Through Saturday, April 20. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Pat Mainardi—Paintings, including a series of junk cars in cow pastures and a series of repaintings of Old Masters. Through May 2. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Murray Reich—Abstract paintings. Through April 27. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St. Closed Mondays.)

Alan Scarritt—Black-and-white abstract paintings and photos to do with water flowing from a tap, plus a tape recording of water flowing from a tap. Through Saturday, April 13. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway.)

Al Shundi—Surrealist paintings. Through April 25. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Oleg Sohanievich—Sculptures on the theme of tension in metal, as illustrated by two steel plates trussed together with cables and hooks and turnbuckles—the very model of a modern TV headache commercial. Through Wednesday, April 17. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Eileen Spikol / Elena Borstein—Figures molded out of cotton-rope, reed, fabric, and wood, and coated with latex. / "Mexican Series," paintings and drawings based on architectural structures. Through Wednesday, April 17. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Selina Trieff—Figure paintings by an artist who was a student of Hofmann, Reinhardt, and Rothko. Through April 24. (Prince Street Gallery, 106 Prince St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Grace Bakst Wapner / Merrill Wagner—Two large sculptures in satin. / Abstract paintings. Through Wednesday, April 17. (55 Mercer Street. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Robert Whitman—Three floor pieces. Through Saturday, April 13. (Bykert, 484 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **A.I.R.**, 97 Wooster St.: Cynthia Carlson, Joyce Kozloff, Athena Tacha, and Ann Wilson. Through Wednesday, April 17. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **O.K. HARRIS**, 465 West Broadway: Works by Harry Leigh, who makes slender, empty wooden frames that warp away from the wall in places; Eric Schwartz, who makes precise designs with light reflected from long, narrow mirrors; and gallery artists, mostly abstractionists. Through Saturday, April 20. (Closed Mondays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Bennett Bradbury—Seascapes. Through Saturday, April 13. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

Anne Healy—Sculptures for outdoors, made of fabric. Through Saturday, April 20. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Jean Sariano—Graphics of bright-colored toylike creatures. Through Saturday, April 20. (Roten, 20 University Pl., at 8th St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 A.M. to midnight; Sundays, 1 to 8.)

Group Shows—At the **AFRICAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE**, 833 United Nations Plaza, First Ave. at 47th St.: An exhibition of traditional art and crafts from the states of Chad, Mali, Mauritania, Niger, Senegal, and Upper Volta. Through May 4. . . . **PRATT GRAPHICS CENTER**, 831 Broadway, at 13th St.: Paper cutouts from the eighteenth century to the twentieth, from all over the world. Through Saturday, April 20. (Closed Saturday mornings.) . . . **WESTBETH**, 155 Bank St.: Helen Daphnis-Avlon, Theodore Fried, Morris Gluckman, Nell Perret, and Kathleen M. Zimmerman. Through

April 28. (Fridays, 5 to 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Judy Dater and Jack Welpott—When two photographers exhibit simultaneously at this gallery, they are usually shown in separate rooms, but custom has been altered to accommodate the "togetherness" (as Mr. Welpott terms it) of this married couple, who used to be professor and student and now take pictures together (with separate cameras). Their photographs are shown intermingled, and most are from an ongoing project whose object is to photograph urban women. Some of the women are naked, some are half-naked, some are dressed, and most are unhappy, tense, desperate, kinky, anxious, and at their most unattractive. Mr. Welpott, who is fifty-one, takes a kindlier view of his subjects than Miss Dater, who is thirty-two and relentless in her pursuit of ugliness. The idea that ugliness is somehow truer and more human than beauty is not borne out by the work here, which is marked by artificiality and an air of unreality. Through May 11. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Keith Smith—Among the high points of this show by a thirty-six-year-old avant-garde photographer are a picture entitled "I Love My Ears," which is a profile of the bearded Smith with an extra ear tacked on, the two ears forming a kind of valentine; a composition called "Building a Darkroom Into My Shed with Guggenheim Money," showing Smith building a darkroom; a color photograph mounted on a pink-silk border called "The Vanity Mirror," which illustrates the similarity between breasts and fried eggs; a landscape entitled "A Luminous Tree on Loomis Street;" and a portrait of a very sad and hirsute young man named Mario. Smith likes to apply machine-stitching and hand-drawing to his prints, and does various other "experiments," but, unlike most of the other photographers of this persuasion (for whom this gallery is the leading local patron), he is funny as well as boring. Through April 27. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Horst—Photographs of famous writers, movie stars, and rich and fashionable people, taken in the thirties and forties by the well-known *Vogue* photographer. Through Saturday, April 13. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.)

Charles Pratt / Edward S. Curtis (1868-1952)—Nature photographs. / Historical photographs of Indians and Eskimos. Through May 10. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **JEWISH MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.: A photographic interpretation of contemporary Jerusalem by twenty-one international photographers. Starts Thursday, April 11. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)... **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: Approximately two hundred prints by fifteen Japanese photographers. Through May 19. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: Freedman, Adams, Borsuk, Sarmento, and Scherer. Through April 30. (Fridays through Sundays 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Ninety-seven medieval tapestries, on loan from museums and private collections all over Europe and North America. Among them are the enormous tapestry from the "Apocalypse" series at Angers and the six pieces of the "Lady with the Unicorn" from the Cluny Museum in Paris. Also, of course, the "Hunt of the Unicorn" set from The Cloisters. Through April 21.... ¶ "The Tens, The Twenties, The Thirties: Inventive Clothes/1909-1939" is an exhibition of a hundred and fifty dresses from the great days of clothes of Chanel, Poiret, Vionnet, and others. Through May 31.... ¶ A hundred and forty paintings, drawings, sculptures, prints, and other objects illustrating the legends of fifty saints. Through Sept. 3.... ¶ A small and excellent exhibition of Japanese color prints, tucked away on the second floor of the north wing, under the title "Hidden Treasures of Japanese Art."... ¶ Ninety-four French drawings ranging from the work of Jacques-Louis David to that of Picasso. Through Sunday, April 14.... ¶ Works by Albers, Hofmann, Klee, David

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Smith, and others, acquired since 1967 by the museum's Department of Twentieth Century Art. Through April 23. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Woodcuts of the eighteen-nineties by Félix Vallotton depicting all levels of Parisian society. Through April 28. . . . ¶ Twentieth-century portraits by Beckmann, Modigliani, Nolde, and others. Through April 28. . . . ¶ Six paintings, a watercolor, and sketches for a ballet, all by the late Gerald Murphy, together with documentary material. Through May 19. . . . ¶ Works by Giulio Paolini, a contemporary Italian artist. Through Sunday, April 14. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than two hundred sculptures, paintings, and drawings by Alberto Giacometti (1901-66), dealing with his development from early pictorial and Cubist phases through his Surrealist and mature styles. A corollary exhibition includes about a hundred paintings by the artist's father, cousin, and godfather. Through June 23. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—An exhibit devoted to Pop Art in New York and Los Angeles from 1953 to 1972. Through June 16. . . . ¶ Paintings, including several diptychs and triptychs, executed between 1969 and the present by Joan Mitchell, a second-generation Abstract Expressionist. Through May 5. . . . ¶ Pieces by Ree Morton, an environmental sculptor. Through April 21. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Two shows by two women: Collages by Anne Ryan (1889-1954) and paintings (plus a few tapestries) by Marguerite Zorach (1887-1968). Through April 21. . . . ¶ Etchings from the seventeenth century to the mid-twentieth, from the museum's collection. Through April 21. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Realistic wood carvings, by Gilbert Maggioni and Grainger McKoy, of shore birds, waders, birds of prey, waterfowl, and gamebirds characteristic of South Carolina's coastal inlets and marshes. Through May 24. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—A loan show of bronze and gilt images and tankas which were used in Tantric Buddhist meditations and rituals. Through May 24. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—New acquisitions and selections from the permanent collection, including works by Avedisian, Denes, Pfriem, and Katzen. Through April 28. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Watercolors by Leonard Baskin, devoted to the ancient Passover story. Through April 21. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Great Acquisitions of Fifty Years: 1924-1974," an apt banner for a breathtaking alignment of medieval and Renaissance manuscripts, Old Master drawings, early printed books, and autograph manuscripts—areas in which the library is outstanding. Through Sunday, April 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Erotic paintings and drawings by William Copley, an American Surrealist. Through May 19. A complementary show is at the Onnasch Gallery, 139 Spring St. . . . ¶ Forty-two prints by Richard Hamilton, the English Pop artist, covering his entire work in the medium, from 1950 to 1973. Through April 28. . . . ¶ Forty-five Impressionist paintings by Susan Kahn, mostly of young people. Through May 1. . . . ¶ Monumental fibreglass sculptures by Walter Redinger, a young Canadian. Through May 12. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Byron on the Continent & Lord Byron's Women," a two-part exhibition of letters and books commemorating the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the poet's death. Through April 30. . . . ¶ "Other People's Mail: Letters of Men and Women of Letters," an exhibit of letters by fifty Americans and fifty Britons. The writers range from Benjamin Franklin to Clifford Odets and from Jonathan Swift to George Orwell. Through May 11. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—"Southern Scenes and City Streets," a show of paintings by Palmer Hayden (1890-1973). Through April 21. . . . ¶ Carved wood sculptures by Tonnie Jones and oils, bronzes, and etchings by Betty Blayton Taylor. Through May 12. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, April 10, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Leontyne Price, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Teresa Stratas, Sherrill Milnes, Stuart Burrows, Walter Berry, Raymond Michalski, and James Morris; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 11, at 8: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Cristina Deutekom, Franco Tagliavini, Cornell MacNeil, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, April 12, at 7: "Parsifal," with Janis Martin, Jess Thomas, Thomas Stewart, John Macurdy, Morley Meredith, and James Morris; William Steinberg. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 13, at 2: "Don Giovanni," with Leontyne Price, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Teresa Stratas, Sherrill Milnes, Stuart Burrows, Walter Berry, Raymond Michalski, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 13, at 8: "Otello," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Shirley Love, James McCracken, Cornell MacNeil, William Lewis, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, April 15, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Marion Lippert, Judith Blegen, Brigitte Fassbaender, Shirley Love, Manfred Jungwirth, Leo Goeke, and William Dooley; Karl Böhm. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 16, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Teresa Stratas, Sherrill Milnes, Stuart Burrows, Walter Berry, Raymond Michalski, and James Morris; Max Rudolf. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 17, at 7: "Parsifal," with Janis Martin, Jess Thomas, William Dooley, John Macurdy, Morley Meredith, and James Morris; William Steinberg. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 18, at 8: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Cristina Deutekom, Franco Tagliavini, Cornell MacNeil, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, April 19, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Frederica von Stade, Sherrill Milnes, Stuart Burrows, Walter Berry, Raymond Michalski, and James Morris; Max Rudolf. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 20, at 1: "Parisfal," with Janis Martin, Jess Thomas, Thomas Stewart, John Macurdy, Morley Meredith, and James Morris; William Steinberg. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 20, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Jean Kraft, Sándor Kónya, Frank Guarrera, and Robert Schmorr; Serge Baudo.

New York City Opera—Wednesday, April 10, at 8: "Carmen," with Gwendolyn Killebrew, Patricia Craig, Herman Malamood, and John Darrenkamp; conducted by Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 11, at 8: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Helene Guilet, John Stewart, and Dominic Cossa; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Friday, April 12, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Diane Curry, Gene Bullard, Adib Fazah, and Robert Hale; Ross Reimueller. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 13, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Sandra Walker, Helene Guilet, Raymond Gibbs, Adib Fazah, and Irwin Densen; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 13, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Patricia Wise, Johanna Meier, Michael Devlin, and David Clatworthy; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 14, at 1: "The Mikado," with Betty Allen, Glenys Fowles, Gary Glaze, and James Billings; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 14, at 7: "The Consul," with Olivia Stapp, Muriel Greenspon, Sandra Walker, John Darrenkamp, Edward Pierson, and Nico Castel; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 16, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Patricia Brooks, Diane Curry, Melvyn Poll, Adib Fazah, Maurizio Mazzieri, and David Griffith; Chris Nance. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 17, at 8: "The Barber of Seville," with Ruth Welting, Diane Curry, Richard Stilwell, and Tulio Pane; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 18, at 8: "Beatrix Cenci," with Eileen Schauler, Gwendolyn Killebrew, Justino Díaz, and John Stamford; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, April 19, at 8: "The Consul," with Olivia Stapp, Muriel Greenspon, John Darrenkamp, Edward Pierson, and Nico Castel; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 20, at 2: "The Mikado," with Diana Soviero, Betty Allen, David Griffith, and Jack Eddleman; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 20, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro," with Glenys Fowles, Doris Jung, Jeanne Piland, David Clatworthy, Robert Hale, and Michael Li-Paz; Christopher Keene. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 28.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center—Aldo Ceccato conducting on Thursday, April 11, at 8:30; Friday, April 12, at 2; Saturday, April 13, at 8:30; and Tuesday, April 16, at 7:30 (all with Ronald Roseman, oboe; Stanley Drucker, clarinet; John Cerminaro, French horn; and Manuel Zegler, bassoon). . . . ¶ Bernhard Klee conducting on Thursday, April 18, at 8:30; Friday, April 19, at 2; Saturday, April 20, at 8:30; and Tuesday, April 23, at 7:30 (no soloists).

Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra—Michael Tilson Thomas conducting and playing the piano in a program entitled "Music Theatre," with Cathy Berberian, mezzo-soprano; Michael Wager, speaker; and the Wendy Hilton Dance Company. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 18, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting, with Nancy Deering, mezzo-soprano; Blake Stern, tenor; and the Concord String Quartet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, April 20, at 8.)

Pro Arte Chorale and Orchestra—John Nelson directing a performance of Bach's B-Minor Mass, with Judith Blegen and Frederica von Stade, sopranos; Florence Quivar, alto; Jon Humphrey, tenor; and Ara Berberian, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, April 12, at 8.)

Musica Sacra of New York—Richard Westenburg directing the third in a series of four concerts of Bach Cantatas, with Shirley Love, alto, and Charles Bressler, tenor. (Medieval Sculpture Court, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, April 18, at 8.)

RECITALS

Peter Serkin, Alexander Schneider, Leslie Parnas, and Harold Wright—Piano, violin, cello, and clarinet, in the second of two recitals of Mozart trios. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Wednesday, April 10, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Evenings for New Music—The second of two programs prepared by Lukas Foss and Lejaren Hiller. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 10, at 8.)

Malcolm Hamilton—Harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 11, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, April 11, at 8, a varied program. . . . ¶ Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, April 12, at 8, the last in a series of

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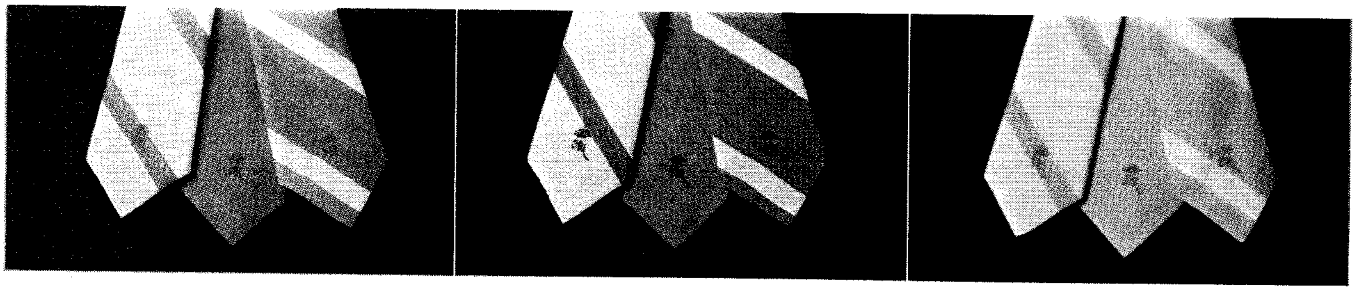

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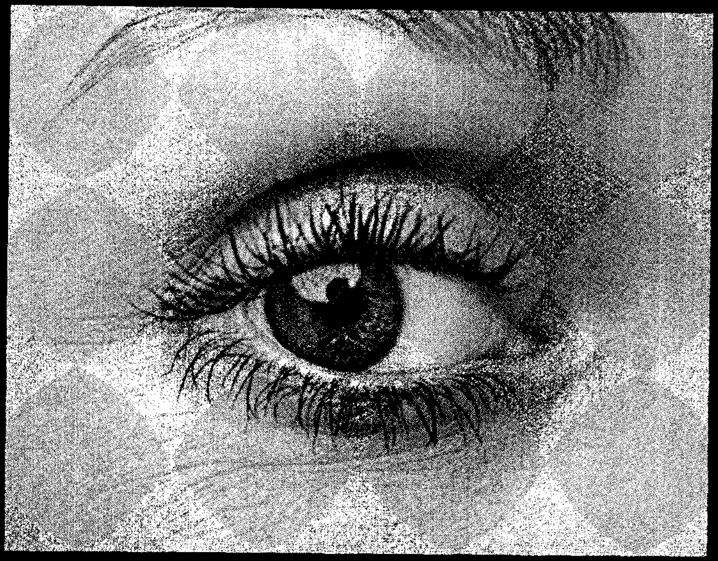

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano trios.)

Cleveland Quartet—The fifth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, April 11, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—The last in a series of programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, April 11, at 8.)

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Jörg Demus—Baritone and piano, in the first two in a series of three programs. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 12, at 8, an all-Schumann program; and Wednesday, April 17, at 8, an all-Schubert program.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Jaime Laredo, Ani Kavafian, and Ida Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Barry Tuckwell, French horn; Richard Goode, piano; Charles Wadsworth, harpsichord; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 12, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 14, at 5.)

Shirley Verrett—Mezzo-soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, April 13, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—An all-Mozart program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, April 13, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of the American Symphony Orchestra—Principal players from the orchestra in the fifth in a series of six concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 14, at 8.)

Maria Callas and Giuseppe Di Stefano—Soprano and tenor, in the second of two recitals. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 15, at 8.)

Judith Norell—Harpsichord, in a program of concertos, with Bert Lucarelli, oboe, and others. The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, April 15, at 8.)

Marcus Thompson—Viola and viola d'amore. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, April 15, at 8.)

Fernando Valenti—Harpsichord, in an all-Scarlatti program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, April 16, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, April 16, at 8:30.)

Rollin Smith—Organ, in an all-Elgar recital. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. Wednesday, April 17, at 5:15. No tickets necessary.)

Bethany Beardslee and Susan Davenny Wyner—Sopranos. (City University Graduate Center, third-floor music studio, 33 W. 42nd St. Wednesday, April 17, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Music in Our Time—Max Pollikoff, violin, in a program of music composed for him. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, April 17, at 8.)

Yehudi Menuhin and Ravi Shankar—Violin and sitar. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, April 19, at 8.)

Amadeus String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 19, at 8.)

Ravi Shankar—Sitar. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, April 20, at 8.)

Long Island Chamber Ensemble of New York—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, April 20, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Erik Satie Retrospective Concert—A program of his music, performed by Evelyne Crochet and Cheryl Seltzer, piano; Joel Sachs, acting as pianist and conductor; Brenda Fairaday, Sheila Schonbrun, and Lucy Shelton, sopranos; Rose Taylor, mezzo-soprano; the Gail August Dancers; and theatre and chamber orchestras. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, April 17, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, April 10, at 5:45: **twyla tharp dance company**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 17, at 5:45: **viveca lindfors.**

Gregory Allman—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, April 10-11, at 8.

Hawkwind and Man—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Wednesday, April 10, at 8. For tickets, call 644-4400.

National Jazz Ensemble—Chuck Israels conducting, with Lee Konitz. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 10, at 8.)

Captain Beefheart—Town Hall. Thursday, April 11, at 8.

Herbie Hancock, Chick Corea, and Return to Forever—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 13, at 8.

New Riders of the Purple Sage and David Bromberg—Academy of Music. Saturday and Sunday, April 13-14, at 8 and 11:30.

Trio 'Terranean—Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 13, at 8.

Herb Hall Quartet—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, April 14, at 3. No tickets necessary.

Lyrics and Lyricists—The third in a series of four programs in which lyricists (in this case Felice and Boudleaux Bryant) discuss their work, sometimes with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, April 14, at 8.)

New York Jazz Repertory Company—The seventh in a series of concerts, this one entitled "Jazz with a Spanish Tinge," with Tito Puente, Bob Wilber, and the Kenny Davern Ensemble. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 16, at 8.)

Phil Ochs and Mimi Fariña—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, April 17, at 8.

Todd Rundgren's Utopia—Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 19, at 8.

The Sax Section—An exhibit of photographs, art work, memorabilia, and audiotapes of the great jazz saxophonists, among them Sidney Bechet, John Coltrane, Charlie Parker, Coleman Hawkins, Johnny Hodges, and Lester Young. (New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 7. Optional contributions for admission.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—**mets:** Vs. St. Louis, Thursday, April 11, at 1:15 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Philadelphia, Saturday and Sunday, April 13-14, at 2:15. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh, Friday and Saturday, April 19-20, at 2:15. . . . **yankees:** Vs. Boston, Tuesday through Thursday, April 16-18, at 2.

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Harlem River. Saturday, April 20.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup East Division quarter-final playoffs, Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, April 13, at 8:05; Sunday, April 14, at 2:05, time tentative; and, if necessary, Thursday, April 18, at 8:05.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 11. The Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 13; the Bed o' Roses Handicap, Wednesday, April 17; and the Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 20. . . . **garden state park,** Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except Tuesdays, at 2; through Monday, May 27.

Track—Boston Marathon, starting in Hopkinton, Mass. (Monday, April 15.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, May 18.

FOR CHILDREN

Operettas—By the **light opera of manhattan:** "The Pirates of Penzance," Saturday and Sunday, April 13-14, at 4. . . . ¶ "The Mikado," Saturday, April 20, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.) . . . **blue hill troupe:** A benefit performance of "H.M.S. Pinafore." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, April 20, at 2:30. For tickets, call 861-7955.)

Stage Shows—By the **bil baird marionettes:** "Pinocchio." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesday through Friday, April 10-12, at 1; Saturday and Sunday, April 13-14, at 1 and 3:30; Tuesday through Friday, April 16-19, at 1; and Saturday, April 20, at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **kaufmann concert hall,** Y.M.H.A.: "Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain Boys," Wednesday, April 10, at 1. . . . ¶ "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" and "Peter and the Wolf," Thursday, April 11, at 1. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000.) . . . **meri mini players:** "Pinocchio." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturday, April 13, at 12:30 and 2:30, and Saturday, April 20, at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.) . . . **museum of the city of new york:** "Creative Puppetry—1974," Saturday, April 13. . . . ¶ "Folk Tales and Legends," Wednesday, April 17. . . . ¶ "Folk Tales of the Orient," Thursday, April 18. (Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Afternoons at 1:30. Children under three not admitted, and children under five must be accompanied by an adult.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "It's About Time." (Special holiday schedule: Wednesday, April 10, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Thursday and Friday, April 11-12, at 1, 2, and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Monday, April 15, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; and Tuesday through Friday, April 16-19, at 2 and 3:30. Children under five not admitted.)

Junior Museum Studio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Letters to the World," an exhibition of wall hangings, in cloth, felt, paper, paint, and string; through April 26. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Discussions—Woody Allen and Leonard Harris discussing Mr. Allen's work in the theatre. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, April 10, at 8.)

International Imported Automobile Show—The eighteenth annual show consists entirely of foreign cars (both economy and luxury models) from England, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, Poland, Rumania, and Sweden. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Wednesday through Friday, April 10-12, from 1 to 8; Saturday, April 13, from 11 to 10:30; and Sunday, April 14, from 1 to 8.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, April 10, at 10:15 and 2: Ming and later Chinese porcelains and works of art, from several collectors. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 11, at 2: Jewelry, from many sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 17, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century paintings, belonging to a number of collectors. Exhibition starts Thursday, April 11. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, April 18-19, at 2: Art Nouveau, Art Deco, and nineteenth-century furniture, decorations, and works of art; from various owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 13.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Three Musketeers."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through April 13: "Libeled Lady" and "Zoo in Budapest."
April 14-16: "Easter Parade" and "Roberta."
From April 17: "The Mysterious Island" and "The Unholy Three."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through April 16: "Day for Night" and "A Doll's House."
From April 17: "M*A*S*H" and "The Paper Chase."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Walking Tall" and "Save the Tiger."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Blazing Saddles."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Sting."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Super Cops."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"American Graffiti."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Our Time."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Conrack."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Pedestrian."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Exorcist."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Day of the Dolphin."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Conversation."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Blazing Saddles."

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through April 16: "The Golden Voyage of Sinbad."
From April 17: "The Last Detail."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
April 10: "Butley" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From April 11: "A Touch of Class" and "Paper Moon."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Exorcist."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Sugarland Express."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
April 10: "Lucia."
From April 11: "Attica."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Three Musketeers."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through April 16: "The Last Detail."
From April 17: "The House on Chelouche Street."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Badlands."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through April 13: "Thieves Like Us."
From April 14: "Lovin' Molly."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Great Gatsby."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 16: "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."
From April 17: "The Laughing Policeman."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"American Graffiti."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Three Musketeers."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Blazing Saddles."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Sting."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Great Gatsby."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Conrack."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Super Cops."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Thomasine & Bushrod."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Foxy Brown."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Serpico."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through April 16: "A Touch of Class" and "Paper Moon."
From April 17: "The Last Detail."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through April 16: "Papillon."
From April 17: "Partner" and "In the Name of the Father."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Blazing Saddles."

Quad Cinemas I, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through April 16 at one or another of the theatres: "Lucia"/"Day for Night" and "The Wild Child"/"M*A*S*H" and "The Paper Chase."...¶ Through April 13: "Duck Soup" and "Horsefeathers."...¶ April 14-16: "The Cocoanuts" and "Monkey Business."
From April 17: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
April 10: "Senso" and "La Terra Trema."
April 11-13: "Performance" and "O Lucky Man!"
April 14-15: "All About Eve" and "Sunset Boulevard."
April 16: "L'Atalante" and "Zero for Conduct."
April 17: "Divorce—Italian Style" and "Seduced and Abandoned."
From April 18: "The Devils" and "Women in Love."

23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through April 16: "The Golden Voyage of Sinbad."
From April 17: "The Last Detail."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Three Musketeers." (Wednesday, April 10, at 8, the theatre will be turned over to a performance of "Butley," in the American Film Theatre subscription series.)

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Mame."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through April 13: Theatre closed.
From April 14 at 8: "Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones." (Opening night by invitation only.)

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Last Detail."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Blazing Saddles."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through April 13: "The Mother and the Whore."
From April 14: "Love and Anarchy."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
April 10: "The Bicycle Thief" and "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."
April 11: "Pierrot le Fou" and "A Woman Is a Woman."
April 12-14: "The Philadelphia Story" and "Dinner at Eight."
April 15: "A Nous la Liberté" and "The Italian Straw Hat."
April 16-17: "Ball of Fire" and "Barbary Coast."
April 18: "Twentieth Century" and "His Girl Friday."
Mondays through Thursdays, and Sunday, April 14, special matinée programs: April 10-11: "Mildred Pierce" (1945) and "Possessed" (1947), both with Joan Crawford. April 14: "The Prince and the Pauper" (1937), with the Mauch Twins and Errol Flynn. April 15-18: "Beyond the Forest" (1949) and "Dark Victory" (1939), both with Bette Davis.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Exorcist."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Great Gatsby."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Sleeper."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through April 13: To be announced.
April 14-15: "Chushingura."
From April 16: "Zatoichi's Conspiracy."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through April 16: "The Paper Chase" and "The Heartbreak Kid."
From April 17: "A Touch of Class" and "Paper Moon."

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
"The Three Musketeers."

Loews 83rd St., *B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)*
"Blazing Saddles."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
April 10: "Butley" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
April 11-16: "Fantastic Planet" and "Barbarella."
From April 17: "The Last Detail."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"The Sting."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through April 16: "Happy New Year" and "The Bride Wore Black."
From April 17: To be announced.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through April 16: "Lucia."
From April 17 (tentative): "Paper Moon" and "Save the Tiger."

Note—A few specialist film houses: **bleecker st. cinema,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210): Movie musicals mostly, and only on weekends. Friday through Sunday, April 12-14: "Mississippi" (1935; W. C. Fields and Bing Crosby) and "International House" (1933; W. C. Fields and Burns and Allen).... **film forum,** 256 W. 88th. (362-0503): Films made by independent *cinéastes.* At 8, Thursdays through Sundays.... **pagoda,** 11 East Broadway. (964-1825): Chinese films, with English subtitles. Daily.

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—April 10 at 5:30: "Earth" (1939), a Japanese film, directed by Tomu Uchida; German titles only....¶ April 11 at 5:30: "Red Imps" (1923), a Russian film, directed by I. Perestiani; no English titles....¶ April 11 at 8: "Arsen, the Bandit" (1923), a Russian film, directed by V. Barsky; no English titles....¶ April 12 at 2: "His Call" (1925), a Russian film, directed by Y. Protazanov; no English titles....¶ April 12 at 5:30: "The Extraordinary Adventures of Mr. West in the Land of the Bolsheviks" (1924), a Russian film, directed by Lev Kuleshov; no English titles....¶ April 13 at noon: "The Music Box" (1931), directed by James Parrott, with Laurel & Hardy; and "Hopalong Cassidy" (1935), directed by Howard Bretherton, with William Boyd....¶ April 13 at 3: "Stephan Khalturin" (1925), a Russian film, directed by A. Ivanovsky; no English titles....¶ April 13 at 5:30: "The Cigarette Girl from Mosselprom" (1924), a Russian film, directed by Y. Zheliabuzhsky; no English titles....¶ April 14 at 2: "The Music Box" (1931) and "Hopalong Cassidy" (1935)....¶ April 14 at 5:30: "The Station Master" (1925), a Russian film, directed by Y. Zheliabuzhsky and I. Moskvin; no English titles....¶ April 15 at 2: "Red Partisans" (1924), a Russian film, directed by V. Viskovsky; no English titles....¶ April 15 at 5:30: "Strike" (1925), a Russian film, directed by Sergei Eisenstein....¶ April 16 at 2: "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" (1916), directed by Stuart Paton, with Allan Holubar....¶ April 16 at 5:30: "Barn Rushes" (1970) and "Horizons" (1973), both silent films directed by Larry Gottheim....¶ April 17 at noon: "Raoul Walsh" (1973), written and

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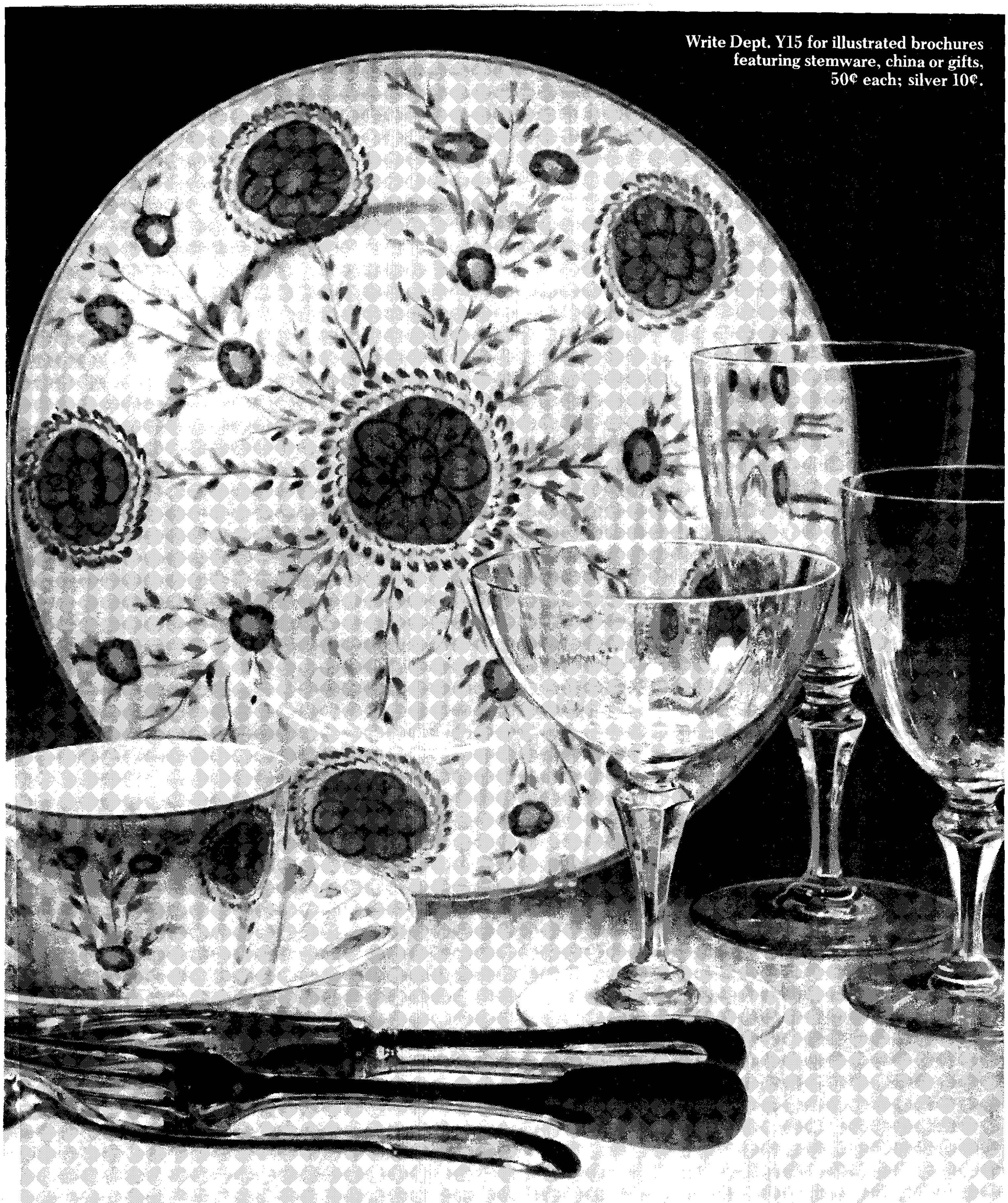

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directed by Richard Schickel for the Public Broadcasting Stations. . . . ¶ April 17 at 5:30: "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" (1916). . . . ¶ April 18 at 2: "Raoul Walsh" (1973). . . . ¶ April 18 at 3: "Strike" (1925). . . . ¶ April 18 at 8: "Gentleman Jim" (1942), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Errol Flynn and Alexis Smith. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—April 10-11 at 3 and 6: "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes" (1970), directed by Billy Wilder, with Robert Stephens and Colin Blakely. . . . ¶ April 12 at 5 and 7:30: "The Actress" (1953), directed by George Cukor, with Spencer Tracy and Jean Simmons. . . . ¶ April 13-14 at 4 and 6: "Sylvia Scarlett" (1935), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. . . . ¶ April 17 and 18 at 3 and 6: "Blaise Pascal" (1972), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through April 14: "Children's Cinema," a program of seven short films. Showings at noon (except Thursday), 1:10, 2:20, 3:30, and 4:40. . . . ¶ Starting April 15: "The South," a program of six short films. Showings at noon (except Thursday), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evening). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (636-4100). Films of the American Film Institute—April 17: "Jezebel" (1938), directed by William Wyler, with Bette Davis and Henry Fonda. . . . ¶ April 18: "Gilda" (1946), directed by Charles Vidor, with Rita Hayworth and Glenn Ford. . . . ¶ April 19: "Grand Hotel" (1932), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Greta Garbo and John Barrymore. (Showings at 8.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

All About Eve (1950)—Joseph L. Mankiewicz's most celebrated picture, from his own sophisticated and technically splendid script. There is an old show-biz myth that films and plays about show biz don't interest anyone outside the business, but this movie cracks the legend. Bette Davis plays Margo Channing, a high-temperament Broadway star. Anne Baxter, as her secretary, is after her guts and her dressing room, with the guileless blessings of a playwright (Hugh Marlowe) and of Celeste Holm, as his wife. The only person who is on to the craft afoot is Thelma Ritter—who else? (Elgin; April 14-15.)

American Graffiti—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (Reviewed in these pages 8/13/73.) (Eastside Cinema, and Juliet 1.)

A Nous la Liberté (1931)—René Clair's imaginative social comedy on the mechanization of modern life begins with a man who escapes from prison and then builds a business that turns into a prison. (Clair's central character was based on Charles Pathé and his phonograph-and-cinema empire.) Paced to Georges Auric's memorable score. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 15.)

L'Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo's sensuous, poetic love story about a young barge captain on the Seine who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. Jean Dasté and Dita Parlo are the lovers, Michel Simon is a tattooed barge hand. A wonderfully spontaneous, unarranged-looking film, photographed by Boris Kaufman, and with a lovely score by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Elgin; April 16.)

Attica—A documentary on New York State's Attica Prison in 1971. (Reviewed in this issue.) (First Avenue Screening Room; starting April 11.)

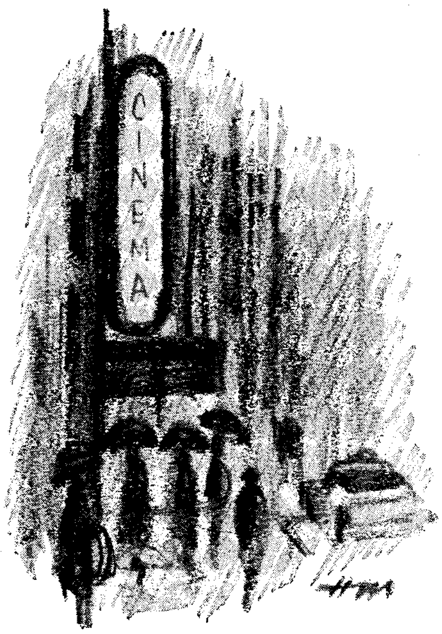
Badlands—Probably we've all seen those convicted killers in prison documentaries on TV who sound uninvolved and mechanical when they talk about their crimes; Terence Malick's début picture extends that uninvolvement to the whole culture. Set at the end of the fifties, it's about an emotionless young killer (Martin Sheen) and his fifteen-year-old girl friend (Sissy Spacek), whose killing spree starts in South Dakota. The young lovers are psychologically aberrant and yet just like everybody else; their moral vacuum is spreading over the flat, dead landscape. Malick appears to be saying that mass-culture banality is killing our souls and making everybody affectless, but his detached tone puts the viewer in the ugly position of feeling culturally superior to the people on the screen. An intellectualized movie—shrewd and artful, carefully styled to sustain its low-key view of dissociation. It's like a brilliant student's Ph.D. thesis; the picture is so preconceived that there's nothing left to respond to. (3/18/74) (Beekman.)

Ball of Fire (1942)—The romantic collision of Sugarpuss O'Shea, a burlesque dancer (Barbara Stanwyck), and Bertram Potts, a fuddy-duddy professor (Gary Cooper), is played as if it were terribly bright, but it's rather shrill and tiresome. Howard Hawks directed, but Brackett and Wilder did the script, and Wilder's influence is very strong. The professor's colleagues have corny, cute names and carry on like something left over from a stock-company Viennese operetta. The cast includes Dana Andrews, Dan Duryea, and Allen Jenkins, and, as the professors, Oscar Homolka, Henry Travers, S. Z. Sakall, Tully Marshall, Leonid Kinskey, Richard Haydn, and Aubrey Mather. Gene Krupa and his band are also on the screen. Gregg Toland did the cinematography for this expensive Samuel Goldwyn production. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 16-17.)

Barbarella (1968)—The décor and effects in Roger Vadim's erotic comic strip are disappointing, but Jane Fonda has the skittish naughtiness of a teen-age voluptuary. She's the fresh, bouncy American girl triumphing by her innocence over a lewd, sadistic world of the future. David Hemmings shows unexpected comic talent as an absentminded revolutionary. (New Yorker; April 11-16.)

Barbary Coast (1935)—Lavish, unconvincing re-creation of San Francisco's vice dens in the eighteen-fifties. The picture was designed as a showcase for Edward G. Robinson's talents, and he gives a juicy performance as a lovable gangland boss. But the material is too false and studied—and too polite. Miriam Hopkins is Swan, the disillusioned queen of the Coast, who presides over a crooked roulette wheel; Joel McCrea courts her with a volume of Shelley. Howard Hawks directed, from a script by Hecht and MacArthur, and there's plenty of action, but you feel as if you've seen it all before. With Walter Brennan, Frank Craven, Brian Donlevy, and, in a bit part, David Niven. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 16-17.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—Vittorio De Sica's story of a poor man's search for his stolen bicycle is deceptively simple. At first, there is ironic tenderness: humanity observed with compassion but without illusion. Then the search becomes an odyssey of poverty, and the richnesses and the enigmas sneak up on the audience. What is the meaning of the seeress's words? How is it that the hero who is searching for the bicycle thief becomes the bicycle thief? This Neo-Realist classic is on just about everybody's list of the greatest films. Cesare Zavattini wrote the script. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 10.)



Blazing Saddles—Mel Brook's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem as much as they can from the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (2/18/74) (Gramercy, East 59th Street I, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, Playboy, and Loews 83rd St.)

The Bride Wore Black (1968)—Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. Photographed by Raoul Coutard. The hero-worshipping of Hitchcock seems a bit wasteful, for Truffaut is the infinitely greater filmmaker, and imbues even this mechanical story with something finely detailed and lyric about love. In French. (Thalia; through April 16.)

Butley—From Simon Gray's play. The seventh presentation in the American Film Theatre series (primarily subscription). With Alan Bates, Jessica Tandy, and Richard O'Callaghan, directed by Harold Pinter. The film will be shown on April 10, at 2 and 8 at the Ciné Malibu and New Yorker; and April 10, at 8 only, at the Guild. Some extra tickets may be available at certain theatres; for information call 489-8820.

Chushingura (1966)—The eighteenth-century Japanese epic, told with great beauty and at great length (three and a half hours). With Toshiro Mifune. Directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. In Japanese. (Regency; April 14-15.)

The Cocoanuts (1929)—The Marx Brothers' first feature, shot in a studio on Long Island, is a transcription of their Broadway musical-comedy hit about the land boom in Florida. With Kay Francis in her then daring mannish hairdo, Margaret Dumont in lace dresses and floppy hats, and a pair of forgettable singing lovers. Written by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; songs by Irving Berlin. (Quad Cinema; April 14-16.)

Conrack—Jon Voight finally gets a chance to loosen up on the screen, and in a true starring role. He plays a ribald, freewheeling teacher who tries to wake up a bunch of whipped black kids and wakes up the school authorities, who fire him. Based on "The Water Is Wide," by Pat Conroy, a young Southerner's account of what he went through in his year of teaching on an island off the South Carolina coast, the picture takes its mood from Voight's roller-coaster performance. It has the airy feeling of the teacher's improvising nature, of his impatience and his bursting through restraints. Martin Ritt directed, in a more comic vein than in "Sounder," but with some of the same talent for bringing out black performers. Madge Sinclair plays a black principal who is obstinately strong and more than a match for the hero. The picture is a lively, touching fable about an unrepressed man fighting a slowly dying system of repression; it has a bounding spirit. (3/11/74) (Trans-Lux East, and Loews Ciné.)

The Conversation—With Gene Hackman, directed by Francis Ford Coppola. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Coronet.)

Day for Night—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately conventional in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (10/15/73) (St. Marks Cinema, and Quad Cinema; through April 16.)

The Day of the Dolphin—The most expensive Rin Tin Tin picture ever made, with a gimmick the Rin Tin Tin pictures never stooped to: the dolphins here are dubbed with plaintive, childish voices and speak in English. Mike Nichols directed this elaborate anthropomorphic exercise; the wretched plot is about an attempt to assassinate the President by using the dolphins as bomb carriers. George C. Scott is the godlike dolphin trainer. (12/31/73) (Baronet.)

The Devils (1971)—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it. (Elgin; starting April 18.)

Dinner at Eight (1933)—Jean Harlow, with her bee-stung pucker and her tinny voice, at her comic best. George Cukor directed this witty version of the Ferber-Kaufman play, with a fabulous cast that includes Marie Dressler, John Barrymore, Lee Tracy, Wallace Beery, and Edmund Lowe. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 12-14.)

Divorce—Italian Style (1962)—Marcello Mastroianni in a witty performance as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. The director, Pietro Germi, has made the most of his outrageous opportunities. In Italian. (Elgin; April 17.)

A Doll's House—Ibsen's play, sensibly adapted by Christopher Hampton without leaning on the women's-lib aspects of the play, which are built in, anyway. Directed by Patrick Garland. Claire Bloom is a ravishingly pretty Nora, taking shelter in the humiliating wheedles and flirtatiousness that finally make her slam the door on husband, children, and the Victorian ideal of femininity. Anthony Hopkins is her aptly torpid husband; Denholm Elliott is Krogstad, wearing pince-nez and mittens. He is a marvellous actor, and this is a memorable study in the savagery of weaklings. (6/2/73) (St. Marks Cinema; through April 16.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in their greatest movie—a semi-surrealist farce about war. With Margaret Dumont, Edgar Kennedy, Louis Calhern. The unsentimental screenplay is by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, who also did the songs. Directed by Leo McCarey. (Quad Cinema; through April 13.)

Easter Parade (1948)—There's not much comedy and not much invention in this oversize M-G-M musical, but Fred Astaire and Judy Garland finally get to their great number, "A Couple of Swells." With Ann Miller and Peter Lawford; Lola Albright may be glimpsed as a hat model. Charles Walters directed; the score, by Irving Berlin, includes "It Only Happens When I Dance with You." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 14-16.)

The Exorcist—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It is religious people who should be most offended by this movie. It would be sheer insanity to

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

take children. (1/7/74) (Plaza, Cinema I, and Paris.)

Fantastic Planet—A French-Czech animated science-fiction feature, directed by René Laloux, with original art work by Roland Topor. In dubbed English. (New Yorker; April 11-16.)

Foxy Brown—With Pam Grier and Peter Brown, directed by Jack Hill. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (1970)—Vittorio De Sica's lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 10.)

The Golden Voyage of Sinbad—With John Phillip Law, directed by Gordon Hessler. (East 59th Street II, and 23rd St. Cinema; through April 16.)

The Great Gatsby—F. Scott Fitzgerald's short masterpiece turned into a slow, stately, two-and-a-half-hour movie, directed by Jack Clayton and photographed by Douglas Slocombe. Overuse of tracking shots, redundant dialogue, and too many Charlestons did the mysterious lengthening trick. Daisy is finely played as a creature of beautiful, aerial selfishness and apparent simplicity by Mia Farrow, with a voice that whispers like a bird on the lawn in the Fitzgerald Long Island summer. Her best performance so far. The first-person narrative is transformed into voice-over comment by the character of the observant Nick (Sam Waterston, a good actor, wonderfully picked by Clayton); but the first-person technique works better in novels than in the movies. The small-part casting is first-rate. So is the sensibility. One mostly misses Scott Fitzgerald's terseness. Bruce Dern as Tom Buchanan is very good, Robert Redford as the pining, mysteriously rich Gatsby is a bit Ivy League. Script by Francis Ford Coppola. (4/1/74) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Orpheum. . . . ¶ Paramount. Sundays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Reserved performances—not seats—only.)

Happy New Year—With Lino Ventura and Françoise Fabian, directed by Claude Lelouch. In French. (Thalia; through April 16.)

The Heartbreak Kid (1972)—One of the rare new comedies with a director's style and personality. Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dreamgirl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (12/16/72) (Embassy 72nd St.; through April 16.)

His Girl Friday (1940)—Rosalind Russell playing an indispensable caustic girl reporter, divorced by the hero and now wanted back. The conniving editor is Cary Grant. Corruption so fictionalized that it is quite undisturbing runs in the veins of these characters like printer's ink. A hectic remake of the famous Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur "The Front Page," with a kind of terrific verbal knockabout that has vanished from current filmmaking. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 18.)

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Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in one of their best comedies. The setting is academic, and Thelma Todd is the college widow to whom Groucho sings "Everyone Says 'I Love You.' " (Quad Cinema; through April 13.)

The House on Chelouche Street—With Gila Almagor, directed by Moshe Mizrahi. In Hebrew. (Columbia II; starting April 17.)

In the Name of the Father—A gaudy, splintered piece of work in which a satanically clever boy at a Jesuit school outwits the priests at their own game of power-by-diabolism when he asks for more science and less Dark Ages obscurantism, though his raucous cruelty actually drags science back to the day of the thumbscrew to serve his megalomanic purpose. A beautiful-looking, muddle-headed film directed by Marco Bellocchio. In Italian. (4/8/74) (5th Ave. Cinema; starting April 17.)

The Italian Straw Hat (1927)—René Clair took the Eugène Labiche and Marc Michel play that Bergson used to illustrate his theory of comedy and turned it into a model of visual wit. This silent satire on middle-class pretension is so elegantly directed that farce becomes ballet. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 15.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, The Rolling Stones—A complete Rolling Stones concert on film. (Ziegfeld; starting April 14 at 8.)

The Last Detail—About three seamen. Dissipated sentimentalist Jack Nicholson and Otis Young are dispatched to take a morose eighteen-year-old (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The movie is the record of their dallying, beer-soaked journey and of their self-discoveries en route. It is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue, but visually it is relentlessly lower-depths gloomy, and the material, though often very funny, is programmed to wrench your heart. It's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed; adapted from Darryl Ponicsan's book by Robert Towne. (2/11/74) (Festival. . . . ¶ Columbia II; through April 16. . . . ¶ East 59th Street II, 8th St. Playhouse, 23rd St. Cinema, and New Yorker; starting April 17.)

The Laughing Policeman—Standard, gory imitation of "Dirty Harry," "The French Connection," and "Bullitt." There isn't much acting honor to be had from it, but Walter Matthau, playing a black-haired police detective, loses what little there is to Bruce Dern, who plays his partner. Matthau does the ancient obvious, but Dern's contentious, muffled manner is the latest in fey one-upmanship. The choppy film makes practically no sense; Stuart Rosenberg's direction features massacres, cadavers, and close inspection of wounds. (1/21/74) (72nd Street East; starting April 17.)

Libeled Lady (1936)—Jack Conway directed this entertaining M-G-M newspaper comedy-melodrama, with Spencer Tracy as the editor whose paper is being sued for libel by Myrna Loy. Jean Harlow has some great wisecracking lines, and William Powell has a fly-fishing scene that Howard Hawks must have liked, because in 1964 he did his version of it in "Man's Favorite Sport?" With Walter Connolly. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through April 13.)

Love and Anarchy—With Giancarlo Giannini, directed by Lina Wertmüller. In Italian. (Little Carnegie; starting April 14.)

Lovin' Molly—With Anthony Perkins, Beau Bridges, and Blythe Danner, directed by Sidney Lumet. (68th St. Playhouse; starting April 14.)

Lucia—A long trilogy by Humberto Solas, a young man who has been called Cuba's Eisenstein. The first episode is melodramatic; the second, about the disorganized hatred of the dictatorial President Machado, intellectually fine and visually lyric; the third is an ironically anti-women's-lib argument about a Castro-period husband who literally walls up his beautiful new wife and nearly goes crazy with jealousy when a handsome teacher arrives to take her through the revolutionists' literacy program. In Spanish. (4/8/74) (First Avenue Screening Room; April 10. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Olympia; through April 16.)

Mame—A slapstick musical so terrible it isn't boring; you can get fixated staring at it and wondering what exactly Lucille Ball thought she was doing. At the end, there's a reprise of the various scenes the viewer has just witnessed of the star hugging people; this may be the first hug collage in movie history and—if God is good—the last. Gene Saks directed; Onna White choreographed. (3/11/74) (Music Hall.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (Quad Cinema; through April 16. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting April 17.)

Monkey Business (1931)—The four Marx Brothers as anarchic stowaways on an ocean liner who get involved with bootleggers and Thelma Todd. The first of their films written directly for the screen (by S. J. Perelman and others). Norman McLeod directed this heavenly, corny nonsense. (Quad Cinema; April 14-16.)

The Mother and the Whore—This controversial three-hour-and-thirty-five-minute film, produced, written, and directed by Jean Eustache, is about the aging young of the Left Bank, who live in an atmosphere of apocalyptic narcissism. It is about the disaffection of those who are stranded in a confusion of personal freedom and social hopelessness. Eustache's method resembles the static randomness of the Warhol-Morrissey pictures, but the randomness here is not a matter of indifference; it's a conscious goal. The actors—Jean-Pierre Léaud, Bernadette Lafont, and Françoise Lebrun—were not allowed to deviate from the script, yet Eustache wants the look of chance. He tries to push viewers beyond patience—to rub our noses in his view of reality. Implicitly, he is saying, "I'm going to show you more of the tormented soul than anybody has ever shown you." This soul belongs to a poor young nurse named Veronika, and the picture stands or falls on the viewer's attitude toward her recital of her sexual humiliations and her loathing of sex without love. In French. (3/4/74) (Little Carnegie; through April 13.)

The Mysterious Island (1929)—Imaginative undersea fantasy starring sinister monsters, weird fish, Lionel Barrymore as a nineteenth-century inventor, and Montague Love as a wicked nobleman. (Not to be confused with the 1961 British film of the same name, also derived from Jules Verne.) This ill-fated production was begun in 1927 by the greatly gifted Maurice Tourneur, who was fired by M-G-M and replaced by Benjamin Christiansen, and it was finally credited to Lucien

Hubbard—by which time sound had come in, so the film is part silent, part sound. The plot twists are silly, but the film presents the invention, launching, and kidnapping of the first submarine, and then the real capper: a mammoth octopus with tentacles long enough to embrace that submarine in its entirety. And surely no one who saw the film as a child has completely forgotten that horror scene on the ocean floor: the wreck of a Roman galley with the skeletons of slaves still chained to the oars. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting April 17.)

O Lucky Man!—Malcolm McDowell in a three-hour film about ambition, optimism, and being pushed around in modern England. Directed by Lindsay Anderson—his most complicated and ambitious picture yet: a sort of mod "Pilgrim's Progress." Jocelyn Herbert is the unbeatable production designer ("The Loves of Isadora," among many others); the quiet style of the camera work is Miroslav Ondříček's ("If . . . ," "The White Bus," "Loves of a Blonde," "The Fireman's Ball," and so on). Written by David Sherwin with a real gift for the vernacular, though with no great sympathy for particular characters in dilemmas. (6/16/73) (Elgin; April 11-13.)

Our Time—With Pamela Sue Martin, Betsy Slade, Parker Stevenson, and George O'Hanlon, Jr., directed by Peter Hyams. (Sutton.)

The Paper Chase—Timothy Bottoms as a first-year law student at Harvard, and John Houseman as the professor he idolizes. Bottoms meets the professor's daughter (Lindsay Wagner), who's derisive about everything, and he becomes confused about why he's studying. The picture, directed by James Bridges, tries to be thoughtful and provocative, but it has nothing to say. (10/29/73) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; through April 16. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting April 17.)

Paper Moon—Peter Bogdanovich directs a wet story about a chumming-up between Ryan O'Neal, as a con man who victimizes new widows, and an eleven-year-old tomboy, played by the actor's real-life daughter, Tatum O'Neal. (5/26/73) (8th St. Playhouse; through April 16. . . . ¶ Ciné Malibu; starting April 11. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting April 17. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting April 17, tentative.)

Papillon—A pointlessly gruelling movie, in which Steve McQueen keeps trying to escape from Devil's Island, and fellow-convict Dustin Hoffman keeps financing his attempts. The picture is so solemn that one would think it the story of a pope, at the very least. Directed by Franklin Schaffner. (12/24/73) (5th Ave. Cinema; through April 16.)

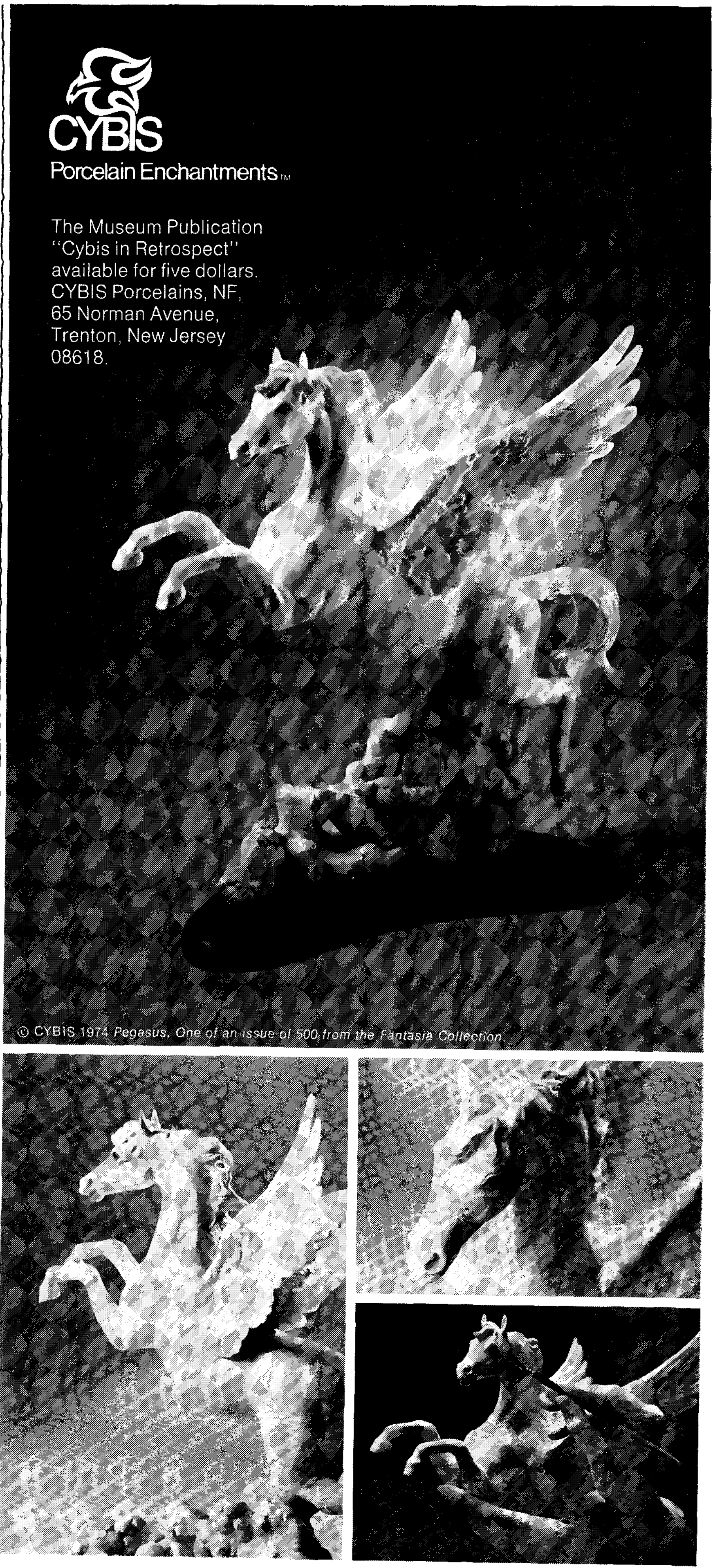
Partner (1969)—Two years before "The Conformist," Bernardo Bertolucci made this inventive but bewildering political vaudeville—a modernization of Dostoevski's "The Double," in which a young drama teacher (Pierre Clémenti) has fantasies of extending the theatre of cruelty into political revolution. Clémenti doesn't convey enough intellectuality for an audience to understand the character, who seems to be a comic-strip Artaud. Visually extraordinary, and with original and daring tricks of style, but not easy to take. With Stefania Sandrelli and Tina Aumont. In Italian. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting April 17.)

The Pedestrian—Directed by Maximilian Schell. In German. (Fine Arts.)

Performance (1970)—James Fox, as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background, meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (Elgin; April 11-13.)

The Philadelphia Story (1940)—Philip Barry wrote this romantic comedy for Katharine Hepburn, and she had her greatest popular triumph in it on Broadway and on the screen; shiny and commercial as the movie is, it's almost irresistibly entertaining—one of the high spots of the big-studio system of moviemaking. As the priggish, wisecracking, patrician Tracy Lord, Hepburn has her choice of Cary Grant and James Stewart, both at their most attractive. Donald Ogden Stewart did the witty adaptation, George Cukor directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 12-14.)

Pierrot le Fou (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's unresolved, disturbing film. The narrative encompasses a satire of advertising, an existential stalemate, political violence, and romance, all shot—in color—in a hard-edge style. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna



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Karina. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 11.)

Roberta (1935)—Astaire and Rogers; Irene Dunne singing in white foxes and satin; and Randolph Scott, Helen Westley, and Claire Dodd. The apparatus is a bit heavy, but the Jerome Kern music includes "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" and "Lovely to Look At." Best of all is the dance to "I'll Be Hard to Handle." William Seiter directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 14-16.)

Save the Tiger (1973)—The picture asks us to weep for Harry the garment manufacturer (Jack Lemmon), who pimps for his customers so they'll give him their orders, and who plans to set fire to his warehouse so the insurance money will finance filling these orders. The picture is a moral hustle that says this high-living showoff is a victim of American materialism. Harry suffers and jabbers; the writer, Steve Shagan, appears to think he has created a modern tragic hero, and he's determined to puff the movie up with wit and wisdom. John G. Avildsen directed. (2/17/73) (Cinema Village. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting April 17, tentative.)

Seduced and Abandoned (1964)—Directed by Pietro Germi, maker of the gloriously funny "Divorce—Italian Style." This later picture doesn't quite take flight, because the director was trying to repeat himself, but the dignified slapstick about Sicilian sex mores is still pretty funny. In Italian. (Elgin; April 17.)

Senso (1955)—Visconti on the Risorgimento. Farley Granger gives a wet performance in a part that Visconti wanted Marlon Brando to play, but Alida Valli has languorous splendor, and the intellectual spread of the film is very fine. In Italian. (Elgin; April 10.)

Serpico—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of our time—for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most of the rude, hip humor; Sidney Lumet directed, sloppily but effectively. (12/17/73) (Waverly.)

Sleeper—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his films, and with a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, manic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (12/31/73) (Cinema Studio.)

The Sting—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace (12/31/73) (Murray Hill, U. A. East, and Symphony.)

The Sugarland Express—Lou Jean (Goldie Hawn) gets off a bus in Texas, and her bouncy, determined walk spells trouble. She could have a sign engraved on her forehead: "I want it now." Whatever it is, Lou Jean can't wait for it. The film is about the foul-up she causes when she and her husband (William Atherton), who have lost custody of their infant son, try to get him back by taking a highway-patrol officer (Michael Sacks) hostage. The picture is commercial and shallow, yet it has eagerness and flash and talent. The director, Steven Spielberg, is twenty-six and a wizard at action sequences; in terms of the pleasure that technical assurance gives an audience, this film is one of the most phenomenal début films in the history of movies. (3/18/74) (Cinema II.)

Sunset Boulevard (1950)—Brittle satiric tribute to Hollywood's leopard-skin past, narrated by a corpse. A young scriptwriter (William Holden), speeding away from the finance-company men who have come to repossess his car, turns into a driveway on Sunset Boulevard, and finds himself at the decaying mansion of the once great silent star, Norma Desmond (Gloria Swanson). Attended by her butler (Erich von Stroheim), who was once her husband and her director, she lives among the mementos of her past, and plots her comeback in her own adaptation of "Salomé." The rapacious old vamp persuades the young man to stay and work with her on the script; he becomes her kept man, her lover, her victim. The details are baroque: the rats in the empty swimming pool; the wind moaning in the organ pipes; the midnight burial of a pet chimpanzee. Glint-eyed Swanson clutches at her comeback role almost as if it were Salomé, yet the acting honors belong to Holden. When he makes love to the crazy, demanding old woman, his face shows a mixture of pity and guilt and nausea. Charles Brackett produced, Billy Wilder directed; the script is by Brackett and Wilder, and D. M. Marshman, Jr. (Elgin; April 14-15.)

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The Super Cops—With Ron Leibman and David Selby, directed by Gordon Parks. (34th St. East, and 86th St. East.)

The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette's. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (9/3/73) (72nd Street East; through April 16.)

La Terra Trema (1947)—Visconti's Neo-Realist tragedy, set among the exploited Sicilian fishermen, is long and full of political clichés, and yet in its solemnity and beauty it achieves a true epic vision. In Sicilian dialect. (Elgin; April 10.)

Thieves Like Us—From the first, pearly-green long shot, Robert Altman finds a sureness of tone and never loses it. This story of young lovers in the thirties is the closest to flawless of his films. Made in Mississippi, "Thieves Like Us" is so sensuous and lucid that it is as if William Faulkner and the young Jean Renoir had collaborated. Keith Carradine is the boy who escapes from prison with two bank robbers (John Schuck and Bert Remsen), and Shelley Duvall is the girl he meets. Adapted from a neglected 1937 novel by Edward Anderson, which also served as the basis of the 1948 Nicholas Ray picture "They Live by Night." (2/4/74) (68th St. Playhouse; through April 13.)

Thomasine & Bushrod—With Vonetta McGee, directed by Gordon Parks, Jr. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

The Three Musketeers—As in Roger Planchon's anarchic stage production at his famous Lyons theatre, in France, Dumas's novel is kicked around in Richard Lester's film. Charlton Heston plays Richelieu in a becoming false nose, Jean-Pierre Cassel is a clothes-cluttered Louis XIII, Spike Milligan, in a nightshirt and a stocking cap, trails around muttering Goon Show-type jokes of unseating common sense. David Watkins did the over-arranged but striking photography. The dozens of stars, deliberately cast against type, also include Oliver Reed, Raquel Welch, Faye Dunaway, Frank Finlay, Geraldine Chaplin, Richard Chamberlain, and Michael York. (4/8/74) (Art, Columbia I, Juliet 2, and Beacon. . . . ¶ Guild. No eight-o'clock performance on Wednesday, April 10.)

A Touch of Class—Directed by Melvin Frank, written by Mr. Frank and Jack Rose. Glenda Jackson is a young divorced English dress designer with a wit that flickers like an anteater's tongue and a capacity to be wounded that the film's throwback to forties love-comedies doesn't manage to transmit. George Segal, showing a matching gift for sophisticated comedy, plays a flappy American. Mild, muddled fun. (7/9/73) (8th St. Playhouse; through April 16. . . . ¶ Ciné Malibu; starting April 11. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting April 17.)

Twentieth Century (1934)—John Barrymore in one of his best comedy roles—as an egomaniac theatrical producer—and Carole Lombard in the giddy, glamorous role that established her as a comedienne. Howard Hawks directed this great hardboiled farce, from Hecht and MacArthur's adaptation of the Bruce Milholland play. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 18.)

The Unholy Three (1930)—Lon Chaney, in a talkie remake of one of his grotesque, horrifying silent hits. He plays Echo, a crooked ventriloquist, who works in a dime museum along with a malevolent midget (Harry Earles, later the star of "Freaks") and a strong man (Ivan Linow). They sell parrots who, with Echo's aid, appear to be great talkers; when dissatisfied customers complain, the three visit the customers' homes, which they subsequently burglarize. (Surely the most outlandish burglary scheme on film.) This sound version, directed by Jack Conway, isn't as nightmarishly well done as the Tod Browning silent, but Chaney ("the man of a thousand faces") demonstrates that he also has a variety of voices (he uses four), and the sound is particularly effective in the courtroom climax when, masquerading as an old woman, he suddenly gives himself away by speaking like a man. With Lila Lee, John Miljan, and Elliott Nugent. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting April 17.)

Walking Tall—A rabble-rousing movie that appeals to a deep-seated belief in simple, Biblical justice; the visceral impact of the film makes one know how crowds must feel when they're being swayed by demagogues. Joe Don Baker gives a powerful performance as the crusading Tennessee sheriff Buford Pusser—there *is* a Buford Pusser, and he's out promoting the movie—but it's a tall tale: a fiction derived from early Westerns. The director, Phil Karlson, is brutally effective; he makes the battle of virtuous force against organized evil seem primordial. With Elizabeth Hartman as Mrs. Pusser. (2/25/74) (Cinema Village.)

The Wild Child (1970)—A late-eighteenth-century doctor (played by François Truffaut) takes over the education of a barbarian boy who has spent his childhood abandoned in a forest. The understanding between the two of them is wary and delicate; all the same, they are some sort of kin, and both of them are in the direct line of Truffaut's alert, thin-skinned, outwardly intransigent heroes. Truffaut directed the film in a beautiful black-and-white that has the look of an old photograph. In French. (Quad Cinema; through April 16.)

A Woman Is a Woman (1961)—A parody-imitation of an American musical: an experiment that Godard, fortunately, never repeated. With Anna Karina, Belmondo, and Jean-Claude Brialy, and all too damned cute. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 11.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild Gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (Elgin; starting April 18.)

Zatoichi's Conspiracy—With Shintaro Katsu, directed by Kenji Misumi. In Japanese. (Regency; starting April 16.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—School as seen through the eyes of children. Jean Vigo's forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy about a schoolchildren's revolt is one of the most famous and most influential films ever made, both in theme (as in "The 400 Blows" and "If . . .") and in its leaping continuity (as in "Breathless"). In French. (Elgin; April 16.)

Zoo in Budapest (1933)—A lovely, romantic fantasy, with the radiant Loretta Young as a girl who runs away from an orphanage, spends the night in a zoo, and meets a handsome, nonconformist zoo attendant (Gene Raymond). This entire, beautifully produced movie takes place during that night in the zoo. Rowland V. Lee directed, and Lee Garmes did the memorable cinematography—tranquil visions of swans and herons on a moonlit lake, and, at the end, when the police arrive and the whole zoo has gone mad, a glimpse of the porcupines in a panic. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through April 13.)

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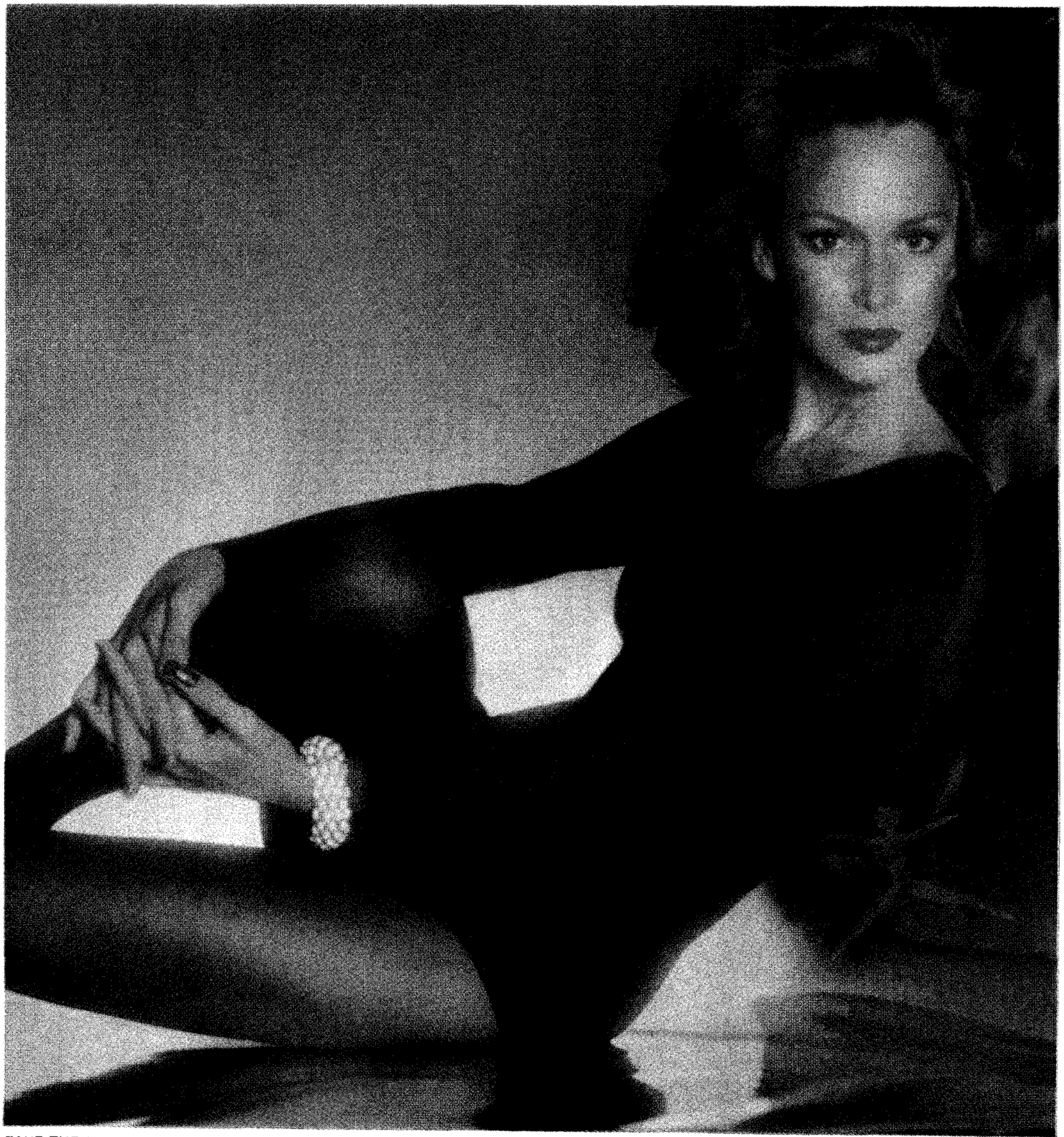

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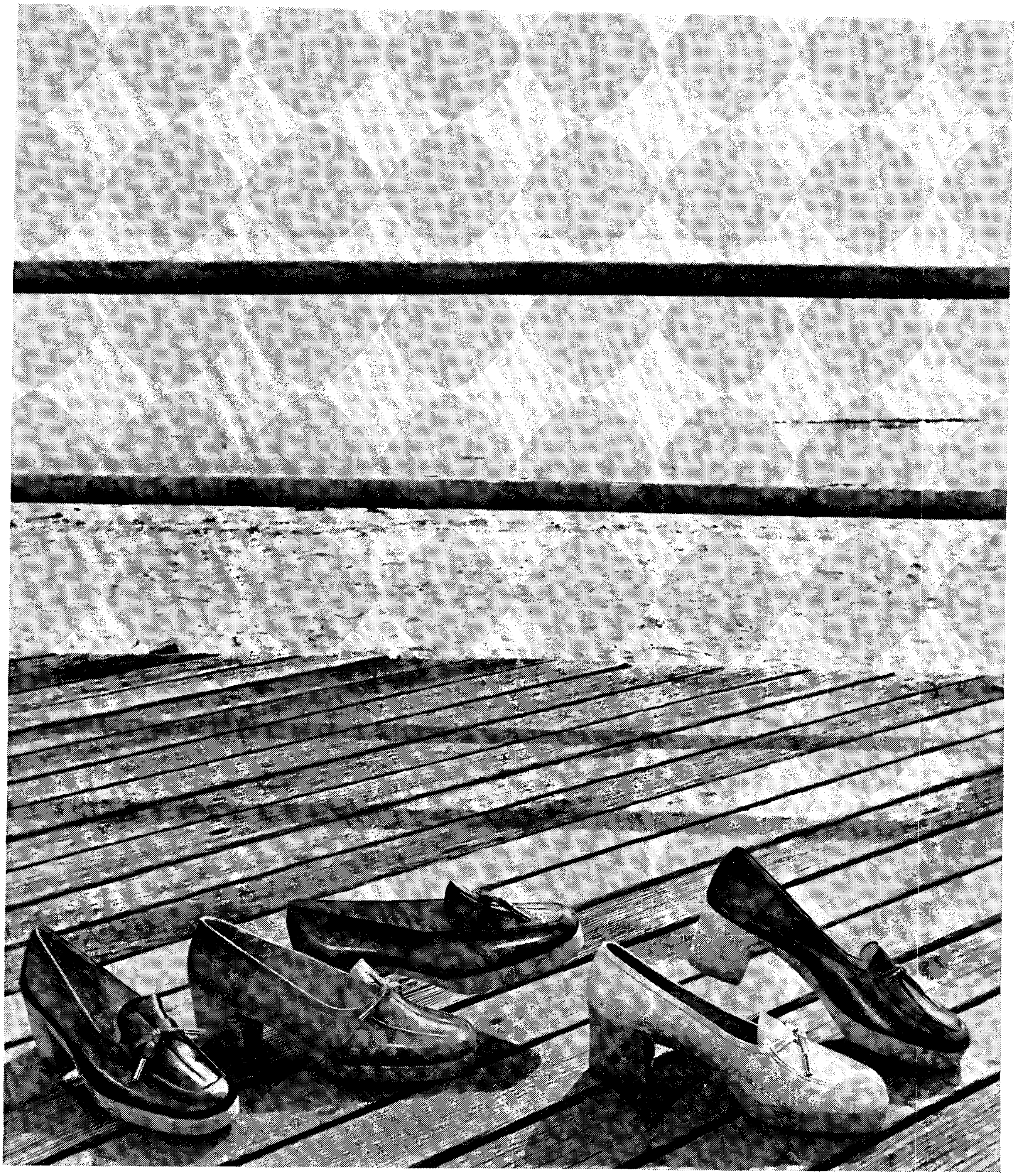

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FOUR hundred and thirty-two thousand seven hundred and eighty-seven dollars and thirteen cents. A hefty figure. The kind that announcers read with automatic added emphasis. A figure that seems to explain a lot. To many, it suggests some answers to the whys and wherefores of the White House scandals: plain human greed. Wilbur Mills thinks that it will go further than anything else we've learned recently to force the President from office. The people understand taxes, he says. They are preparing their own returns at the moment. To our mind, however, the whole tale of the President's finances, as it has unfolded so far, only deepens the mystery. What surprises us is not the largeness of the benefits the President had arranged for himself but their smallness. The Presidency is the highest honor in the gift of the American people. In the view of most Americans, it is, among other things, the place where the climbing stops. From that pinnacle, half a million dollars, or a million dollars, or a hundred million dollars—any sum of money, for that matter—fades into insignificance. But President Nixon's financial maneuverings suggest a different perspective. It is a shrunken view of the Presidency. Some statesmen overreach themselves. President Nixon underreached. At some point, it seems, the honors bestowed on him outran his capacity for grasping or appreciating them. Apparently, he always found something to be missing: more appreciation, more pomp and splendor, more money. Not content with one White House, he bought two more. He was twice elected President, and yet the Presidency eluded him. There is no surprise when the humble dream of greater things. But what are we to make of it when the already great dream of meaner things?

WE read in the newspaper the other day, tucked in among articles on Important Matters (Fund-Raising Dinners Held, Stockholders Sue Gulf Aides, Rockefeller Commission Meets), a report from Moscow that described Mrs. Alexander Solzhenitsyn and her children as they prepared to leave the Soviet Union for Switzerland to join Solzhenitsyn in his exile. Friends had gathered at the Solzhenitsyn apartment to help pack up and to say goodbye. "It is painful to part from Russia," she said. "It is painful that our children are condemned to a life without a homeland. It is painful and difficult to leave friends who are not protected from vindictive power by worldwide fame. Only our faith that we will return makes it possible to bear this pain. I do not know when and how, but I firmly believe that we will return. And we will raise our children as Russians. And therefore we are saying goodbye to no one." It is rare nowadays to read words of such purity, and as we read them, all Fund-Raising Dinners, all Stockholders, all Commissions went up in smoke, disappeared. Parting, separation—*razluka*, *rasstavanie*. Goodbye—*proshchai*. How often do we meet with those words in Russian literature, and in Russian life. In his poem "Tristia," Osip Mandelstam writes, "I have studied the science of separations." "To many things I've said the word that cheats the lips and leaves them parted, thus: *proshchai*, which means goodbye," writes Vladimir Nabokov in 1940, bidding farewell to his "untrammelled, rich, and infinitely docile Russian tongue" as he is about to become an American writer. For Russians, what a century for parting, for saying goodbye, for silently handing over a blue bouquet of *nezabudki* (forget-me-nots) at the last moment as the whistle screams and the train starts to roll out of the station. But, as they say in Russia, *chto delat'*—what is to be done?

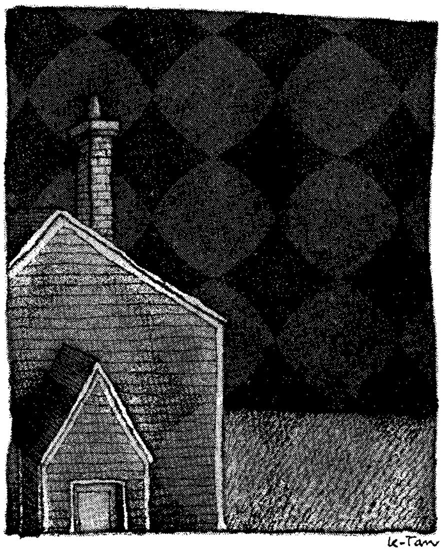
We've tried to imagine what might be done. We've been thinking about the National Parks—about the Grand Tetons and the Grand Canyon and Yellowstone, about all the efforts made to protect the bison and the whooping crane and the *Sequoia gigantea*. Endangered Nature has its refuges. But what of endangered Art? What can be done when moral and mental pollution threatens the existence of those who read and write real books? We have a vision of some fabulously rich and fabulously wise man, himself a great reader of Pushkin and Tolstoy, who one fine day decides he's had enough of being the condominium-and-country-music king of the Western world and gets on a Pan Am 707 to Moscow, and at Sheremet'yevo Airport gets in a cab for the Kremlin, and at the Kremlin meets with the current Soviet leader (Brezhnev, let's say) and with the Kremlin counsel Vladlen Vladlenovich Merzavtsev, and makes an offer to them. "I'd like to buy Leningrad," he says. "*Chto Vy, ne vozmozhno* [What do you mean? It's impossible!]," Brezhnev replies. But he mulls the offer over, and consults in whispers with Vladlen, and it doesn't seem so impossible after all. What is that city but a bunch of decrepit buildings sunk in a swamp, a czarist whim, populated by professors and cosmopolitan elements who were never good for much of anything anyway? And then—all that money, that *valiuta*, that solid wall of good green dollars instead of a shaky rainbow of ruble notes. So many new missiles, so many new tanks! Finally, an international lawyer is called in, and he draws up a contract, and the Russian real estate on the Gulf of Finland is sold to the American in the seersucker suit for a large, though undisclosed, sum. Think of it: The Free City of St. Petersburg (for the new owner's first official act would be to restore the former name). A homeland for homeless Russians. Elderly ladies now clutching their *avos'ki* (shopping nets) on the upper West Side might forgo Lamston's for the Eleseev Brothers' Emporium. Elderly men thumbing their émigré weeklies at cafés in the Fifteenth Arrondissement or the Piazza San Pantaleo could return to rent flats with views of the Neva, the Admiralty spire, the Peter and Paul Fortress, the Winter Palace. Strolls on the English Quay, picnics in the Summer Garden. The town fathers might reinter the remains of Stravinsky and Chaliapin, of Bunin and Khodasevich. Wladimir Weidle would return from Paris to be appointed director of the Hermitage. Balanchine would be put in command of the Mariinsky Ballet. The Nabokovs could exchange their Montreux palace for one somewhere between Pushkin Avenue and Gogol Street. Churches and synagogues would open and stay open. The presses of the Chekhov Publishing House would roll. The Herzen Foundation would leave Amsterdam for offices on the Nevsky Prospekt; the Tolstoy Farm would trade the outskirts of New York for the outskirts of St. Petersburg. Soviet refugee poets now on tour at American colleges would no longer have to answer questions from students about "the religious meaning of your poetry." And the Solzhenitsyns and their friends could leave the Soviet Union not for Switzerland, not for France, not for the United States, but for Russia, a country which, after all, they have always inhabited.

Trial

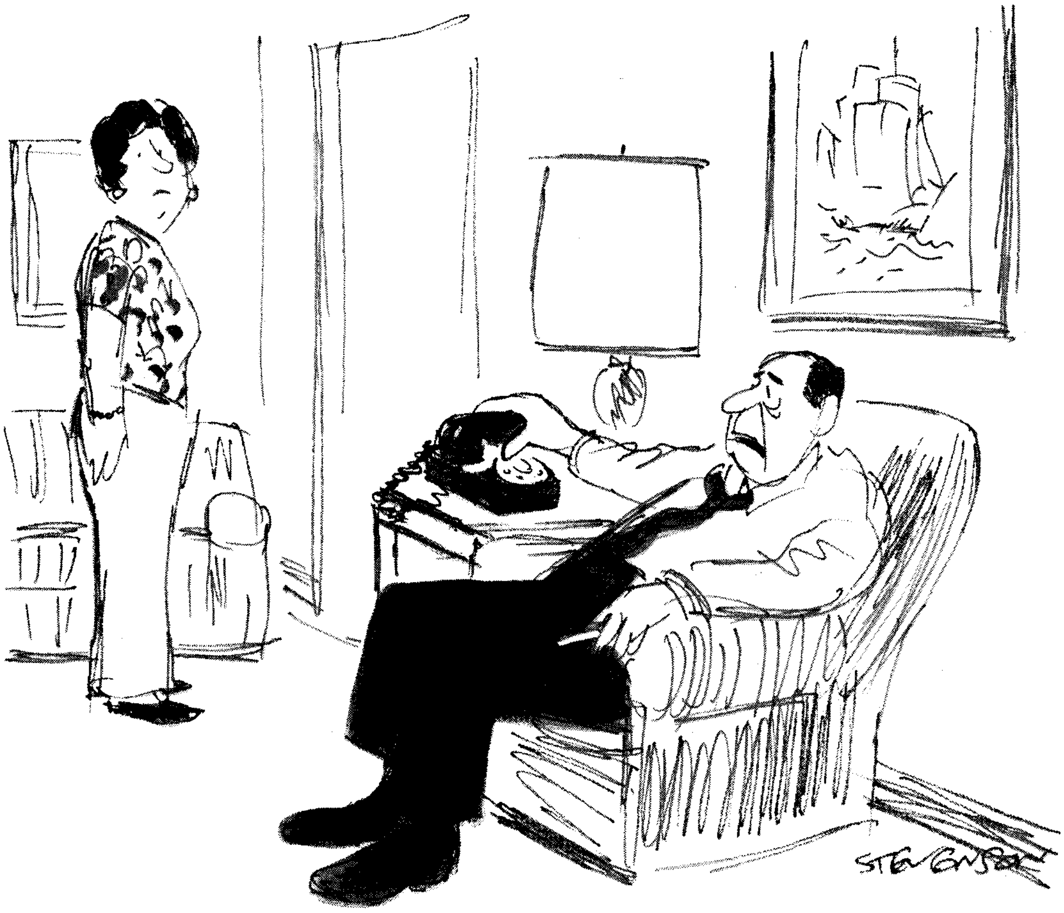
THE John Mitchell-Maurice Stans trial, now in its eighth week at Foley Square, is the first case of political bribery involving Cabinet officers since the Harding Administration. It may also turn out to be the beginning of the end of Watergate. Since many of the same people—and some of the same taped evidence—are involved in Watergate cases both in New York and in Washington, the premise implicit in Judge Gagliardi's courtroom is that credibility in New York anticipates credibility in Washington. On the first day of the testimony of John W. Dean III, we spotted Richard Ben-Veniste, a short, cocky, karakul-haired lawyer, who is one of Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski's most tenacious Assistant Prosecutors, sitting in the first row of the press section. Ben-Veniste was asked to leave the courtroom, on the ground that his well-known connection with Watergate might prejudice the jury, but he was visible in the corridors the next day, smoking cigars and chatting with reporters and federal attorneys.

Although Mitchell-Stans is the Southern District's most highly publicized trial, it does—we discovered while we were at Foley Square—have competition. In nearby federal courtrooms, Joseph Subilosky is charged with robbing a Boston bank; Richard Thorne, alias Om the Eternal, is accused of possession of counterfeit bills; W. Kenneth Riland, a well-connected osteopath, is defending himself against five counts of income-tax evasion; and Harold Koenig is trying to explain away his connection with a case of stock fraud. The public, however, prefers Mitchell-Stans, and when a well-known witness is scheduled to testify, the most tenacious trial buffs assemble on the courthouse steps shortly after midnight. By 8 A.M., there can be two hundred people lined up inside the building, sitting or standing in a roped-off section of the corridor. There is a good deal of grumbling about the scarcity of public seats. "This is a historic occasion," a bearded University of Minnesota student who was spending his vacation at the trial said to us one day, "but it's hardly a public event. Only twenty-six people got into the courtroom yesterday morning." An alert white-haired woman standing next to him told us that she had arrived at 5 A.M. to make sure of a courtroom seat. "You can't tell who to believe by reading the papers," she said. "You have to look at their faces. I bring my lunch, and I bring my opera glasses."

The courtroom itself, with its six arched windows, cream coffered ceiling, walnut-panelled walls, dusty-green carpeting, and rows of oak benches, resembles a well-to-do Congregational church. The seating plan, which is enforced by the marshals, could be that of a decorous society wedding: press on the left, friends of the Court on the right, members of the public crammed together in the rear. There is a settled press order: wire services and New York papers get the front seats, artists occupy a second-row pew, and the forty-odd remaining reporters crowd in behind them, trying to take notes and avoid each other's elbows. The jurors—twelve regulars and five alternates—are ranged in three tiers of green leather chairs on the right. The prosecutors occupy a table directly in front of the Judge's bench, with John Mitchell and his defense team directly behind them. (This drives the artists crazy; all they can sketch a lot of the time is the back of Mitchell's head.) The Stans lawyers sit on the left side of the room, with Stans, a pink-faced, gray-haired man who wears oversized silver-rimmed glasses, presenting an impassive profile at the far end of the table.



There are nine lawyers arguing the case. The prosecutors—John R. Wing, James W. Rayhill, John A. Lowe, and Kenneth R. Feinberg—are tough, brainy young men, from three to ten years out of law school, on their way up. Their hair is clipped short, their suits are crisp and conservative, their shirts are white, and their attitude is one of aggressive politeness. Mr. Wing, the Assistant United States Attorney in charge of the prosecution, is the government's strongest courtroom personality. He is a deliberate, thoughtful man of thirty-seven, who has deep-set eyes, a mournful, strong-featured face, and a disarming boyish smile. A persistent, pleasant questioner, he telegraphs the approach of a key piece of evidence by clasping his hands behind his back and tilting his head up and to the right. The defense team, which consists of lawyers who have made it to the top of their profession, is more of a mixed group. Collectively, they are about ten years older than their governmental counterparts; individually, they range from bank-clerk sobriety (Robert Barker and Edward O'Connell) to Edwardian flamboyance (Walter J. Bonner and Peter Fleming, Jr.). The star of the trial is Mitchell's chief counsel, Peter Fleming, a tall, ruddy-faced former Assistant United States Attorney, who has cornflower-blue eyes, a distinctive, sharp-nosed profile, and flowing gray hair. Fleming's trademarks are rumpled elegance and a restless courtroom manner. When he's not questioning a witness, making notes, or whispering to his sidekick, John Sprizzo, he folds yellow paper into airplanes and watches the jury. His cross-examination technique—a judicious blend of charm and killer instinct—makes the courtroom crackle with tension. His counterpart on the Stans team is Walter Bonner, a pugnacious, muscular man with dark, curly hair, a booming voice, and a fondness for well-cut tweed suits with vests. Bonner, who has conducted some of the most devastating cross-examinations at the trial, always speaks from some secret well of moral indignation. When he questions a witness, he paces the carpet with what appears to be controlled fury; when he flings out an arm in accusation, it is with the certitude of a Jeremiah. The top lawyer in the room is Lee Parsons Gagliardi, a fifty-five-year-old Westchester attorney, who was appointed to the federal bench in 1971 by Richard Nixon, with the endorsement of John Mitchell. Gagliardi has a heart-shaped face, a shock of thick black hair, and a long, pointed nose, down which his glasses frequently slide. He is an active, probing judge, who makes swift decisions and often takes over the questioning when one of the lawyers flounders. He enters the courtroom swiftly, chin down, shoulders forward, walking on his toes.



"Henny Youngman didn't help."

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Purple Passage

IN the back of a standard-issue music-business limousine (rented), we discussed with Garry George, Warner Brothers publicity man, in from the Coast, the impressive balance sheet of Deep Purple, the English hard-rock group. "Twelve million album units. They sold twelve million album units last year," said Mr. George, who is young and fair. "It started in 1968," he said. "They had their big single—'Hush.' First album, first hit. In 1969, they played with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra in London. People thought they were going into classical. But they didn't. No. They went back to heavy-metal rock. Toured a lot. Sold a lot. At a certain level, but not the gigantic level. Then, last year, all of a sudden, they took off. Twelve million album units. Two double albums—'Made in Japan' and 'Purple Passages.' And one old single album, 'Machine Head,' that began to sell again. Amazing."

The rented Warners Brothers limo followed six or seven other rented Warner Brothers limos through the Lincoln Tunnel to Newark Airport. (Record companies, guardians of a complicated peerage, have cornered the market in rented limos.) The rented limos had as their destination Starship I, a rented airplane. Starship I is a jet plane owned by Contemporary Entertainment Services, a company founded by H. C. Sylvester, Jr., who has something to do with Bobby Sherman. Contemporary Entertainment Services has offices in Los Angeles and Las Vegas. "Passengers embarking from Los Angeles," a promotional brochure from Contemporary Entertainment Services says, "may avail themselves of our complimentary chauffeur-driven vintage Crown Imperial limousine."

"I think Deep Purple is as good as Led Zeppelin," said Mr. George. "Better than Yes. Better than King Crimson and Black Sabbath. That Philharmonic thing made them a little classier than some."

Starship I is a large plane. It is painted more or less gold with more or less purple trim. That day, it had a "Deep Purple" sign on the side. We saw that the "Deep Purple" sign on the side of the plane could be changed.

"This guy Sylvester," George said, "read somewhere that rock groups were making three billion a year, so he bought a jet, invested in two hundred and thirty dollars of stuff from Alexander's, and now he rents it out for around thirty thousand dollars a week for tours. Bob Dylan had it last. He had it stocked with 1964 Mouton-Rothschild—which I think is pretty nice."

We went aboard Starship I. There were red corduroy seats. There was a bar and two color television sets and lots of Mylar. Everything was very shiny. To the rear, there were two private rooms. One had a little imitation fireplace in it. The other had a big bed with a shaggy white bedspread. After a while, the plane took off for Boston, where Warner Brothers was giving a dinner. Warner Brothers was giving the dinner in Boston (as opposed to New York) so that people would have a chance to ride in Starship I. When Starship I arrived in Boston, it was met by a fleet of rented limos. We got in one with Jon Lord and Ian Paice, members of Deep Purple. Jon Lord and Ian Paice discussed limos. "In Charlotte, North Carolina, we had a limo that said 'Charlotte Funeral Parlor' on it," Ian Paice said. "I guess that's the only limo they have in Charlotte."

Decorative Value

THERE was a free art-appraisal clinic up at Sotheby Parke Bernet last week, and the place was mobbed. People milled around with Edward Marshall Boehm plates, Dresden silver, antique trundle beds, Art Deco shoulder bags, Japanese toiletry daggers, Russian icons, *und so weiter*.

We watched Roxana Alger, a Parke Bernet expert on American art, appraise. She told a woman that her framed prints of Washington and Lincoln, which looked strikingly like the engravings on one-dollar bills and five-dollar bills, were not rare. She told the woman very politely.

"But they've been in the family for over a hundred years," the woman said.

"Yes, well, they were very popular," said Roxana Alger. "But they would only be of decorative value."

So the woman walked away.

"Decorative value means it's a piece of junk," Mrs. Alger said to us. "I'd love to have those frames, though."

Next in line were a couple with what they said was an American-Canadian painting. Mrs. Alger said that it was not of market value. The man said, "We'll just take this to someone who can give us a little more attention."

So the couple walked away. They went around the table to another American-art expert, a man. Mrs. Alger said, "People do that a lot. When they want someone to tell them it's a pretty picture, they go to a woman, and when they want to know it's worth a lot of money they go to a man. Of course, in this case it's neither."

Then we asked Dick Hunt, of N.B.C. News, if he had brought anything to be appraised. "I'm with N.B.C. News," he said.

"So what?" we said. "Alan Burke, from Channel 11, brought a little silver grasshopper with turquoise eyes."

"I'm here to appraise Parke Bernet," said Dick Hunt. "You know—'*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*'"

We waived consecutive translation, but Hunt said, "That's 'Who will watch the watchman's daughter while the watchman's watching out?'"

"Is that literal?" we asked.

"No, that's free," he said.

Boyle Stories

WHEN Hal Boyle, the Associated Press columnist, died of a heart attack last week at sixty-three, one of his old friends found some consolation in the thought that Boyle had at least been given the rare Irish pleasure of attending his own wake. Just three days before Boyle died, the A.P. had thrown him a sort of retirement party that had the spirit of one of those old-fashioned bring-your-own-bottle parties, except that everyone seemed to bring Boyle stories instead of bottles. In fact, some people brought Boyle stories about bottles. Among reporters, Hal Boyle was identified with those Second World War correspondents who would make it into a town with the first wave of troops, somehow get their stories dispatched, and then set about completing the tedious, less glamorous job of teaching one of the local bartenders to make a decent Martini. Boyle was good enough at that—the reporting, not the Martini instructions—to be awarded a Pulitzer Prize in 1945.

There has never been any shortage of places in New York that could make a decent Martini, and the difficulty of getting Boyle out of any of them within a few hours of the time he had promised to be home provided some Boyle stories that everyone assumed would be brought to the party by Saul Pett, the A.P. writer who worked at the desk next to Boyle for years. Frances Boyle, who died in 1968, was known for the eloquence she could muster for greeting a tardy husband. According to Pett, Boyle was once asked what Frances had said when he finally arrived home after a particularly long evening of drink and conversation, and he replied, "I don't know. She hasn't gotten to the verb yet." During one afternoon that stretched into an evening at the old Moriarty's bar some years ago, Pett told a gathering at the party (a gathering that included Pat Moriarty, who nodded through the story with the assurance of a veteran eyewitness), the telephone kept ringing and Boyle kept saying, "If that's Frances, tell her I just left." Pett and Boyle finally did leave, and when they reached Boyle's apartment, Pett recalled, "it was obvious Hal had missed something like a dinner party. Frances started a lecture, and just then the telephone rang. Hal said, 'If that's Pat Moriarty, tell him I just left.'"

All the Boyle-story bearers agreed that Boyle always had difficulty leaving not just Moriarty's but any place in which a conversation was still in progress. When Boyle

seemed to be lingering in Korea after the rest of the A.P. war correspondents had come home, someone in the office explained it by saying, "Well, you know how hard it is to get him out of a room. Imagine getting him out of a country." Like a lot of good reporters, Boyle liked to talk to everyone. He liked the way words sound. He liked the sound of Emily Dickinson poetry—he used an Emily Dickinson line, "Help, help! Another day!," as the title for a book of collected columns—and he liked the sound of taxi-driver grumbling. He used to spend a lot of afternoons playing The Game (a sort of oral scrabble) with some regulars in a bar in the fifties, and a lot of afternoons inventing "murkyisms" with his colleagues at the A.P. (A murkyism is a phrase that sounds splendid unless one listens too carefully. Among murkyism experts, it is agreed that Boyle's best effort was "Be kind to your dear and true to your always," and that the best murkyism ever composed was one written by John Barbour, another A.P. feature writer: "He who would rule the sand must be brother to the wind.") Boyle was always willing to talk about anything, although he had his specialties. ("Whenever he started on what it's like being Irish or on the English language, I threw him out," Kay Bartlett, another of his A.P. friends, said.) When Boyle became ill last fall—or, as he put it in his last column, became the first on his block to contract amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, a muscular disease whose best-known victim was Lou Gehrig—he talked about that the same way he talked about anything else. "He couldn't help talking about it to everyone," Pett said at a lunch some of Boyle's friends had together before the party. "I finally told him, 'Hal, before you got that it was considered a little-known disease.' "

Pett and Barbour and the other people who worked with Boyle at first planned to have the party right in the office of Associated Press Newsfeatures. They consider Boyle's desk there a monument, partly because it resisted the efforts of thirty years of A.P. office managers to have it cleaned up. Boyle always had filing drawers (one of which identified its contents as "God Only Knows"), and even a second desk (known at A.P.N. as "Boyle's Annex" or "Castel Gandolfo"), but what he collected defied filing. As someone who had to write a column every day, Boyle could obviously not afford to throw away anything that had even a remote chance of providing a column idea on some dry day in the distant future. On the other hand, anything whose significance was so easily categorized as to make it suitable for filing would have been used for a column the day it arrived instead of being set aside. The pile of clippings and releases and books and letters eventually crept over Boyle's desk like a lava flow onto extra tables and any other surface that was flat—held off Pett's desk by a desperate cardboard dike that said, "Boyle Ends Here."

The Newsfeatures office was obviously going to be too small to hold Boyle's friends, so the party was moved to a sort of reception room on the fifth floor of the A.P. Building, in Rockefeller Center. A lot of people came up to Boyle to tell him Boyle stories. He smiled and nodded—a man who would never ruin a good story by quibbling over which country it actually occurred in or whether the punch line was really uttered out loud at the time. For the official ceremonies, a girl came out of a cardboard cake, and an A.P. executive said a few words, and the dean of the University of Missouri School of Journalism, Boyle's alma mater, spoke about the progress of the Hal Boyle Scholarship Fund. The speeches were fine, but it was difficult to listen to them without remembering that Boyle referred to such talk as "mutualments and endearies." At the lunch before the party, Jules Loh, another A.P. feature writer, had recalled Boyle's attitude toward the solicitousness of his friends when he became ill once before. On St. Patrick's Day a few years ago, it became obvious to everyone in the office that Boyle had the symptoms associated with a minor stroke. "We finally persuaded him that he had to go to the hospital," Loh said. "And I was assigned to get him there. We got out of the building, and he said, 'Listen, Jules, let's stop over at the Mayan Room and have an Irish coffee. After all, I'm going to miss the parade.' When we got out of the Mayan Room, we went to his apartment to get some clothes, and he spent a lot of time picking out just the right books to take with him. I was beginning to get nervous. Then we had to stop for cigars. Then Hal said, 'On danger's grave he planted freedom's flag.'

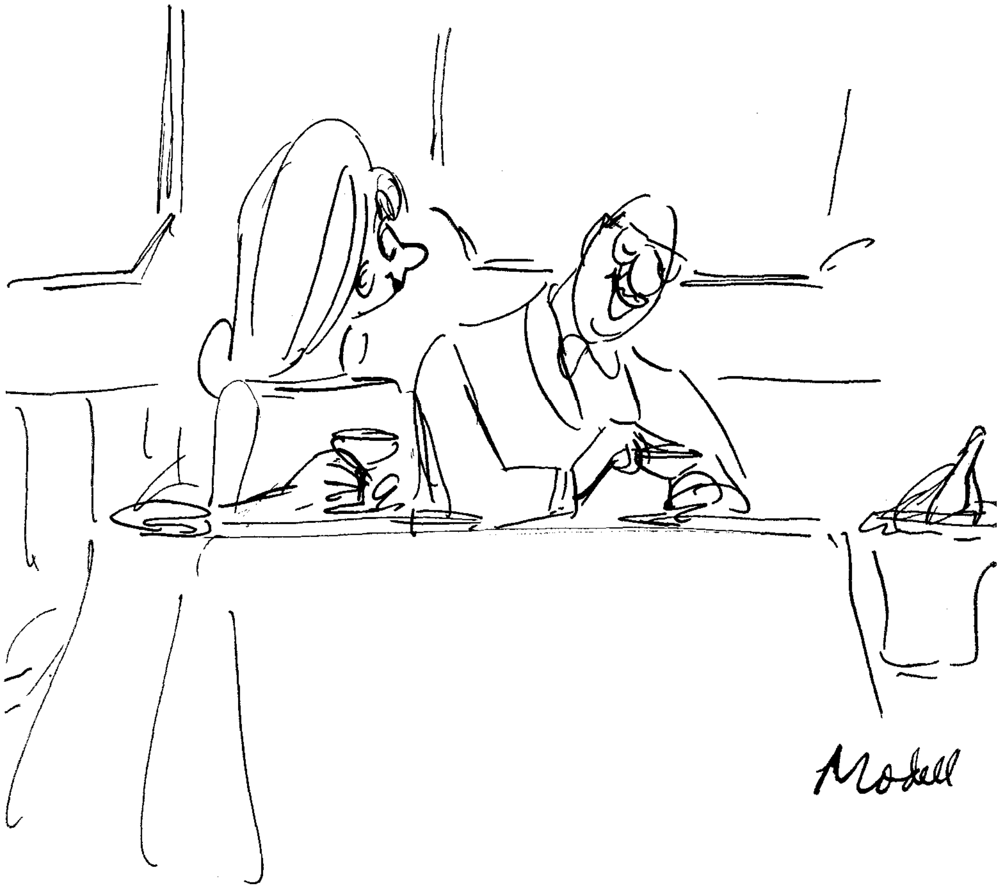
" 'What's that mean, Hal?' I said.

" 'I don't know,' he said, 'but wouldn't it look great on my tombstone?'

"When we were almost there, he said, 'Before I die, I'd like to do one truly unselfish act.'

"I said, 'Like what, Hal?'

"He said, 'Rescue a banker's daughter from a runaway horse.' "



"Oh, sure I'm rich, I guess. But I'm not super-rich."

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LONG DISTANCE

PART ONE

I

Mrs. April opens the door (a side door, one can always recognize them) in the same moment that she says, "I am Mrs. April." We smile, ask each other how we are doing, how we are. We go into a dark passage, out of the glare of the sun, and she leads me through what seem (I look eagerly through open doorways) to be kitchen premises, Mrs. April offering, I think, a rather tepid welcome. At least she doesn't ask me if I had a good journey, which is just as well, the mere word is enough to set me off again. It's all I can do, concentrating on Mrs. April's small back, not to go roaming off into the pantries and sculleries, the ironing rooms and lamp rooms and rooms for polishing boots, each with its own particularly powerful smell. You can get drunk inhaling steaming linen, paraffin, and boot polish: they should be more careful.

We come out of these dingy tributaries into a large and splendid hall. I can't take it all in, the oak and marble, the brass and the busts. What I do notice is the silence, as Mrs. April briefly waits for me to be impressed. I notice the silence (of course; at least I've solved that) because of an indoor fountain, which, presumably turned off, drips into a shallow pool.

"That is the dining room," Mrs. April says, indicating a closed door.

I nod.

"And that is the door to the terrace. We keep it locked from the inside."

I nod again. It would be more curious if it were locked from the outside.

Mrs. April starts up the stairs with the ease of a guide who no longer notices the stairs. I climb behind her, face raised and turning from one object to another, the great stained-glass window, the portraits, the lamps, many of which are switched on even though there is plenty of daylight. We come to a spacious landing, a plateau, furnished with sofas. The walls are lined with books in dark covers, and again the lamps have been left on, though their light is barely visible. Passages and stairs go off this landing in all directions, but Mrs. April goes to the nearest door, unlocks it, opens it, saying, "And this is your room."

As in an hotel, the room is dark and—as I rather apprehensively approach the doorway—airless. If they knew I was coming, they could at least have had it ready. I hang about in the doorway while Mrs. April battles with something in the darkness: this turns out to be a blind, for at last, with a snap and a whir, it ravels itself and I see the room, large, placid, and scattered with furniture. I wander in, brutally leaving Mrs. April to fight with the other two blinds, to beat with clenched fist on the warped windows, to open them, to close the screens once more (I realize I am already bitten, there is a swelling on my cheekbone and another behind one knee), to turn at last with a little smile, understandably exhausted.

"Well," she says, "there you are."

"Thank you."

"I expect you'd like to rest before dinner."

"No." But I quickly subdue my voice. "No—really I'm not tired. What a lovely view." I am looking down on an enormous lawn; in the distance, straight in my line of vision, is an ornate pond with a statue; a wall of dark trees surrounds the lawn on three sides; immediately below me is a broad, flagged terrace with steps leading down to the lawn. I have a confused idea (or memory) that this would be an excellent place for amateur dramatics, "Dido and Aeneas" perhaps: I can hear the patter of applause in the twilight, see chair legs (the chairs brought out from the house) sinking into the soft turf.

"Your bathroom is just across the passage," Mrs. April says. She is moving toward the door. "There's a bell for dinner, you'll hear it quite clearly. Oh . . ." She stops, wondering how she could have forgotten. "Do you have a watch?"

"No. No, I don't."

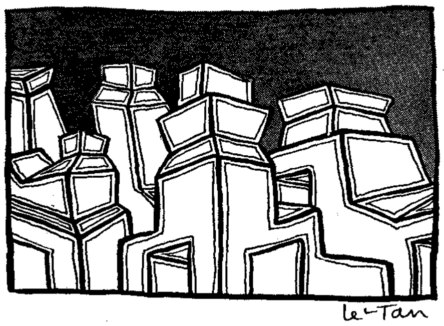
"That's unusual."

"Is it?"

"Well . . . most people have watches."

"Really?" I wish I could start a discussion about watches, but somehow they don't mean anything to me. "Why do you ask?"

"We have to confiscate them. Temporarily, of course. Watches, telephones, television, newspapers—radios, of course . . ." Mrs. April seems dazed by the enormity of machinery beyond her comprehension. "All the pressures, you understand, of time and so forth . . . I mean, that is the whole point of being here."



I am willfully stupid, in order to prolong the conversation, in order not to be left alone. "What? What is the whole point?"

"Well. First, to be relieved of the pressures. First, to be totally free."

"Totally?"

She smiles rather prettily. "Well, within limits, naturally."

"What are the limits?"

"You're expected to go to breakfast and dinner. To . . . help the staff as much as you can. Not to . . . upset the other guests." She seems a little uneasy, as though I've trapped her in some way. "You'll . . . remember in time," she says rapidly, almost beneath her breath.

"Remember?"

"This summer we have the pool, you'll like that." There's no doubt that Mrs. April is in difficulties, though surely she must be used to answering questions by now. "You must understand . . ." She laughs, this must be something she's often said before. "I'm really only what you might call a 'transit officer.' I don't take part at all in . . . running the place."

"What does that mean?"

"Well. I see people when they come—"

"And when they go?"

"Yes. And when they go."

"I have this problem at the moment. It tires me out."

"I expect so." She is guarded, but sympathetic.

"I keep running about all over the place. I can't seem to keep still."

Mrs. April sits on the arm of a chair, one hand neatly laid across the other. She has decided to stay for a few minutes. I am very relieved, though it means I must think of something more to say.

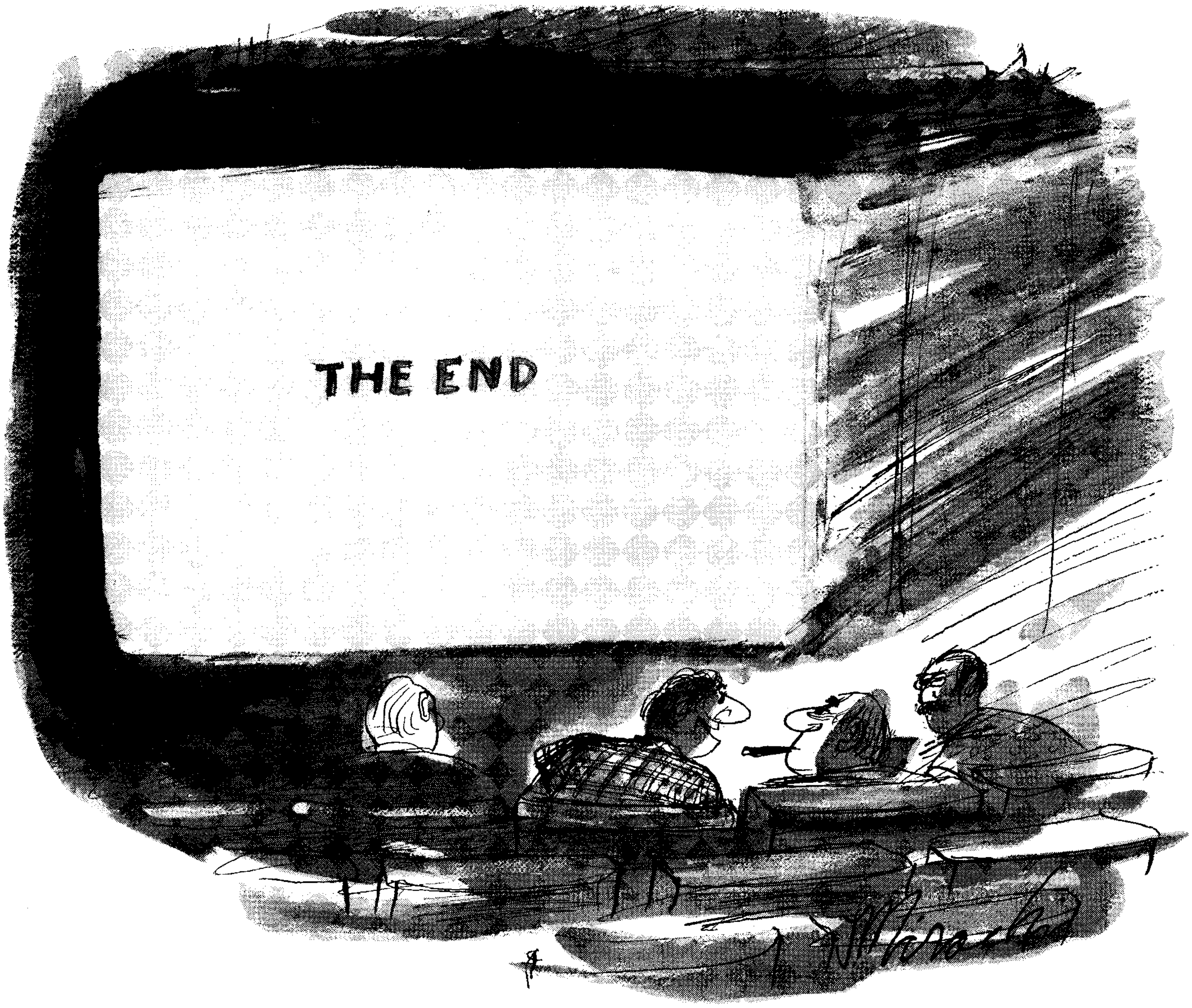
"For instance, just now I can't stop travelling."

"It's natural that just now you should have travelling on your mind."

"Yes, but I don't move, do I. Just think of the journeys I've made, the journeys you've probably made, Mrs. April . . ."

"Oh, no," she says. "I don't move about much."

"Well, I mean, sitting in a plane or a train or a car or even on the deck of a boat, for instance, or lying in the cabin of a boat, being moved forward, sometimes at really fantastic speed—but staying in the same place, do you see what I mean? Now an animal, an



"Fifty per cent sex and fifty per cent violence. That's the balance we've been looking for!"

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animal moves by itself, moves within itself. Wherever it goes, it . . . takes itself with it. Do you understand? It's obvious, of course. Bits of me keep getting stripped off and thrown out of the window, into the rushing wind."

"The rushing wind?" No wonder Mrs. April is puzzled.

"That's what it seems like. But of course it isn't. It's just *the* . . . disturbance of the air, you see, made by the speed of the machine. It strips these pieces off you. Tears you up, you know."

Mrs. April nods. "What places," she asks, "do you have in mind?"

"Oh, good heavens . . . London, Santa Barbara, Mombasa, Sochi, Dublin, Bombay, Haslemere. I don't know where on earth I am. Piraeus or Evesham, Istanbul, Montreal . . ."

"All right," she says. "I see what you mean."

"Men used to hurtle round the moon, you know, or even farther, strapped down like corpses. Perhaps they didn't even blink their eyes. When they got out and walked about—danced about, and somersaulted—they were attached to the machine all the time by a sort of umbilical cord. Inside the machine, of course, they didn't go anywhere. I find that terrible. Quite terrible."

"You've had a great many holidays," Mrs. April says, perhaps a little wistfully. "So many places."

"Well," I say, to excuse myself, "I was always running away."

"Really? From what?"

I know perfectly well, of course; and that it's not so much a question of from what as from whom (though perhaps they're the same thing, what and whom). I was, and still am, running away from the person to whom (in a sealed envelope, a bulky carton, a gift-wrapped package?) I had addressed my life. The name on the address is simply "you," partly because I still can't bear to name you specifically, and partly because I am beginning to suspect that you are not an individual at all but a composite of many individuals; that you do not live in one easily identifiable place but in very many places at the same time; that your characteristics, unlike your thumbprint, are not unique to you but are those of an ethic, a way of oblivion, what Mann calls "an unconscious type," which I must either escape from or pledge myself to destroy. The pronoun "you" can be singular or plural. To answer Mrs. April's question truthfully, I should have to say that all these madcap excursions or escapades (which inevitably landed me, with ever-increasing speed and efficiency, in your bed) were attempts to free myself from you, to fly, drive, sail, ski, skate, travel across the boundaries of your horizon and find refuge in some totally different (and imaginary) climate.

I will not, however, answer Mrs.

Wm Hamilton

"Da Vinci, Benjamin Franklin, Sir Walter Raleigh, Confucius, Kipling, Tolstoy—I believe any one of them could have made it very, very big in advertising."

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April truthfully. She has said herself that she is only a transit officer, and in any case I have sworn to myself not to speak of you to anyone. I shrug my shoulders, therefore, and say, "I don't know what from. It's the travelling itself that concerns me. The things lost, left behind, scattered about the place. The fact of being transported, you see, rather than actually moving. I can't understand it."

"You don't have to—"

I'm sure she's not going to say anything important. "But it could just as well be something else. Kitchens, for instance. I had to be very careful downstairs. The whole idea of kitchens, their variety, their complexity, can wear me out. Water. Books. Tablecloths. Seaweed. I can't stop myself speculating." I rap my forehead, to indicate the place. "Up here."

"You don't have to worry. He hasn't been here, he won't come here. Not, that is, unless you invite him."

"Invite? How would I do that?"

Mrs. April gets up. She is a busy woman, she has spent too much time with me, now I must fend for myself. "We shall see. In the meanwhile, as I told you, all arrivals and departures go through my hands, and I can assure you that you're perfectly safe as far as that's concerned. Do try to rest, now, until dinner."

"Trying to rest," I say feebly, with a feeble smile, "is a contradiction in terms."

"I probably shan't see you for a while. I hope you enjoy the pool."

"Thank you," I say. "I'm sure I shall."

"Don't forget the bell for dinner."

"I shan't. I'm very hungry."

"Good. Well, then. Take care of yourself."

The door closes. I am alone. God knows how long it is until dinner. Am I frightened? Yes. No one can possibly indulge in this experiment without fear. God knows (I am becoming slipshod) where it will lead me. I decide that rather than become a victim of myself, with its attendant dangers of having to travel vast distances by thought, I will, in as detached a manner as possible, examine my living quarters.

THIS is my room, where I shall live for an unspecified time, which you, if Mrs. April is to be believed, will never see: there are no less than four dressing tables, though only three have mirrors. The room measures twenty-seven of my feet by twenty-two; as I measure it (to be exact), I topple from side to side like a tightrope walker maintaining balance, I might be carrying a parasol or a long pole. There are three doors, the one leading to the outside paned with stained glass; the other two also paned with glass, latticed—one leads into a cupboard the size of a child's bedroom, the other is firmly locked and even by pressing my face against the glass I can see nothing but darkness. However, examining this more closely, I'm relieved to find that a piece of black cloth has been fixed behind the glass. It isn't darkness. The cloth has even sagged at the top and through the gap (by standing on a chair) I can see a perfectly ordinary patch of sky. Why not another room, though? I must be in the middle of the mansion, not the end. I must look up at my windows from the terrace and try to find out why, in an inside room, a side wall faces the open air.

In the window bay there is a desk clothed in thick brown paper, two hideous bronze lights springing from one stem, a sprig of some dead flower stuck into the mouth of a reproduction Cretan wine jar. Next to it (and I have already turned this toward the window) an upholstered rocking chair. My nun's bed, white and narrow, presses against the wall. Another bed, which will be unused, is across the room; they have attempted to heap it with two faded velvet cushions and a cardboard bolster, but it will positively not be heaped, it is too obviously Spartan. A white-painted table, which will be useful for books and for the fruit I hope to save from mealtimes. Two more tables from some auction lot; two adjustable armchairs with wooden frames, which I know I will never adjust; a vast wastepaper bin and a curious wicker stand for aspidistras or ferns or pampas grass, the wicker is black with age, at one time it may have been gilded.

Now I discover another door, a door that has no glass, a door that will not even budge enough to creak. It is hidden behind a tattered silk screen on which I can dimly see some sort of Chinese motif. God, I am suspicious of this door. I go outside into the passage—no sign of it. Where does it lead, then? Why do they try to hide it? Did they think I would never look behind the screen? Certainly I daren't touch it, in case it crumbles away. But I can see round it. Four doors in my room, and only one way out. It's not normal. I hope I never find out why they are there, I hope they are never opened.

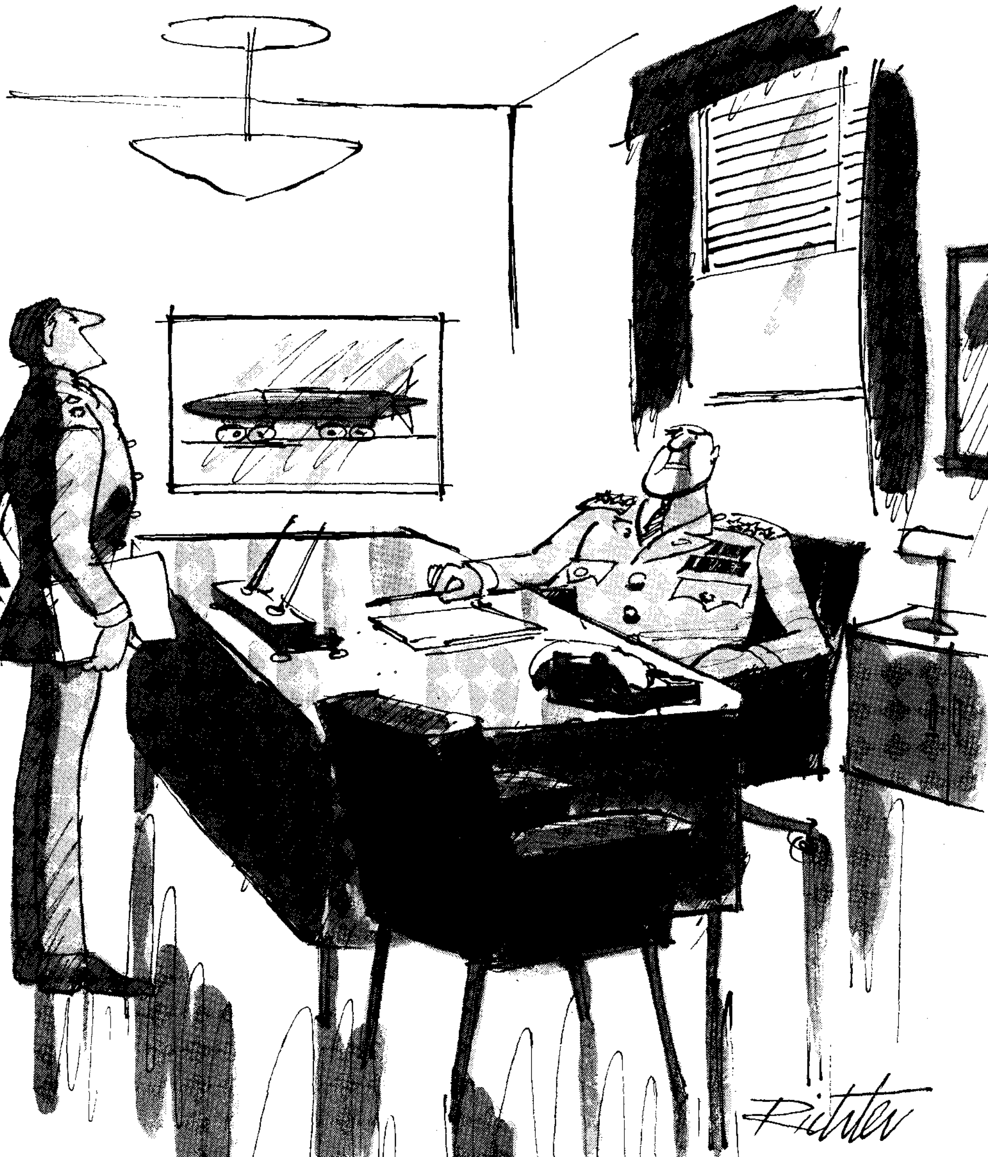
The ornate light brackets will fall

from the wall before long; they look as though they have been doctored by a succession of amateurs. The table lights are made from samovars, I think. They have chains for switches, and at least the chains look new. There are two brown engravings on the walls; one, of some pastoral scene, hangs crooked. I make this inventory, yet when I go over and sit in the rocking chair for a few moments, I can't picture it. This room is "now;" if only it were "then" I would know it better.

I decide, in order to keep moving, to go and look at my bathroom. This is very dangerous, and gives me a severe attack of speculation. My bathroom is a dining room (or study, possibly) panelled in oak, with innumerable cupboards and doors and a marble fireplace. The shower, cramped in the corner, and the lavatory are incidental. As it contains no bath, it can hardly be called a bathroom; yet "washroom" would be inadequate for such a dignified place. I know I shall never be able to clean myself in it. The Romans, the Greeks, the Etruscans, the most ancient civilizations (but oh, I am so tired) made use of tiles when washing down their bodies. The sluicing of water on tiles is immediately cleansing. This room comes from the Dark Ages (but haven't I travelled far enough, why don't I try to rest?) when bodies were stifled in serge, dreadful skin diseases were kept hidden, there was a tax on windows, the air was unchanged from winter to winter (do the trees turn here, or are they evergreen?). It's no use protesting, I am off and away. Bathrooms, then, were made by the enlightened from bedrooms, living rooms, or cupboards. My grandmother's is carpeted in that most dreadful of synthetics, linoleum. My mother makes me stand in very hot water and douses me with cold, which she has heard is good for the circulation. My mother believes my circulation is poor, that I am anemic and prone to tuberculosis; she has remedies for all these conditions and gives me sugar lumps soaked in eucalyptus to cure my catarrh. In the so-called bathroom here there isn't even linoleum, just bare boards on which to blot one's feet.

I try to leave the bathroom, but it's no good, I'm trapped. Of course the best bathrooms nowadays are once again reception rooms, furnished with antiques and greenhouse plants; nevertheless, they have tiles, even though they are Art Nouveau or nineteenth-century Spanish tiles, and their excellent plumbing is carefully disguised behind William Morris wallpaper and swags of specially treated velvet. In Bath itself (and other watering places, I suppose), the steam rises from ancient water, the smell is metallic, the bathers are observed by sightless busts with inclined heads, each curl and laurel leaf petrified in stone. Mrs. April hopes I shall enjoy the pool, where personally I hope that prisms of light will shake and shatter deep in the blue water and I shall be able to immerse myself. Here, in this room, I shall dodge about in my shower like a child in a garden hose, the floorboards will get sodden, the soggy cracks in the wall open wider each day. I really don't know how I'm to keep clean. And you always said how clean I was, as though you thought it surprising, as though dirt, grime behind the ears, between the toes, inside the navel, was to be expected, and found, in me, lacking.

As usual, I've managed to return to you, the escape is over. On the short way back to my room I notice the bookshelves on the landing and am almost off again, but manage to shut myself up in the nick of time. I am so hungry. Aren't they going to look after me, protect me at all? Total freedom within limits, Mrs. April said. I suppose this means that I and the other people here are free, within the confines of this freedom, to do any-



"I missed the prayer breakfast, Benson. Pencil in an hour in the Meditation Room for me some time after lunch."

thing we choose. Probably many of us, like myself, have temporarily lost the power of choice, but the alternatives—to walk or sit, to lie down or stand up, to go this way or that as far as the perimeter of the place—are there all the same. We have, I suppose, the freedom to do nothing at all, if such a thing were possible. I find it impossible. While waiting for the dinner bell, the sense of freedom oppresses me so much that I begin to sweat with fear. When I hear voices on the terrace, I jump up in the hope of being captured, or at least trapped in someone's notice.

A few people are sitting on the low wall of the terrace. None of them look up. I frantically search the tops of their heads, balding or curly, sleek or overgrown. I see their shoulders, their hands, their feet, a long way off. Which one will be my friend? Which of these anonymous, quietly chattering people will share some of my appalling freedom with me? Which one, when I can see his or her face, will I recognize? Perhaps they are waiting for me; or perhaps they will resent my intrusion. I can't make up my mind whether to go down and join them or not. Nobody has told me what to do. The indecision is so painful that, in order to resolve it, I sit down again in the rocking chair. If any of them happen to look up, they won't know I'm here. I have stolen a march on them, seeing them first.

The bell for dinner. I lean forward and peer over the sill. They all stand up and begin to walk indoors, out of my sight. What shall I do? (A notice on one of the dressing tables says that all valuables must be deposited in the safe, the management cannot be held responsible. My only treasured possessions are inside my head, or whatever part of my body takes care of such things. I am not going to lock my room.) I stand up—the chair rocks like an idiot's head for a few moments—and walk across the threadbare red carpet and open my door, the only one of my four doors that leads anywhere.

THE SANDPIPERS

I count nineteen pairs of legs on roller skates, thirty-eight
delicious blades of grass,
with patches of hard sunlight piercing the interstices,
casting invisible shadows
on the waxed surface of the
sand.
They sway as if blown by wind,
they pirouette, they
genuflect
at the edge of the froth.

It has taken me a week to figure out what the sandpipers'
pliant bills
scoop
from the crevices
between, say, an infinitesimal
fracture of a nautilus and
a scarab
or an agate
the size of a pinhead—

yes, even up from under two grains of sand.
What could you want smaller than that?
Maybe it's their eyes alone that perceive
delicate snails,
whorls of algae
wrinkled like a minnow's eyelid;
if, balancing its wings on the edge of the ultimate wave,
a sandpiper got a sudden yen for stars,
then God help the furthest star.

But I imagine they keep their nights for sleeping
since they never stop from dawn till dark,
whether it ebbs or flows,
attacking the tide,
retreating so precisely at the last moment
that I'm sure they'll drown on the crests.
They never get so much as the
ribbon of their toes
wet.

When I observe in the fire of light
their curved Venetian feathers sparkle,
I imagine the entire ocean bearing down,
great hulks of waves splintered from the sky,
trying, from the depths of the sea,
to follow their tiny knees.

—David Posner

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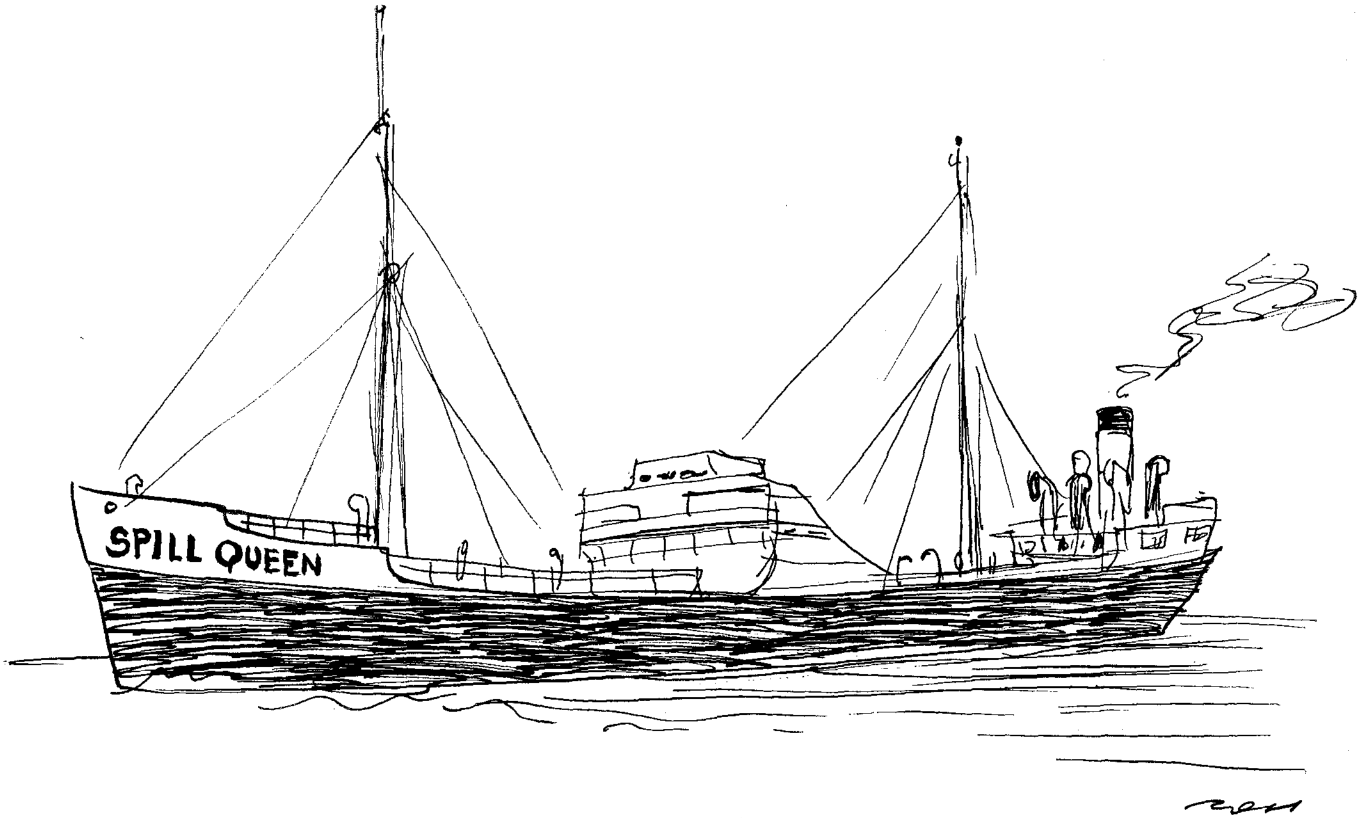
II

I WONDER whether we are allotted particular places for meals. Apparently not, as there is a dignified scramble in the dining-room doorway and a gaunt man runs down the stairs past me, two and three stairs at a time, without giving me one look, let alone a second. This alarms me so much that I decide to pretend for as long as I can that I'm alone. I know this is an old trick of mine (like clenching my toes inside my shoes) and that it gives me an appearance of devastating and off-putting superiority, but I can't help it, I have to survive.

I don't, therefore, look at anyone as I wait in the queue for my food. I look at the mammoth and almost indiscernible paintings, the ornamental china, the furniture, the cutlery, a nonexistent scratch on my forearm. I step forward, unable to prevent myself from noticing the girl in front of me, who is made of instant porridge (gruel would perhaps be more correct. She is lumpless, without grain of any kind. Her skin, like the skin of instant porridge, is cellophane-thin, with little but water beneath). The girl, I note from under my indifferently lowered eyelids, seems to be in a state of deep depression. She is concave, dressed in a brown turtleneck sweater (in spite of the weather) and jeans. Her abundant hair is colorless, her hands hang at her sides, she shuffles forward as though not caring



at all what she will receive in the end; if you gave her a lottery ticket or a glimpse of Lenin it would be all the same.

A man's voice says, "Zotkind," or something of the sort. I turn, startled, thinking it must be a profanity, or a criticism of my apparent disdain. The small, burly man smiles in his beard. "Gotzink," he says, holding out his hand, "Basil."

"How do you do?" I shake his hand.

"Hi."

"Hi," I reply. As though we were two Indians meeting on a mountain pass.

"You got here all right, then?"

"Yes. Yes, I did."

"Quite comfortable? Settling in O.K.?"

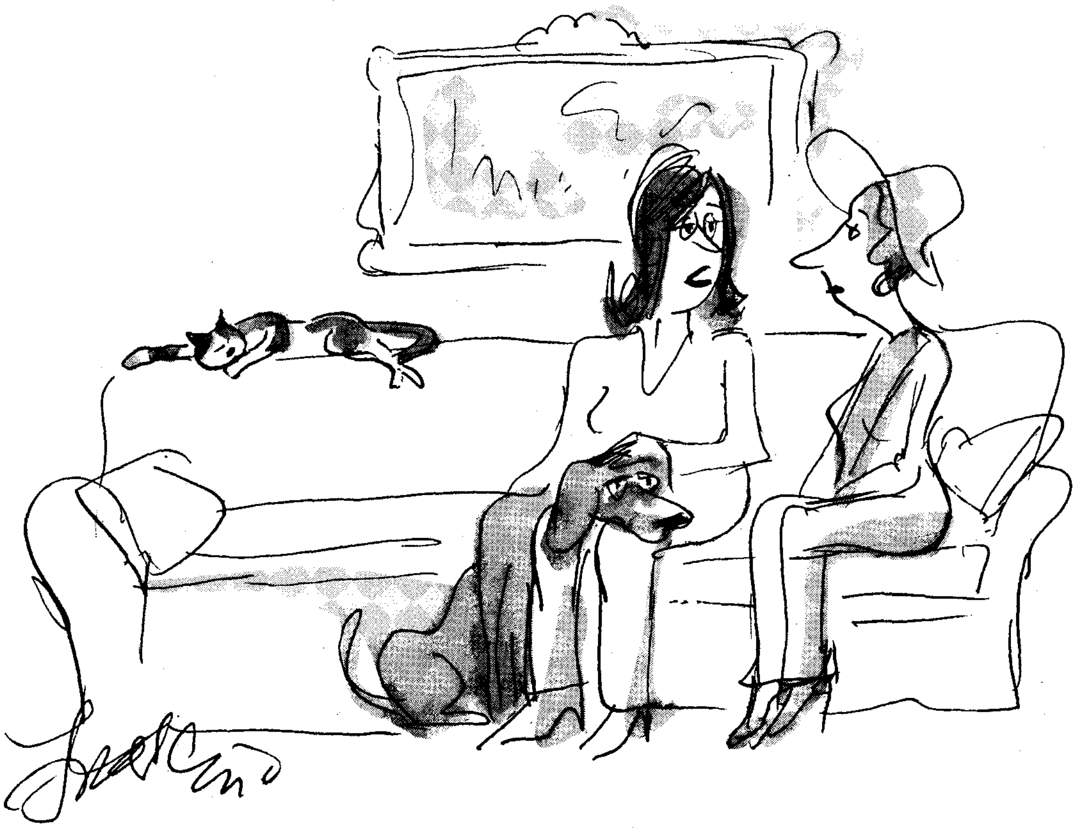
"Yes. Thank you."

As we inch forward, Gizdonk continues to chatter, exuberant. His beard, bristling and curling and spiked with gray, must, I imagine, complement his pubic hair. He has been swimming, he tells me, and indeed his head, though not his beard, is still wet. Dressed in shapeless trousers which completely disguise him from the waist down (odd how one has come to appreciate that coxcomb bulge, as alluring to women as a sweatered breast is said to be to a man) and a yellow knitted shirt, he dances forward as though in training. Indeed I know already, before I know him at all, that he enjoys ballgames and all forms of athletics. His small eyes glint behind gold-framed spectacles. His mouth, two perfect lips obscured by that harsh hair, coyly refutes all the brazen masculinity. He gestures with small, impeccable hands, the fingernails longer than my own. He seems to be on tremendously amiable terms with everybody. I feel I am being invited into the fold.

Nevertheless, I do not want to eat my dinner with Gidzink or the porridgy girl, the one obviously demanding too much of me, the other totally indifferent. The girl, receiving her plate of food (chicken, of course, a meat which hasn't been edible since I was a child, a meat for those who inanely believe that a chicken doesn't have as much red blood, relatively speaking, as a cow, a mass-produced meat with as much flavor and nourishment as wadding—all this I will tell Zigdonk later, and he will disagree with me passionately), the girl sits on the nearest pseudo-Jacobean chair, filling up the center table. I must broach an empty table entirely, daring Godzonk to follow me. I sit (I hope) as though about to preside at family dinner. Nozdik inevitably follows me. I cannot say this place is reserved. He sits. I busy myself with my chicken, for I am hungry. The table fills up with other people, all of whom seem to have anxiety or euphoria moving behind their guarded eyes.

At first the conversation is general, hardly including me. A red-haired man called Paul, who titters, has spent a pleasant afternoon on the croquet lawn in the company, it seems, of some relative. I am sure we are not allowed visitors (in spite of Mrs. April's hint that I might invite someone) and don't understand it. A tiny, rather hectic young woman (Rowena?) teases Dizgonk about his swimming; I feel she is teasing him about something else. A serious, very neat man, Revlon, says he has heard that they are misusing the Repair Fund, they are going to build tennis courts instead of seeing to the sewer. Gizdink is very interested in this news. He notes that it is getting dark early this evening, and leans across me to switch on the table lamp, which makes a pool of light at which our faces can lap gratefully. He then questions Revlon, agreeing that the misuse of the Repair Fund is a scandal and suggesting ways in which, as guests of the place, we can protest. As he talks, quietly and forcefully, I think I begin to recognize him.

I hear his voice asking me a question. "Not working?" he asks, pretending to chide me as I wander (while eating my chicken?) through a fairyland of electric lights, a forest of floor lamps so bizarre that I can only wonder, of standard and desk lamps, of lamps angle-poised for reading or petit point, of strip lights and lanterns. And above, as that "Not working?" whispers down the brilliant corridors, a lunatic roof of chandeliers and dazzling balloons, of orange hexagons and bowls of light. "No," I say. "I'm trying to buy a lamp, but how expensive they



"Samantha is Harry's, but Homer here is mine from a previous marriage."

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are." He realizes, then, that I am trying to economize. Perhaps he thought I was rich. I am so bold in that brilliant setting. "Ring me," I say, giving him my number (in those days, I think, telephone exchanges had beautiful names: Primrose if not Eglantine, Juniper and Mulberry, Hope and Grief perhaps, Modesty and Love). In the afternoon, when I am lying on my bed in a darkened room, he will telephone, and I will ask him over for a drink.

In the meanwhile, his serious conversation over, he tells me that he is learning to swim. It is a marvellous achievement. He is horizontal, thrashing the water with powerful arms, no longer fearing to drown. He has grown heavier, more rabbinical. I wonder whether he has retained his zest for love and why he doesn't make the slightest sign of recognition. I can't have changed that much. I will caress him with luxurious creams, economizing on other things, but he talks about swimming. Odd that his eyes aren't still for a moment. I prefer them ponderous with lust. Keep your eyes still, Zidgonk or whoever you are, float and be still. Now sleeps the crimson petal, sings my father, mellow-voiced, now the white, now sleeps the goldfish in the porphyry font, so fold thyself, my dearest one, and slip slip into my bosom and be lost in me. "Come and watch me," he says, cramming himself with chicken. "I like to be watched, it gives me confidence."

There is no way of finding out who set that poem to music. Dinzok certainly won't know. Trivial little bits of information like that, and they won't tell you. I begin to be irritated, a sure sign that I'm out of my depth.

"This time thing," I say, "seems affected to me. I mean, it's ridiculous to try and make us do without time."

"Maybe there's an alternative?"

"Maybe with acid or prayer or meditation. Maybe if we were all stoned out of our minds. You can't do much with chicken and ice water."

This is where we have our argument about chicken. Neither of us is persuaded. Gozdik has a white band on his wrist, where he must have quite recently worn a watch. It is, I know, a mediocre watch with a black dial, not only telling him the time but the date as well. Not, however, the year. It could be 2875 (A.D.) and my mother coming up to her thousandth birthday. Even outside, Gidzonk's watch couldn't tell him that but would plod on accumulating minutes, hours, and numbered days as though the present—that precise moment after the third stroke—were all that mattered.

"Why do they have all those books about?" I ask. "If we're supposed to be forgetting time."

"Perhaps some books are timeless," he says unctuously.

"Huh," I say, full of trepidation and contempt.

" 'She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her'?"

"Well?" Tennyson and Pater are improbable companions at this (in spite of the lamp) daylight dinner. "Do you think Charles Kingsley liked swimming?"

"Maybe. I think he equated it with moral hygiene."

I laugh. I am beginning to like Gonzink, in spite of his passion for chicken. He is now eating pink ice cream, shovelling it into his beard like a ten-year-old.

"I suppose you think it's romantic, Byronic, to be a strong swimmer."

"In point of fact," he says, delicately wiping ice cream off his whiskers, "I'm more like Shelley."

"Who drowned."

"Exactly."

What we're doing with all these nineteenth-century poets I have no idea. Zinkgot turns to talk to Rowena. Someone at the next table (where the depressed girl stares at the plate she has made so clean that it is ready for the dishwasher) says loudly, "Oh, he brought his briefcase of course," and everybody except the girl laughs. And yet I know that if I ask who brought the briefcase and when and where, they will look at me as though I were simple. I am excluded, my only adventure a meeting in the electrical department with Donzik, who doesn't appear to remember. I look forward to going back to my room, where I can sulk in private.

That, however, is not his plan. We will walk round the lake, he says. I don't want to do this, to be devoured by insects so that I shall scratch all night like a cat, long, vicious strokes making white tracks on my skin. More than this, I think I know where any kind of deepening intimacy will lead: it will end in tears, in recrimination and disgust. I will be trying to make telephone calls from a wayside call box without the appropriate money. I will take to humiliation like a duck to water. Ginkzok, after a restoring holiday, will marry and have two children. He will marry a girl with prominent hipbones, a deeply indented waist between hip and rib as she lies on her side, cheek on hand, watching him dress for work. I can avoid all that by taking a shortcut to my present indifference, though already I am dismayed to find the indifference tinged with affection.

No, I don't want to walk round the lake. I don't want to go through that again. And yet it seems, with all this freedom, that I have no free will, for I hear myself saying, "Yes, I would like to walk round the lake. How big is it?" and he replies that it is not big at all, more of a pond really. He tells me that we must stack our plates and take them to the kitchen, there are very few servants (and those there are, from my glimpse of them, look and behave more like matrons, nurses, nannies, people in authority). Then we leave, followed by many curious glances. Nizdok and I are leaving together: that is the news.

He bounces along. I hurry to keep up with him. We go down a driveway, he points out the pool through a clump of pine trees.

"And the office," he says, throwing an arm in the opposite direction, "is over there. Would you like to see it?"

"Why? Is there anything special about it?"

"No. I just wondered if you'd like to see it."

"I suppose it has notice boards and filing cabinets and 'in' trays and 'out' trays just like other offices, doesn't it?"

"I expect so. You know, in the winter, if you stand still, your feet freeze to the ground."

"You've been here in the winter, then?"

He hesitates, looks at me oddly, then asks me if I swim. He is obviously obsessed with swimming.

"A little."

"How much? Two lengths? Four lengths? Twenty?"

"I've never counted."

He shakes a finger at me. "I bet you do twenty."

"Maybe six."

"Six, huh? Interesting."

Now I am almost running to keep up with him.

"When do they empty the pool?"

"The meadows," he says, with a nonchalant wave of his hand toward an open space beyond the trees.

We can make love in the meadow, not in a corner or on the edge of it but bang in the middle, without shelter. We won't realize until afterward that a man has been watching us from behind the trees; when we do, we will be offended that there is no applause, the slow clapping of a pair of hands in the stillness would be impressive. I can't make out whether Zondik knows this, has forgotten it, or merely takes it for granted. The track winds through pine trees, the soft ground treacherous with needles. There are a few huts in the woods, possibly (I shudder) for solitary confinement, the food passed through a small trapdoor, cat door (which lets in a cold wind, whistling along the hallway. When the cats, Troilus and Pushkin, have been sent away to grow lean and ferocious in the country, the cat door is sealed up with insulating tape; but still it lets in the wind). But I will only ask one more question.

"You told me your name, but I didn't hear. What is your name?"

"Basil." He is named for a herb, I know that.

"But your second name?"

"Gondzik. G-o-n-d-z-i-k."

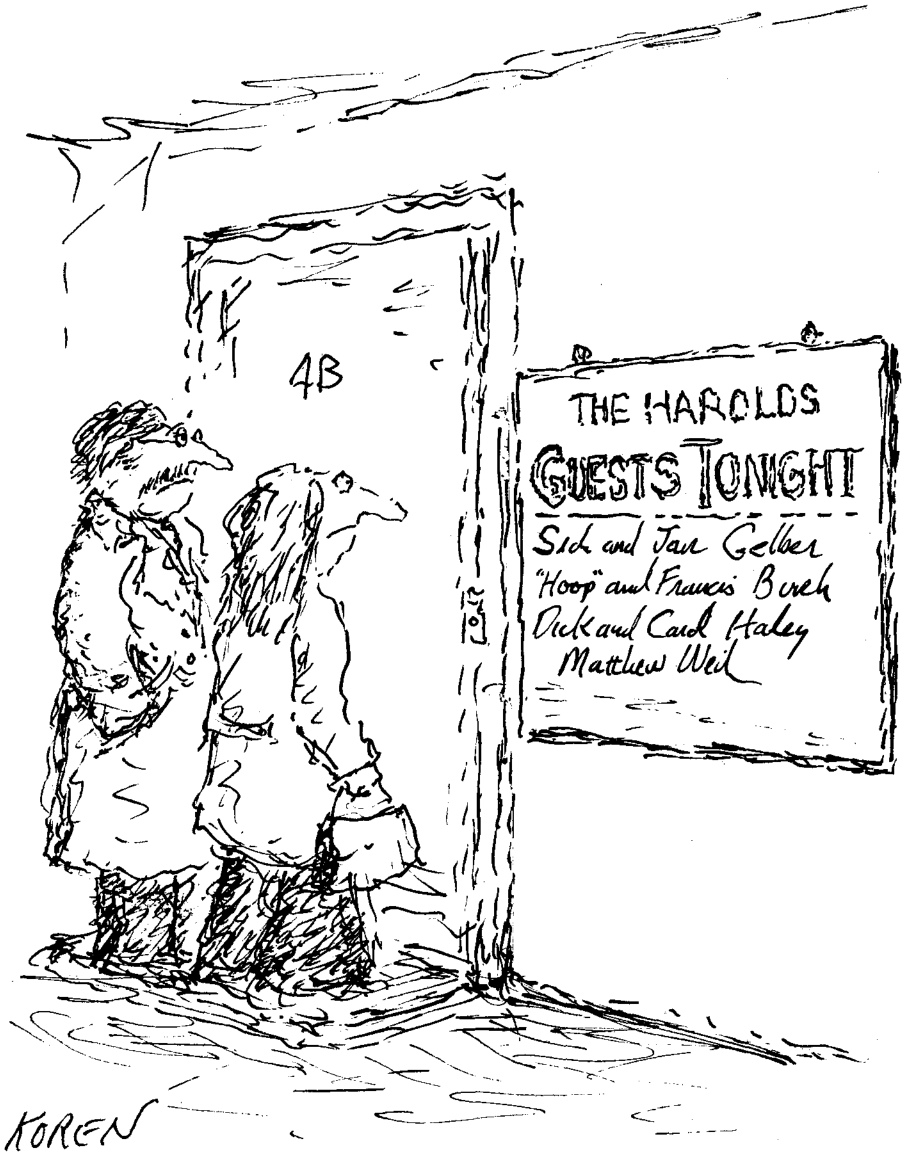
"Really? Gondzik?" It is a relief, really. I thought he was going to say Greenstreet, and tell me that it had originally been Grunheim but his father had it changed on account of the war. The air is lighter after a humid day. It even becomes slightly chilled as we reach the lake.

"Cold?" he asks, though I don't know why, there is nothing he could do about it.

"No, it's not cold."

He stands looking along the shore of the lake, perhaps wondering which way to go. Like a dog he stiffens, becomes intent. I see nothing yet but the lake, the pines, the muddy little waves lapping on mud. He shivers shortly, slaps his arms round himself, his face changes. As cautiously as a mother approaching a child on a rooftop I take one step toward him on the soft turf; wait; ask almost inaudibly, "What is it?" He turns and smiles, teeth as pretty as the mouth in all that hair. He puts his arm round my shoulders and begins to walk toward his vision, or whatever it was.

My mother, in devoted evenings, made a suit for Hiawatha, from the red deer's hide Nokomis made a cloak for Hiawatha. Now, caught completely off my guard, it is I who am diverted and enchanted. Sunlight through



the pine trees dapples her dress as I track her down upon one knee uprising, pull the bow and aim the arrow winging to fall just short of her lap by this shore of Gitche Gumee. The moon is a paring in the pale sky, dangling above the pine trees. Once a warrior, very angry, seized his grandmother and threw her up into the sky at midnight, what shocking behavior for a warrior. We are in a vast stadium, my mother and I, my eyes stretch with wonder, down the aisles and through the stadium, down the river o'er the prairies came the warriors of the nations, came the Delawares and Mohawks, came the Choctaws and Comanches, came the Shoshones and Blackfeet, came the Pawnees and the Omahas, came the Mandans and Dakotas, came the Hurons and Ojibways. I block my ears at the black-robe chief and his soppy talk and wait full of exultation, pretending for the moment I'm in church and needn't listen. On the shore stood Hiawatha, turned and waved his hand at parting, on the clear and luminous water, attached to an elaborate system of pulleys, launched his birch canoe for sailing, from the pebbles of the margin shoved it forth into the water, whispered to it, "Westward! Westward!" and with speed it darted forward away, away forever, into the wings of the enormous stadium, sailed into the fiery sunset, sailed into the purple vapors, sailed into the dusk of evening. "Did you enjoy it?" my mother asked, unsure. Dumbfounded, streaming, I nod my head again and again, knowing I should say thank you.

It is useless, I know, to ask Gondzik who wrote the music, or what "Onaway" means for that matter. My father sings, anyhow: Onaway! Awake, beloved! It's a clarion call, followed by rushing footsteps: thou, the wild flower of the forest, thou, the wild bird of the prairie, thou (emphatic, singling me out), with eyes so soft and fawnlike! Confidential: if thou only lookest on me, I am happy, I am happy, as the lilies of the prairie, when they feel . . . the dew upon them. Urgent, so urgent: does not all the blood within me leap to meet thee, leap to meet thee, as the springs to meet the sunshine in the Moon when nights are brightest—Onaway! There is a sad bit now, he is wretched, but soon he goes rollicking on, smiles the earth and smile the waters, smile the cloudless skies above us . . . Oh awake, awake, beloved! Onaway! Awake, beloved! How he sings with his great chest.

"He should have been a concert singer. They all said so."

"But he was happy in the Church?"

UNWINDING THE GLACIER

Not for one moment does this scowler stop
cleaning the monster slope, packing its load
of windowless cathedrals, hulking ships,
untidy monuments.
                                        What trees one winter
went down under snow, pack ice burns steadily
across the striae of a widow mountain.
Summer carves its skin with sweat.

Massive and slow we ride these cold windings
building our Roman road and aqueduct
riding the rails that stagger as we pass.
Out of its melting pours the clear water—green, pure,
the halo of saints, presenting the Piedmont
with its vines and grains—substance of sacrament.

—Ann Stanford

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"In the Church? Oh, no. He wasn't at all happy. He had to take pills to calm his libido."

"That's how he put it?"

"That's what he told me."

Realizing that I have used a past tense, I suddenly feel very lonely, outcast rather than foreign.

"Who is the sad girl in front of me in the queue?"

"Elizabeth. She's not so much sad as simple. I stayed with her one night."

"Here?" I am astounded, jealous.

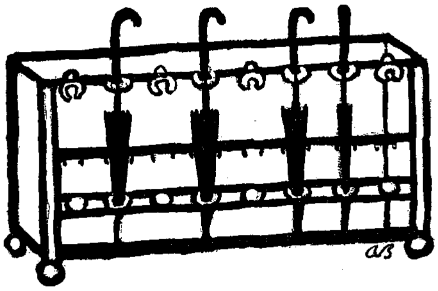
"She begged me."

How, I wonder, do you beg. She squats on the floor between his mammoth legs, she holds up her paws, simple head on one side, begging for the bone hidden within those folds of Dacron. When he gives it to her, she whimpers with delight, buries it in a secret place. But you are a modest man, Gondzik, I think; modest and gentle; cataclysmic, apocalyptic only in love; you don't favor beggars pawing at your breeches.

"I don't understand."

"Oh, well." He shrugs it off, no longer patient. "She clung to me. Like a little girl."

This is certain to disgust me. He has hit it right on the nose, scored a bull's-eye. What has happened to you, Gondzik? Where has your bony young wife gone, the children you carry on your shoulders? You have left them outside, no doubt, but even so . . . Also I notice that he has been referring to some nonexistent past, a night we have left behind.



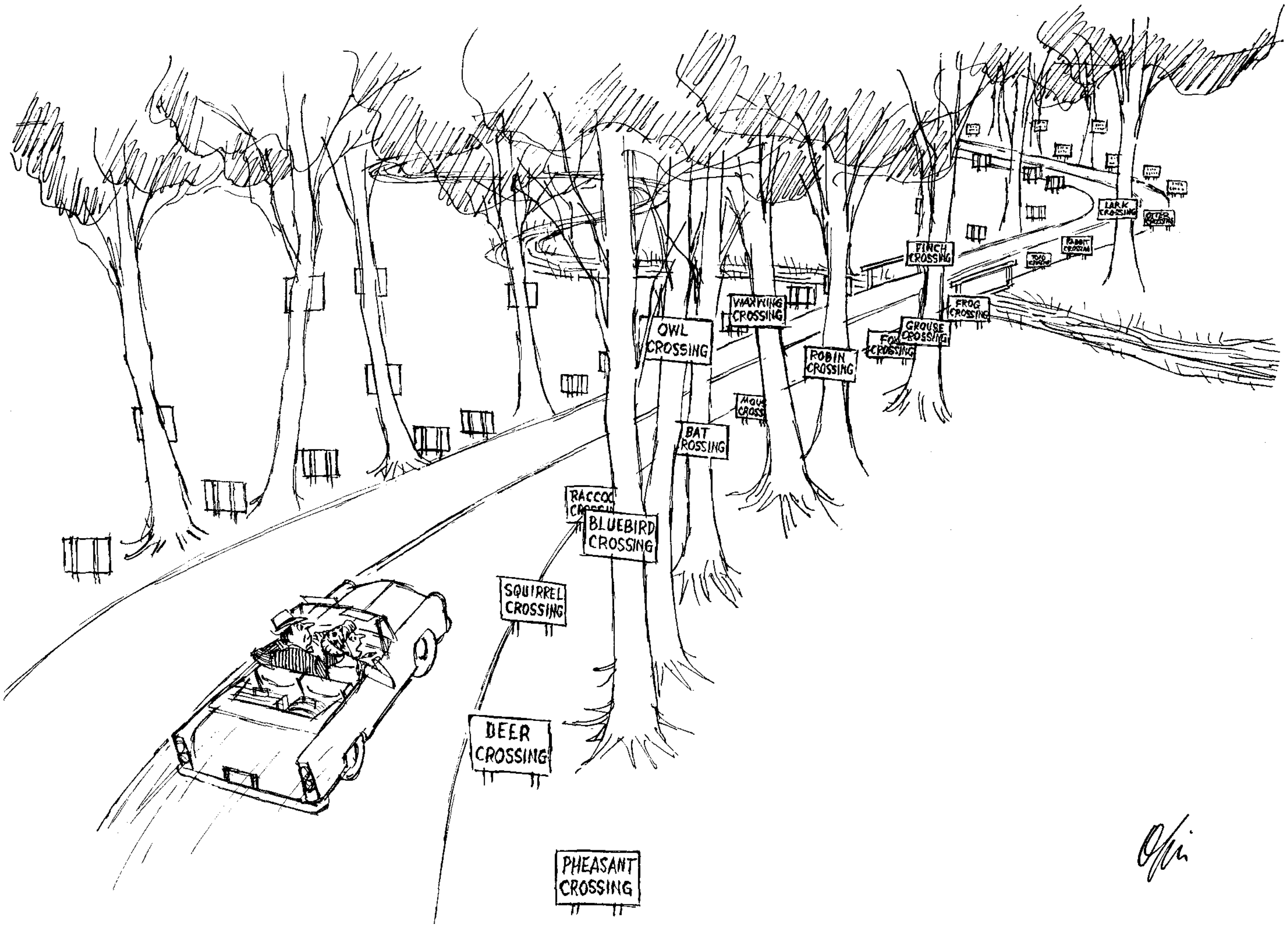
The insects attack me. They nuzzle up under my long dress, seeking out the fleshier parts of my body, nipping and stinging. I suggest haughtily that we go back, and he agrees. We are uncoördinated, but I have no idea whether the part I know is over or whether it is yet to come; whether perhaps it is happening now, and I have forgotten.

That is all that happens on our walk. Inside the house a huge Brandenburg is playing, nobody is there to listen. Music, of course, is timeless. Gondzik comes with me up the stately stairs, the indoor fountain drips monotonously, the Pre-Raphaelites squint down their long noses. Outside my room he kisses me good night. His lips and teeth have disappeared, he gnaws at me with open jaws, but not for more than a few seconds. I know they are seconds because I am counting one two three four at the rate of a slow heartbeat.

I am in my room, the door closed. It is getting dark. Like a Christian in a pagan country I fold my hands and say "The day is over;" but not aloud in case the rickety light fittings are bugged, which now seems not unlikely.

III

IN a dream in the night I see myself walking away from you down an endless grass path, the borders of which meet only in infinity. I walk backward as easily as though I had eyes in the back of my head; I will be facing you long after you are out of sight. It is very important to make sure that I am in myself as I walk, float, drift backward along the path. Between the petunias, the pergolas, the small box hedges. It is vitally important that no part of me remains in you, static on your stone bench spattered with bird



"Looks like the Sierra Club has a lot of clout around here."

• •

lime; that I do not look out through your eyes, for if I did I would lose sight of myself, my poor self would be abandoned, hollow, lighter than air, to step backward for . . . to step interminably.

Waking, I review the situation. Not too bad but not very satisfactory, either. I don't know how long I have been here, possibly weeks by now, and certain things trouble me. My relationship with Gondzik remains, on the surface, exactly as it was left after our walk round the lake. He is proprietary toward me, and always kisses me good night; sometimes, thinking of something else when we are lying by the pool, he strokes my bottom as though it were a cat. He doesn't wish to get further involved with me, thinking, for some reason, that I have suffered too much and would interfere with his mirth. Gondzik's mirth expresses itself in loud shouts of laughter, and he is probably right. On the other hand, the loud shouts of laughter are frequently occasioned by idle remarks of mine which are not all that funny. What he tells me of his sex life seems extraordinarily dour in that it is pornographic, and nobody with a sense of the ridiculous can appreciate pornography.

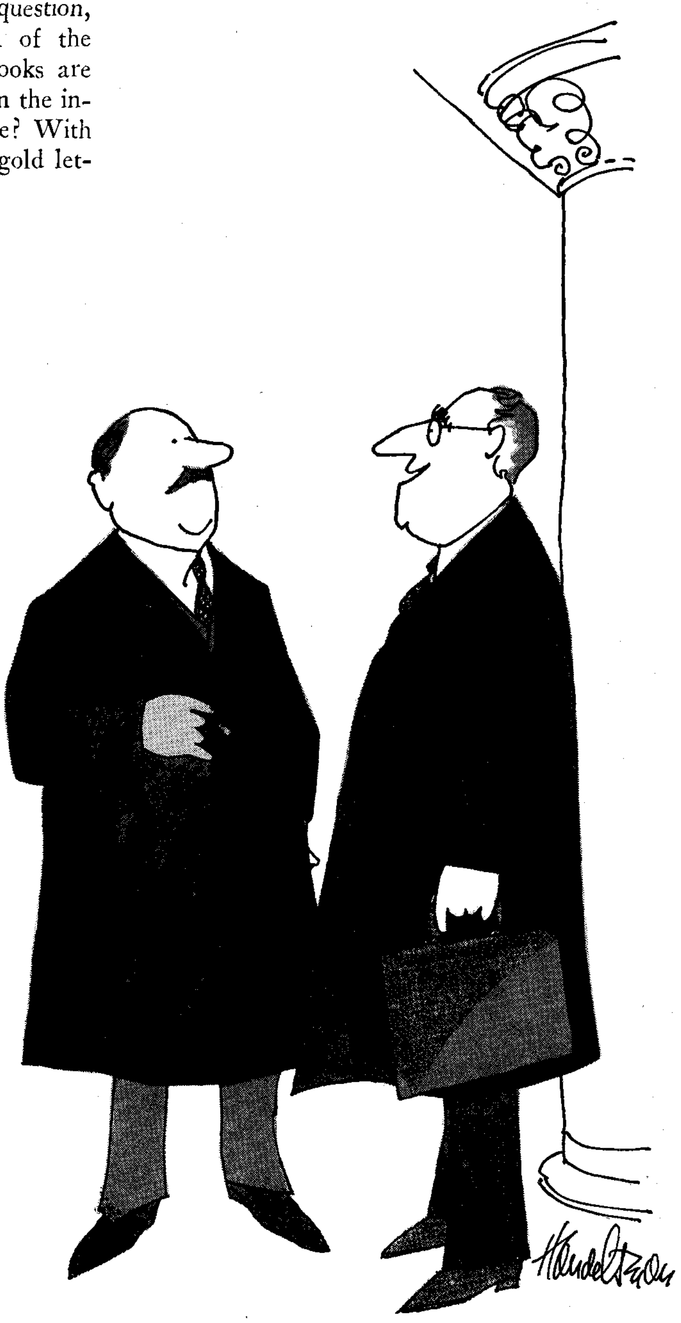
As Gondzik has, for the time being at any rate, taken me over, I have little chance to get to know anyone else. I could protest, but the security of having a relationship (however tenuous) so early on in my stay is too comforting. I have the impression that Gondzik's status is a little different from the others'—something to do with his familiarity with the staff, perhaps, or the fact that I know that he often goes out after I have gone to bed. He is very concerned with the felonies of the administration, and probably meets with Revlon to decide what should be done. On the other hand, he may be feeding Elizabeth. From her increasingly haggard and dejected look, I would doubt it.

I wake early—it is barely light—and lie first on this side, then that, over onto my stomach, trying to investigate my uneasiness. Some people, I am almost sure, have rendezvous with outsiders; or they come upon the outsiders by chance, in the gardens or woods; or the outsiders are put in their path by some muddling authority. If this is so, it's an infringement of freedom. Yesterday I asked Paul, the red-haired man with the titter, whom he had spent the afternoon with on the croquet lawn. He simply looked at me, puzzled, and walked away. And yet I distinctly heard him say . . . and yet I don't know, perhaps I was mistaken. When alone, I keep strictly to the pool path. By keeping to this path, my destination obvious from my towel and sun oil and general paraphernalia, I intend to resist any such encounter. I intend to do what I was told (I think?) and wait, if necessary for life, for time to do its work. Once I can get the hang of it, I may even learn to control my dreams. I suppose some sort of immortality isn't entirely out of the question.

In spite of my association with Gondzik, I don't show any interest in the stories of corruption, the lies and bribery and other political gossip. I don't join in the speculation. I do object, though, to the behavior of some of the guests. However critical they are of the administration, they are not above rifling through each other's personal possessions in the hope of gaining evidence, damning or otherwise. If rooms are left unlocked, like mine, they sneak in to examine passports for dates of birth (the gaunt man who appears to be in his mid-fifties is, they say, only thirty; the skittish blonde in the bikini is fifty-two); they flick through private diaries; they read the labels on medicine bottles, in case they can report anything illegal. All this seems perfectly justifiable to them, they even boast about it. I don't understand why the managers or directors, members of the administration, are supposed to be less fallible or prone to moral degeneracy than they are. Gondzik seems to think it isn't a matter of morality but principle. Much of the time, to be truthful, I haven't the faintest idea what Gondzik is talking about.

He can't answer a direct question, that's for sure. The question of the books, for example: "some books are timeless," how does that explain the inconsistency of having them here? With their bleak covers, often with gold lettering, they belong in some attic or secondhand store, indubitably past, over and done with. To prove this, their subversive relation to time, the mere look of them transports me, more swiftly than any machine, to a first-floor loft in Petersfield, Hampshire. I am edging along the aisles, the floorboards creak. I am craning my neck to read the titles on the upper shelves: "The Letters of Franz Liszt," "The Great Events by Famous Historians," the collected volumes of *Punch* from 1845-87, "Poems," by William Vaughn Moody, "Happy Day, or the Confessions of a Woman Minister," "Sagas of the Norse Kings" in four volumes. A little Bertrand Russell, to bring us up to some long-forgotten date; Shaw and Trotsky. While painfully reading these titles (in Petersfield) I am feeling love and anger and anxiety specifically related to time, I am troubled by old and irrelevant unhappiness. For these books to be here, where we are meant to be totally free, is a crying shame.

What is their purpose, I wonder. Some sort of test? I've been tempted, it's true, to open "The Married Life of the Frederic Carrolls," by Jesse Lynch Williams. In fact, I gave in, but only to find such phrases as "the next day," "the week before," "at that moment;" so I shut it again, feeling—as I suppose I was intended to—guilty. Nothing, I'm sure, is inadvertent in this place, everything is planned, every book catalogued over in the office. The office has the answer to all my questions—is that why Gondzik asked if I would like to see it, was he hinting at something? If one could see their files, their records . . . but that's not the way to do it. There may be a way, but not by breaking and entering at night. They certainly have a system of alarums, I can imagine the whole place pealing, searchlights sweeping the secret crannies of the woods.



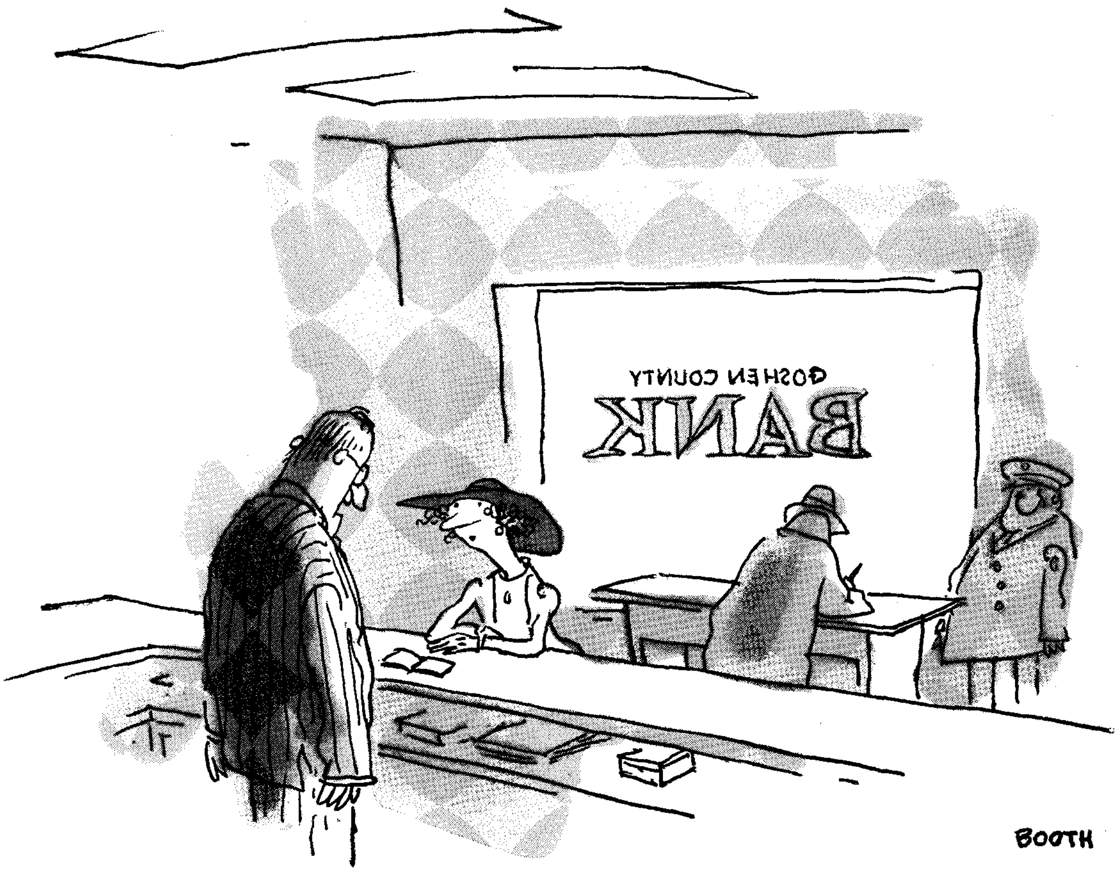
"Oh, defendants are all right, I guess, but I'm basically a plaintiff man myself."

I swing out of bed, frightened. Whatever time it is, I'm going to get up. The lawn is misty, the statue in the lily pond rises out of mist. I go to my bathroom and hurl myself at the shower, fighting the hard stream of water with clenched eyes, letting it batter on my spine. As I'm drying myself, the bell rings for breakfast. I am always a little late.

Breakfast is more of an ordeal than dinner. No one feels any enthusiasm for the immoderate gift of time; we wish we could just have an hour, maybe forty minutes, we could be grateful for that. The blonde, who works nights, comes dressed for breakfast in chiffon. Paul wears a track suit and his smile. Rowena cowers in the corner of her chair. Revlon is immaculate, and most of the others put on clothes of some sort, but I resolutely wear a dressing gown. Gondzik is always early, the temperature of his energy already above normal. I avoid him at breakfast, if I can, being too full of fears of a private nature.

This morning Revlon, our illicit news vender, has a most surprising rumor: "It's Sunday," he says, looking straight ahead, not moving his lips. This means, if he's correct, that yesterday was Saturday and tomorrow will be Monday, we can calculate that seven lights and darknesses from now it will be Sunday again. With a twinge of excitement I pass on the news, in the same way, to Rowena; she, disguising it with a yawn, to the gaunt man; and so on, round the table. It's a good thing Gondzik isn't sitting with us, he wouldn't realize the significance of this fact (or rumor) and might blurt it out, causing distress and even punishment to someone.

My father prepares for church, for matins; in his cassock with the black cummerbund (no popery purple for him) he strides about with the look of a busy man, barges through the swing door into the kitchen in search of coffee, digestive biscuits, any form of nourishment. He was up long before breakfast, administering the bread and wine. My mother and I cut the



"You get no interest on your account, Mrs. Dunwoodie, because your day of deposit and your day of withdrawal were the same damn day."

• •

bread, holding sharp knives with both hands, chopping the inferior bread (my mother would never serve such stuff) into neat cubes: the Body. The Blood is kept in the vestry, which smells moldy as my bathroom. The bell ropes, with colored tapes like Maypoles, hang down from the tower. When the bell ringers come, taking off their jackets to get to work, the noise is so clamorous we can't hear ourselves speak, and the babies cry. I am now hearing church bells as they should be heard, from a great distance, the skillful downward scale, the broken chords so melancholy they break my heart. My soul doth magnify the Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace. At matins we have the Te Deum, which in my head I write Tedium. My mother's stomach rumbles—how can she leave her endless chores for so long? I try to lift the heavy, dead-heavy hassock between my feet and am told off by one flick of my mother's hazel eye. O Worship the King/All glorious above/O gratefully sing/His power and his love/Our Shield and Defender/The Ancient of days/Pavilioned in splendor/And girded with praise. How I relish that pavilioned in splendor, rolling it round my tongue, sucking on it.

My father, with perfect enunciation saved for Sundays and the reading aloud of Browning, implores us from the high pulpit to believe in Life. I am, he calls sonorously, the Resurrection and the Life. This tormented man, who has only once played a childish game with me, who despises jokes and is unable to recognize irony, requires us to be Joyful, full of Joy. I can romp along with a God pavilioned in splendor, but all this is beyond me. What joy? The rooms are dense with his unhappiness, which no one can relieve. He will play the piano after church, some doleful dirge, and a few favored neighbors will come in for China tea in shallow cups, little biscuits with icing on the top, sometimes brandy snaps. I am so awkward on Sundays, getting in everybody's way. My mother is distracted (there's still the joint and vegetables to come, the suet pudding or rhubarb pie, we eat the huge bounty of my mother's cooking and grow fatter and fatter, my skin protests in acne, the afternoons are loaded with sleep), and my father overworked. Was this the greatest sermon of them all? Has it changed the world, will it be headlined in the *Times*, will great men write him letters of thanks, will girls wash his feet in their tears? The tea, the biscuits, the joint, the pudding, the sleep. That is all. My heart, broken by the bells, bleeds for my father. Here there is no such time as too late. Sunday is a terrible day. I wish it were Tuesday, a day of reasonable hope.

Gondzik, with his interminable history of Sabbaths (now ostensibly discarded), won't appreciate the taste, smell, and weight of this day. Neither will the simple Elizabeth, who hardly notices whether it is light or dark. Paul of the red hair and pink skin and silly smile is off giggling in a world of his own (found on the croquet lawn?). Revlon will spend the day as always, with his ear to the ground to detect some distant knocking, hammering, or shovelling that will give him a clue as to what they are up to over in the office. Although he knows it is Sunday (unless he mistook the signals), it doesn't seem to have occurred to him that offices close on Sunday; if he hears anything it will be the burrowing of moles or the tapping of earthworms. The silly blonde picks threads from her negligee, her work (of being sexually attractive) never done, men make as many demands on the seventh day as any other and she's only got one pair of hands. The geriatric thirty-year-old feeds himself with cereal, never speaking above a vague mumble and then always of customs far more ancient than an Anglican Sunday; I don't know why he was allowed to bring his anthropology with him, unless he is an anthropologist. But they can't, after all, separate people from what they are.

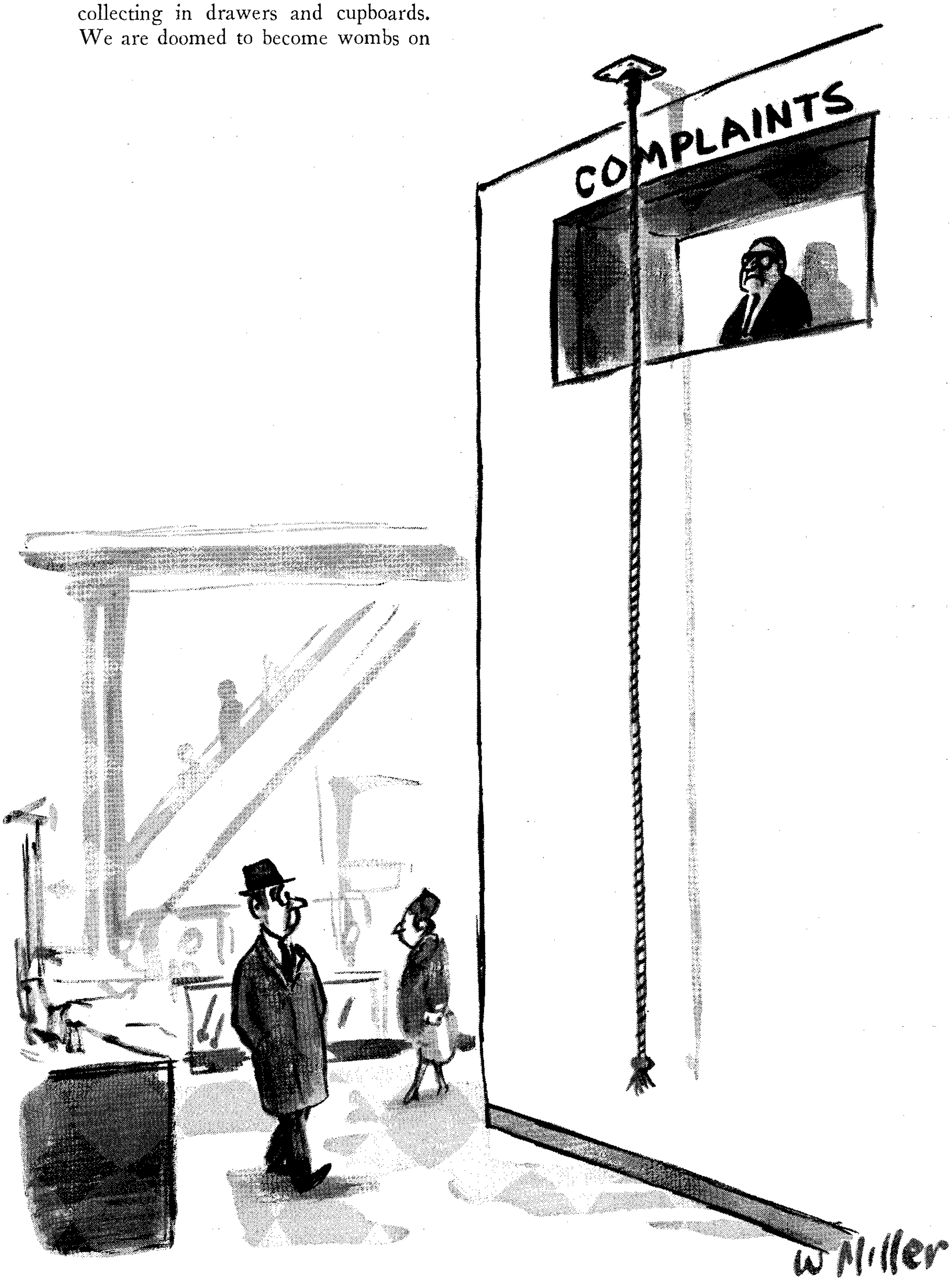
So I go to my room, heavy with breakfast and loneliness. They can give us all the time in the world, but they can't stop the past increasing day by day, a lengthening shadow. Such subversive thoughts are more suitable for twilight, when the weight of food and the exquisite melancholy of evensong come together to create a state near ecstasy, a kind of trembling on the brink of wisdom that is almost unbearable. Afterward, we schoolgirls go and moon in the rose garden, languish lingeringly by the lily pond. We fall in love with each other, trail our hands in the brown water, write Sunday poetry full of sighs and sorrow. Never again is our theme at the age of fifteen or so: nevermore. It is true. Never again shall we be so near our *Nunc Dimittis*, nevermore feel so keenly the bliss of dying. We are doomed to Monday's racket, to men and children, uncomfortable journeys, shopping lists, anxiety, the manipulation of dishwashers and washing machines and vacuum cleaners and cars; to lotions and vitamin-enriched creams, hair conditioners and deodorants, pots of this and that collecting in drawers and cupboards. We are doomed to become wombs on legs, to make telephone calls without the appropriate money, to beg, plead, blackmail, weep, to make a terrible noise about living. How distressing, after the luminous melancholy of Sunday. I could become a nun, perhaps. Fold my hands just so. Glide on casters down cloisters, my eyes downcast. After all that din, the peace of Guinevere.

The most approximate element, in the meanwhile, is water. I will go and float in the pool, folding all my sweetness up. Collecting together insect repellent, oil, towel, finding my way confidently through the maze of passages, past closed doors, across unused lounges, escaping, I think, from Sunday, I set out.

IV

THE way to the pool is very straightforward, but for the first time I lose it and find myself in the vegetable garden, most bewildered. The vegetable garden is large, surrounded by a thick brick wall against which grow nectarines, peaches, plums, and (in their season) apples. The ornamental iron gate is missing—fallen at last from its rusty hinges, or sold for scrap in some emergency—which is why I wander straight into the garden. If there had been a gate, I would not have opened it.

Screwing up my eyes against the sun, I look down the borders of Aaron's rod, poppies, and old-man's-beard, toward the greenhouses. A man in shirtsleeves is digging laboriously, his back to me, his right foot pushes the spade into the hard earth, then he loosens the earth and throws a spadeful aside, his distant back grim as a gravedigger's. Assuming (not without reason) that he is a gardener, I loaf past the strawberry bed, approving the crimson berries lying in straw, enjoying the change of scene. But they have everything here, black and red currants, gooseberries bursting out of their skins, loganberries, raspberries. The asparagus thrives in its trench; row upon row of delicate carrot ferns marshalled in front of the taller potato leaves; cabbage and cauliflower and broccoli, none of it gone to seed; sweet peas and rhubarb, green beans climbing up green string, abundant peas (I reach over the low, clipped hedge, wrench a pod from the stalk, split it with my thumbnail, eat each nestling pea deliberately, while longing to cram them



all at once into my mouth). Broad beans too, regiments of freshly watered lettuce; marrows basking in the sun, a field of spinach. This man is a good gardener. I am no good at anything, deterred by my mother's skill with cuttings, clippings, annuals, biannuals, perennials, dividing, pruning, and other mysteries. However, she doesn't grow vegetables, leaving that side of the thing—as she leaves repairs to anything but clothes, all forms of electrical work, coal heaving, and log sawing—to her husband. And yet how sensible, how satisfactory to grow food. My mouth waters, appetite stirs.

I am now at the opposite end of the garden, walking slowly along beside the greenhouses (carrying this weight of aerosol sprays, towel, and book) toward the gardener. I see, behind glass milky and old as a cataract eye, ripe tomatoes no larger than grapes, pot after pot of geraniums. The door of one of the greenhouses is open, and I take a lungful of that particular humid air, hear the drip of water in a rusty tank. I'm tempted to go inside, drink a tomato after piercing its skin with my teeth. But the gardener, straightening, has his eye on me. I manage a timid smile, bumping the bag against my bare legs, feet dragging along the path.

I have never seen a man sweat so generously. Torrents of sweat pour down his face and neck into the collarless shirt, which he might just as well not be wearing. His gray flannel trousers are hitched high with braces; inside them he must be swimming. He is, to me, old: an old, burly man wiping the sweat out of his eyes with the back of his forearm, peering at me.

"Dinnertime, is it?"

I don't know what to say, just hang about, afraid of passing him.

"Well, then." He sticks the spade in the earth with a final gesture, lumbers toward me, mopping himself now with a huge handkerchief. "It gets the sugar going, you know. In the blood. You want a tomato?"

I nod my head, fearful. His little blue eyes grab at my legs. He takes my hand, his own slippery with sweat, and leads me into the greenhouse.

"Have what you like," he says. "Feel free." He closes the greenhouse door and pretends to potter with something, a watering can, raffia, I don't know. I reach out my hand for a tomato. He has sneaked up, this fat old man, behind me and suddenly plunges his face into my neck. All sweat and bristle, he laps at my neck as the Masai tribe drink at the necks of their cattle.

No, I don't cry for help. I don't try to resist him. I am still holding the canvas bag with its preparations for the pool. The sooner I can get to the pool the better. He takes the bag from me, puts it deliberately on the floor, sits down in an old basket chair that can hardly take his weight. When he pulls me onto his knee it sways perilously. From now on everything is accompanied by the protesting groans of the old chair.

First he rocks me; then his hand slides up under my smock. His fingers become troubled, searching here and there; at last, finding their way, they separate me. He is talking all the time, but quite unintelligible. When I look at his face it is not triumphant, the noble face of a conqueror; it is silly, sheepish, the face of a man caught doing wrong.

Disgust will make me cruel from now on. How I despise him. I get up (the chair is relieved), pull at my smock, pick up my bag. He also stands, too ashamed to look me in the eye, and turns to reach for his collar and jacket. When he puts on the clerical collar, its black bib over the sweat-soaked shirt, I burst out of the greenhouse and start running running running. . . .

TO the pool, straight to it with no hesitation, tearing off my smock on the way, out of my slippers and crash, smack onto the cold water, stomach smarting as I go under. Opening my eyes, I see Gondzik staring at me from above. But I swim deeper, huddling into the water. He descends with hair flying, beard still apparently dry, grabs me by the ankle, and hauls me to the surface. As we break, a tangle of arms and legs, into the air, I can hear myself screaming and change the key of the scream so that it will sound like laughter. Various people sitting round the pool look appalled: we appear to be behaving like two-year-olds. I push away from the side, cast myself off and drift face upward, weightless, the water lapping against my temples. Now all strange hours and all strange loves are over, dreams and desires and sombre songs and sweet. Now folds the lily all her sweetness up and slips into the bosom of the lake. Now drowns the gardener in the porphyry font. Now I know what to expect from the place, that it is full of traps and snares, one must be continually wary, water is the only innocent element. Slowly, very very slowly, I lay the memory to rest. It leaves me, sinking fathom after fathom into darkness. But I float like a cork, rocking in the wake of Gondzik's energetic crawl.

V

"HAVE you met anyone?" Gondzik asks casually.

"You mean from the outside? No." I have prepared myself for this, the lie is convincing.

Gondzik gets supplies sent from somewhere. He pours small measures of brandy into two plastic glasses. He gets his bed made every day (the rest of us only twice in a number of days) and has the confidence of a man with special privileges: of which he was once, or will be again, deprived?

"Have you?" I ask. After a long pause, studying the brown liquid in his glass, tipping it this way and that, he says, "No." We are both lying.

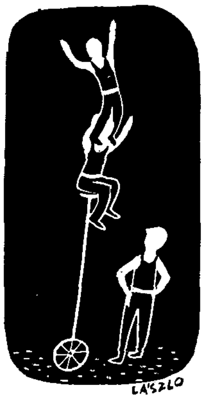
"I've seen a dog, though. Running about on the lawn."

"I know," I say. "It's mine."

"What makes you say that? This is a red setter."

"Then it can't be mine. Mine is a mongrel."

So I have suddenly appropriated a dog. I know (with a slight sense of dread—life is so much easier without responsibilities) that before long it will come bounding toward me down the pool path, throwing itself at me in an ecstasy of love, barking its head off. Once things begin to happen, they happen fast. For instance, I took an interminable time, or at least a few moments, trying to convince myself that I could avoid Gondzik, since I already knew him. But he stood patiently in my way and I have to get to know him very differently, without disturbing my memories or borrowing on my expectations of the future. So the dog, when it comes, will be a present dog, a dog of this place. I will be part of its life, but it will not be part of mine, not to begin with. Nevertheless, together with the sense of dread is a sense of pleasure. What a funny dog with its bat ears, head on one side, paw lifted, nose twitching from side to side, from smell to smell: something to look forward to.



Gondzik's room is tricked out like a chapel, a chapel which some girl, in an excess of girlishness, has painted virgin white. All it lacks is muslin lifting and floating in the breeze from the fan. There is a white altar screen, white choir stalls, a white prie-dieu. Dark Gondzik doesn't suit it at all. He doesn't even know what a prie-dieu is for, or the hole in the (white) papal chair, unless it's a commode. Nevertheless he seems quite at ease in this setting, doesn't find it offensive.

"I hear he's going to have to resign."

"Who? The Director?"

"He won't make a statement. Says he's too busy laying out the tennis courts."

"Who told you?"

"Not that I'm against tennis courts, mind you. I like tennis."

"He's fiddling, you mean, while Rome burns."

"It's a question of where the money comes from. Otherwise tennis courts are perfectly valid, don't you think?"

"Who says what you hear?"

"Oh . . . people talk, you know."

"But if the Director resigns, will it make any difference? To us?"

"I shouldn't think so. They'll probably carry on with the tennis courts just the same."

"You mean corruption is inevitable?"

Narrowing his eyes, he seems to look into some distant cranny of time, perhaps into his own future. "Maybe."

The trouble with Gondzik (now) is that he has become an athletic intellectual. Life, particularly sex, has gone to his head. I have almost given up hope (if it was hope) of his body. At one time, I thought he would drive into me with his eyes holding my face like a vise. We would stare each other out until we became entranced, our eyes locked together, absolutely thoughtless, in a state of shock. We worked slowly, with dedication, toward this miracle. Now he has so many thoughts, theories, speculations, conclusions, premises, data, analyses, and propositions in his head that his flesh and skin have become insensitive. He thrashes water as though it has to be subdued; he attacks harmless games; he whacks the air, deafens it with noise for no apparent reason. He no longer conveys sweet messages from mouth to mouth but bites and gnaws: again the dog image, the meatless bone, the begging. He talks about all women as girls, who are in constant supply; or perhaps it is their demand that is constant, since they are kept in a state of deprivation. If I said to him, "Be still," he would laugh it off, forgetting, or not yet knowing, what stillness means.

He is, of course, equally hopeless about me, about my obsessions. He doubts whether I can be reclaimed. I have been unfaithful to him too often. He disapproves strongly (with all the ambivalent feelings of a father?) of my nightly dreams about you, whether they are hostile or tender. I say that as far as dreams are concerned I am probably incurable, and may well be visited by you for the rest of my life. It seems to Gondzik that I am willfully helpless in this respect. One good push and I could be rid of you entirely—why the flabbiness, the apathy, the passive acceptance? He uses the word "exorcise." You are to be "exorcised" by some means or other. But you know what? At this point, I can't be bothered. I have used so many means, struggled so hard, and the result is not entirely contemptible. My waking hours are undisturbed so long as I keep to the straight and narrow path—see what happens immediately I leave it—and avoid heights, precipices, quicksand, swamps, cul-de-sacs, and regard every package and letter (perhaps some sort of ray machine, such as they use at airports, would be wise) with reasonable suspicion. We are all so cluttered with restrictions anyway that it hardly matters. If I can't be a nun, I can at least steer myself toward some tolerable tropic clime where the chances of contentment are slightly above average for the time of year.

Naturally this would seem abominably dull and tepid to Gondzik. It does to me. But unlike Gondzik I know that survival is a long, hard slog from the amoeba upward. In spite of his scorn, his impatience, I haven't done too badly. If I can survive an encounter with the gardener in bright daylight and with you in the unpredictable landscapes of my dreams, I can survive anything. Isn't that the point? One must always at all times be contained and defensive, rigidly abiding by one's own rules. I salute myself, without irony: doing well.

"I hear that three new people are coming," Gondzik says, adding gloomily, "All men."

"Have you been to the vegetable garden?" I will not be drawn back there, of course; but there is pleasure in casually introducing a forbidden subject into ordinary conversation.

"Where do they come from, why do they come, I've never heard of any of them."

"Perhaps you'd like to come with me one day. There are strawberries and peas, peaches, tomatoes."

"In winter there are very few people. They have wine at dinner." His hand moves idly to the table lamp; he pulls the chain, switching it on.

"You *have* been here in the winter. You *have*."

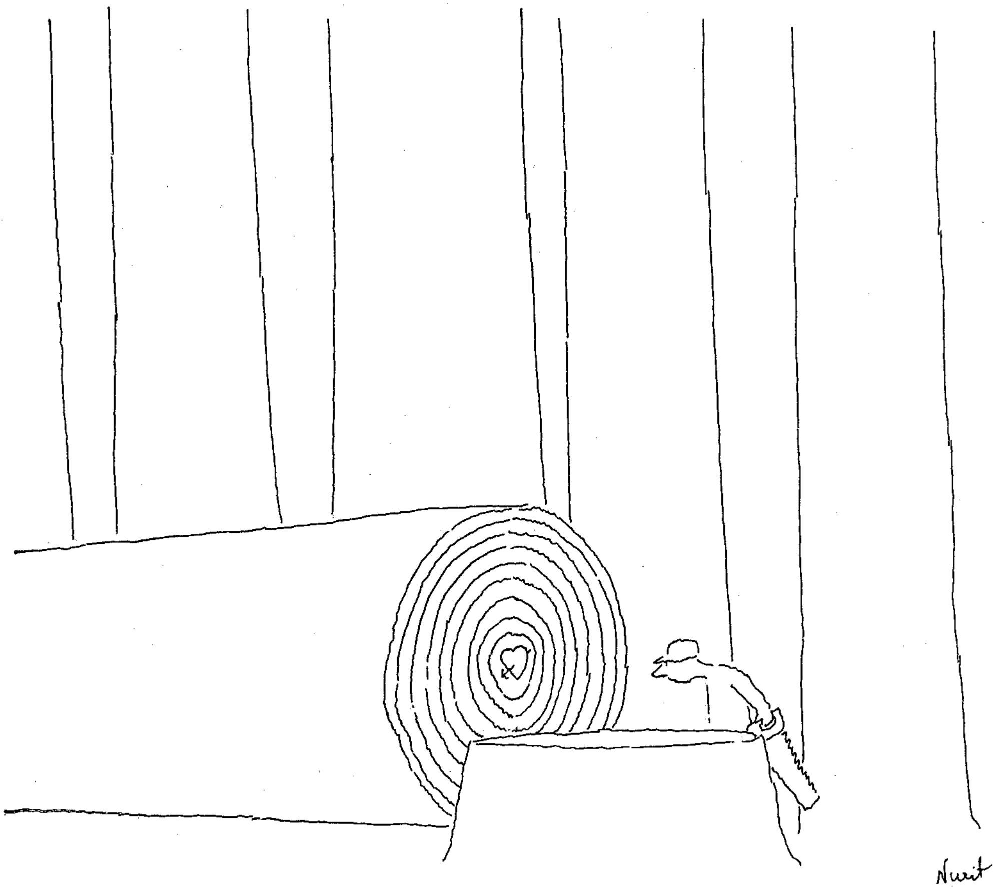
He looks puzzled; almost hurt, if this present Gondzik can be hurt. "Maybe."

"It was cold, very cold, your feet froze to the ground!"

He bats the air for silence, but I am momentarily possessed.

"The lake was frozen, you walked across it, she was skating cutting figures of eight, she was eight, wasn't she—"

"Her little skirt like daisy petals



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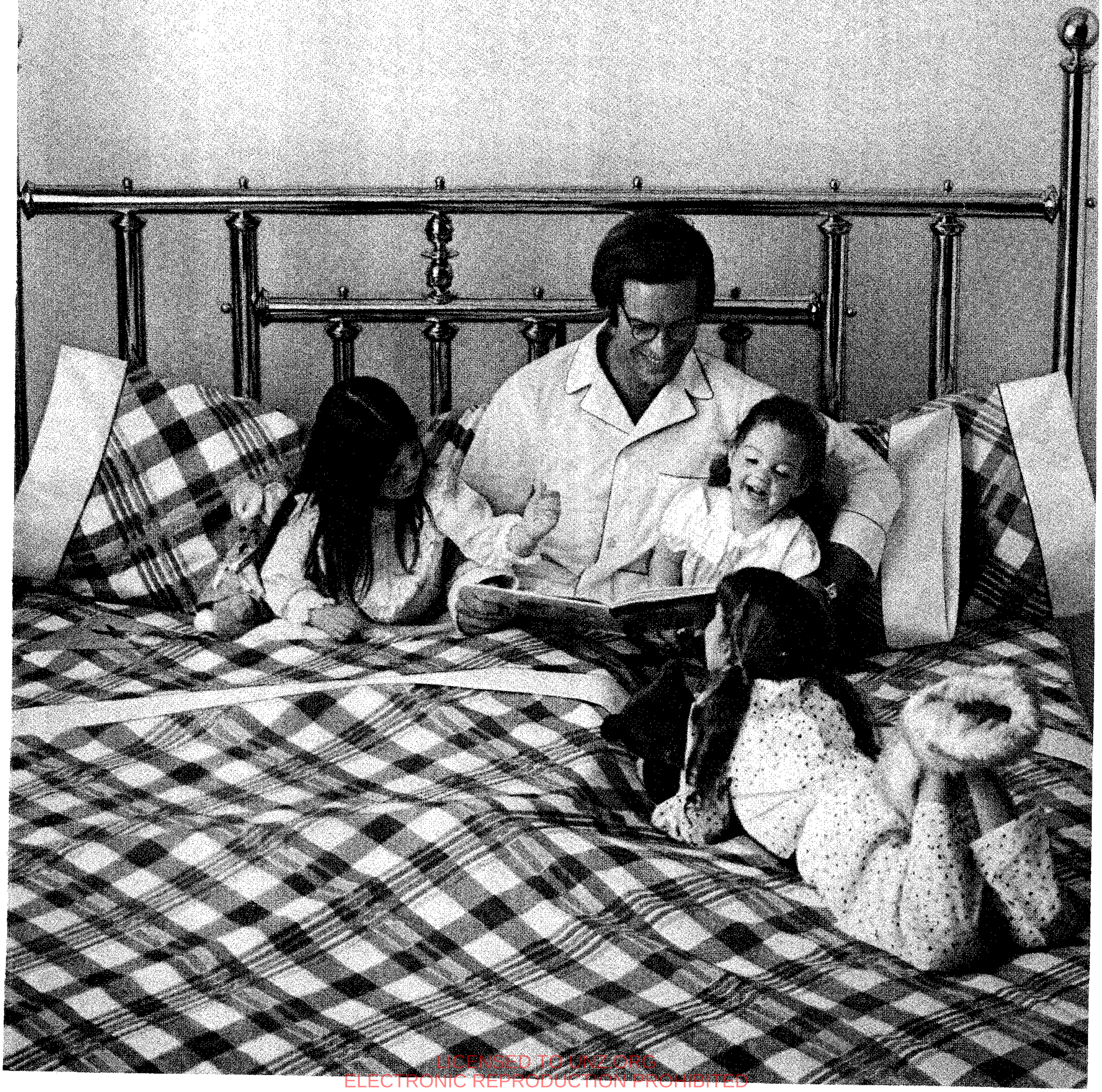

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flung out from a yellow stem, she loves me, she loves me not—"

"You plucked them, leaving her shivering."

"God damn you!"

He will probably hit me; but he doesn't; he breathes at me as he should breathe in the water, coming up for air; then he walks over to the papal chair, sits heavily, beard on chest.

I wish I could go on, but the inspiration, vision, whatever it was, is over. I have no idea what possessed me: no skating child in my experience, the lake has looked solid with slimy weed but never frozen. He would have told me about it, surely, as we lay in bed or by the fire or in the meadow. I believe he told me everything, except what his analyst thought of me. Then perhaps the skating child who burst out of my mouth is part of *my* memory. He must have described her so accurately that, in my mind's eye at least, I have actually seen her. I am determined to go further, however risky it is. "Do you remember how we met?"

"I don't remember," he says, repeating pat the rules. "I experience."

I attack him with some tirade about sheepish obedience, accuse him of cowardice, of inertia, I venomously tell him that he bores me, is mediocre, a sissy kisser, teacher's pet, a conniver at fascism, a parasite, a sycophant. He is shaking with more and more laughter, a man watching some incredibly comic antic. I am entertaining him, for God's sake. I throw myself down on the floor, drum the floor with my heels, twist and turn while some part of me quite calmly waits for the result. There is no result. He is speechless with laughter. Tear-smeared, exhausted, I get up and stagger into a corner, stand in the corner. A grown woman and I can't get what I want, a simple agreement.

"There's no point in being here," he says at last, sober again, "if you don't go along with it, obey the rules as you say. It's one of the few situations which one can quite validly call a waste of time. Why don't you leave?"

"Leave?"

"Of course. There's nothing to stop you."

"But where would I go?"

He shrugs. "I don't know. Back to all that, I suppose."

"All what?"

"The obsessions. The loneliness you have described."

"Have I described loneliness?"

"Of course. It's easy to avoid meeting people out there."

"But there are millions of people out there." Now I am the one repeating what I have been told. I am sure I've never seen millions of people. Maybe I've seen a dozen, and a dog.

"Are you sure you haven't met anyone here?"

I am a bad liar when caught off my guard. My lies have to be carefully constructed, with a basis of truth. Therefore I prefer not to answer this question, or rather to parry it with a sullen "You."

"Then why ask me if I remember how we met?"

"All right. You're cleverer than I am."

"No. I expect I've been here longer. That's all."

The smugness of it. I'll go back to my motionless journeys, an armchair traveller to every place under the sun, including the moon; I'll speculate about bathrooms and nineteenth-century poets and whether worms have teeth, like the Duchess of Newcastle (a kindred spirit wherever she is). The most I can hope for, it seems, is to be a clown tumbling through my own hoops.

"Time you grew up a little," Gondzik says quietly, standing close to me. "You need to forget all that."

"All what?" But already, over the space of a few seconds, I have no idea what he means.

He holds me by the shoulders and moves me a little nearer to the light. "We'll make something of you yet. Take a good look at me."

I do. I look hard. I realize that it was not me whom Gondzik nailed down with those little flickering eyes; he has never rolled and expostulated in the middle of a meadow with *me*. It happened with someone else. I, not Gondzik, am the stranger.

It is very curious to begin with, as I stand looking at him. I feel myself rocking on my feet, losing balance. I am not who I thought I was. I am literally no longer myself. I have no past but am doing everything for the first time. This is where I begin. Memory, if it ever existed, is irretrievably drowned. Gondzik has never met me before. I didn't lose my way when I went to the vegetable garden, there was no way to lose. I was guided there by official directions. I must obey official directions, there is no alternative.

Gondzik nods, and switches off the light. I don't feel at all foolish as I ask him how I am to get back to my room. He, not finding the question foolish, accompanies me.

VI

FROM now on it is all (briefly) less confusing. I sit still in my rocking chair, my mind is blank, I make no journeys. Gondzik is simply Gondzik, I'm no longer curious about overheard remarks. The tree is a tree, the lily pond a lily pond, the bushes are bushes. When the red setter runs across the lawn, he is a red setter running across the lawn. I don't look forward, and I don't look back. Since I don't dream, I don't remember my dreams, or the other way round (a little rocky here). In any case, at this time you no longer exist for me; whether you exist for other people is a matter of no importance. I am, you are, he is: that's the lesson. I study it doggedly. My light brackets shine much brighter, I've noticed.

For the first time, I take a straightforward interest in the others, even going so far as to memorize some of their names. Elizabeth just happens to

SPECIAL
BULLETIN
WHISKEY

stand in an attitude I would once have called dejected. Paul smiles because that is the way his face is. The anthropologist, Hermann, is an anthropologist. Revlon is a man who says that he deciphers messages from the ground. The tiny woman with cropped hair and a face like a marmoset (Rowena) is a tiny woman with a face like a marmoset. Now you ask how do I know what a marmoset is. I don't. It's one of the many words I've learned by heart. Words are words. Their meanings are their meanings. And so on.

I am now included much more in the community. I have become one of Them. I still don't understand everything they say, but I accept everything they say: I met my mother in the rose garden, I will be meeting my son outside the garage, my aunt is coming to the pool. Very advanced stuff, this: hard to grasp, for a beginner. I can get as far as "I am eating my hash" and they nod graciously, congratulating me. I am very proud. I am given an ornamental card, stars on a blue background, "With Best Wishes From The Director": handwritten, the "r" coming back on itself and making an emphatic line underneath that august title.

Also I am now entrusted to pass on more important rumors than what day of the week it is: Hathaway is out, Rogers is in, but Hathaway says that Phillips knew all the time and Rogers says that Phillips' evidence is invalid since he no longer acts in an official capacity, therefore Hathaway is in again and Rogers out. I become as nifty at these (still meaningless) messages as a blind girl at a loom. Dickens (I have begun to read the books) tells me that blind girls are nifty at looms. That is how I know.

I feel vaguely sorry for the three new men, I don't (of course) know why. They huddle together, huddling together. Only Gondzik has introduced himself to them so far, and hasn't told me their names. Anyway I'm not at all interested. Until they learn the rules, they are irrelevant.

One morning, after dark, I actually stumble on the source, one of the sources, of the rumors. I have come up from breakfast as usual, directly they have finished ringing the bell (which tells us when to finish breakfast). But I am astounded to find a member of the staff still in my room. She is flicking a duster about quite uselessly. I hesitate in the doorway. "Come in, dear," she says, flicking with even more energy. Then, in exactly the same tone of voice, "They're having him up in front of the Committee, my what a lot of bottles you have, well, I'll be seeing you, cheerio for now," and she goes out, flicking the duster under her arm; but at the door she turns and winks hugely, screwing up the whole side of her face.

I am thrown into a bit of a fluster. What to do? I have been entrusted with an original rumor (a great honor), but it seems to leap about in my hands like a freshly caught trout (Dickens). Should I tell Gondzik, or throw it casually into the conversation at dinner? What do the rules say? But silly me, there are no rules about spreading rumors which concern the office. There cannot be a rule to deal with the possibility that *the office itself is breaking the rules.* I don't know what's the matter with me.

So I take the little book of directions that Gondzik has thoughtfully provided me with, and go to his room. I knock, he calls "Yes?," which may or may not mean permission to enter. I take the risk. He is looking out of his window through a pair of binoculars. "Hi," he says, without ungluing his eyes. I sit down, avoiding the papal chair because it looks uncomfortable. After a while he puts the binoculars on the table, asking, "What's up?"

"Nothing." I'm very casual.

"I thought you were studying."

"It's too hot."

He smiles, ruffling my hair. "Can't have you backsliding, you know. By the way, the courts are pretty well finished. Do you play?"

"Play?"

"Tennis."

Now how do I know whether I play tennis or not? I make a shot in the dark. "No."

"Pity. Maybe one of the new men plays tennis."

Suddenly he throws something across the room, a pencil; it lands just by my foot. I know it is a signal. Bending to pick it up, I say, "They're having him up in front of the Committee;" then, handing it to him, "Your pencil."

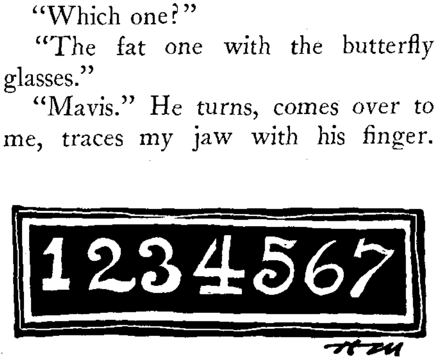
"Who told you?" he murmurs, staring out of the window.

"A housekeeper."

"Which one?"

"The fat one with the butterfly glasses."

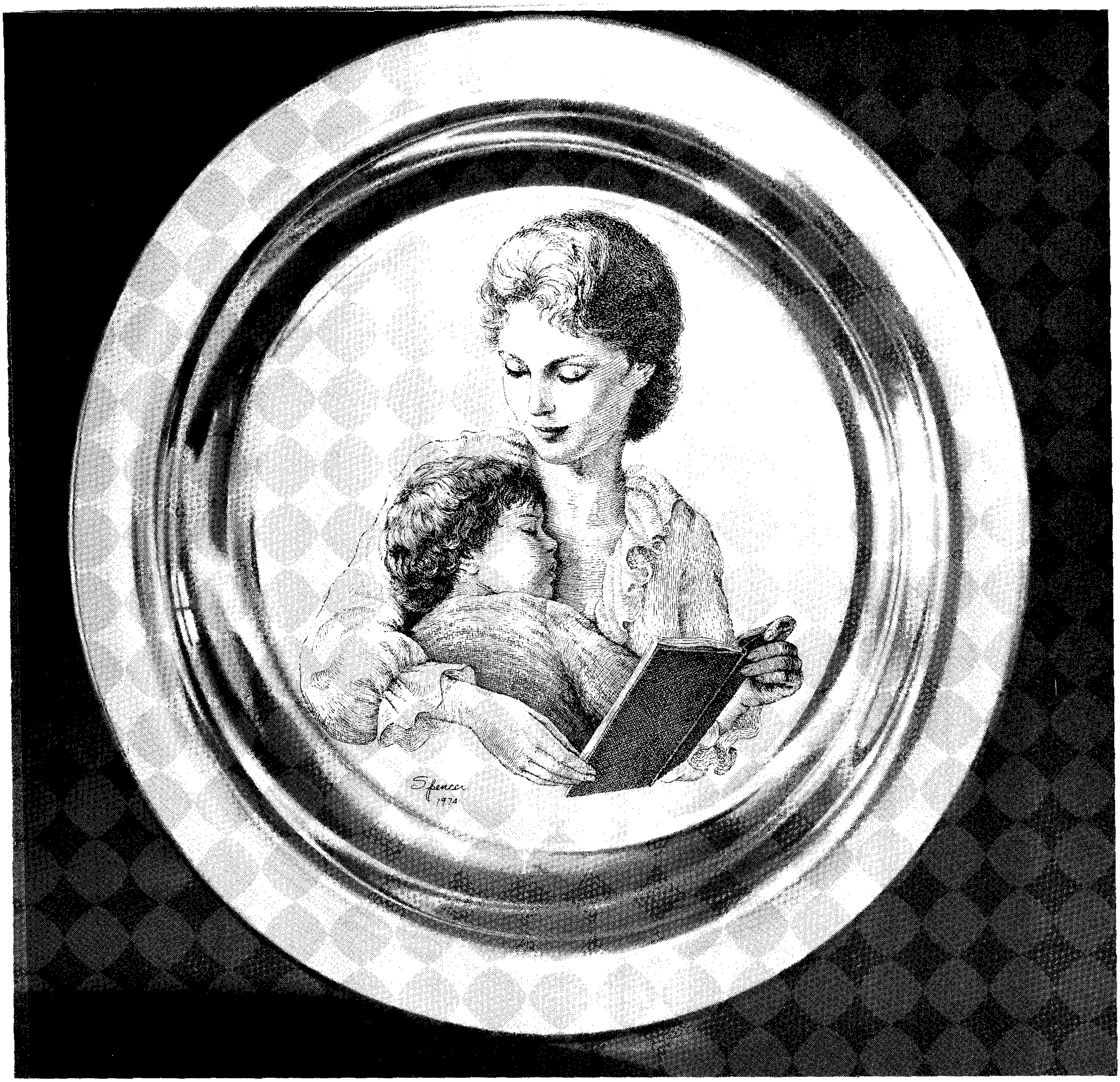
"Mavis." He turns, comes over to me, traces my jaw with his finger. "You're looking quite pretty today. I like that."



I have an impulse to squat down, put my head on one side, hold up my paws: to be rewarded. Impulses must be avoided at all costs. Wait for the order. Following the directions again, I go back to my room to study, to wait.

IT must be perfectly clear by now that, for all my efforts, I am recounting many things which are over, or which seem to me to be over. I feel quite safe, now, in saying that this period of my stay seems to me to have been exceptionally dull. Imagine being without associations or memory, totally without a sense of time. Imagine the banality of a tree being no more than a tree. Imagine not feeling pain, let alone not understanding it. Imagine being without whims or curiosity. Imagine being a blank slate, an empty glass. Looking back on this stage (I have no idea how long it lasted, and perhaps it was necessary), there seem to have been few incidents of even the slightest significance. Mostly I learned names (like marmoset), passed on messages, sat in my rocking chair, slept dreamlessly (I thought), and avoided going out except, occasionally, in the company of Gondzik. He seemed pleased with me, but no longer touched me. If I saw him from my window wandering across the lawn with his arm round a girl, I would merely think, There is Gondzik wandering across the lawn with his arm round a girl.

There were sometimes screams in the night, but I simply told myself, "Someone is screaming." I waited to be directed to the vegetable garden again, but no directions came. There were storms, there was rain, the distant gardens shrouded in a mist of rain. The three new men, Simon, Dominic, and George, were established. Dominic, being almost blind, learned the ropes before either of the others and was soon promoted to our company. As his hearing was very acute, Revlon sometimes gave him the job of listening for signals. The listening seemed to put him in a state of trance: looking straight ahead with his blind eyes, he would recite messages in a low monotone, often hardly audible—we are having chicken for dinner, the Director has a cold, Hathaway is being blamed for everything, Mrs. Hathaway has attempted suicide, Hathaway has been cleared by new evidence which proves that the Director was in the Bahamas on the night in question, Milton is being blamed for everything, the chicken will be fried, Mrs. Hathaway is



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dead. Dominic became a kind of oracle.

Mavis, the housekeeper, visited me frequently. Insofar as I was capable of emotion during this period, I became quite fond of her. She was not particularly interested in the office dramas (she cleaned for some very minor assistant to an assistant, who seemed to know less than we did about it all), but she had a rich fund of stories about her husband's gout, the inefficiency of the supermarket, her married daughter's obstetrical troubles, the movie she saw last night. They were to me, you understand, fairy stories. I had a feeling they probably weren't allowed but, receiving no direction on this point, continued to listen to them with a faint twinge of what passed for guilt. In fact I looked forward to them, which in itself was reprehensible. All the time she talked, she flicked, knocking over bottles, making the pastoral engraving always more askew so that before long I would have had to lie on the floor to look at it, if I had wanted to look at it. When conversation failed (as it often did in those days), I would tell Gondzik a few of Mavis's stories and he always listened with the greatest attention.

It must have been about now that they made the bold experiment (which was to prove so significant) of getting the entertainers in. I suppose the money for this, too, came from the Repair Fund. Perhaps it was intended to distract us from our interest (it had to leak out somehow) in the affairs of the office. God knows that I, at least, had nothing else to be interested in. All that happened to me was that I sat in a deck chair, like the others, and watched small people dancing about at the end of the lawn, in front of the lily pond. Either they danced or they strutted about, wearing peculiar clothes, or sometimes they stood still. As the authorities (so we were told) had been unable to afford microphones or loudspeakers, all this was dumb show and not in the least distracting. I hadn't any idea what they were talking or singing about, if they were talking or singing, or what their whimsical dances were meant to represent. The orchestra was slightly preferable: thin sounds of music did, occasionally, drift to us from the sawing and blowing ants on their little gilt chairs. But as the place is (for some reason—possibly an endowment) equipped with an excellent stereo-player and a library of records, the introduction of these minute musicians seemed a little unnecessary. However, we all attended the performances, and when they appeared to be over we clapped enthusiastically.

It was during one of these concerts—Rachmaninoff, I think—that I saw the gardener again. Collarless, in the same striped shirt, he came out of the trees behind the lily pond and stood for a while, apparently listening. I registered this in my usual way, without comment and without any positive reaction. I knew that he had assaulted me, but not the meaning of the word; in the same way that I knew the way to Gondzik's room, but without his directions wouldn't have known how to get there. The gardener leaned on the low wall, cupped his hand into the green lily water and appeared to drink. Then he lumbered back into the trees, fitting the description of a solitary bear. I neither missed him nor expected to see him again.

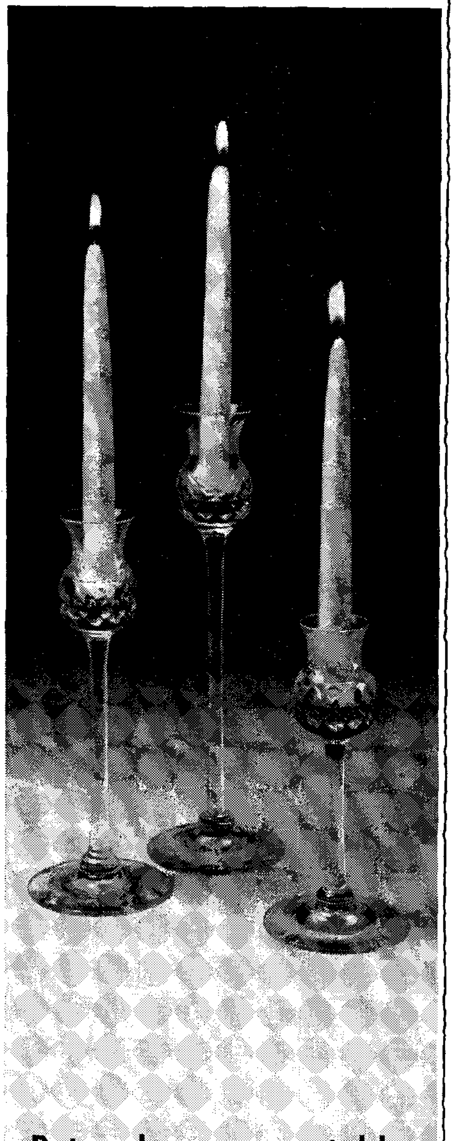
I don't think I am concealing anything about this period. It had a beginning, in Gondzik's room; and owing to this bold introduction of entertainment it came to an end, or was at least halted. Perhaps it will come back, but I hope not. I think I would rather be killed than die of my own accord. Then at least somebody else would be responsible for my lifelessness; it would be in some way a shared experience.

VII

THERE had been (this is still recollection) many days of rain and mist, the air, if it could be called air, swampy and fetid. I didn't go to the pool, though Gondzik did, rain or shine. Most people stayed indoors, sitting about in the lounges and waiting rooms, turning over the leaves of books, growing heavier and heavier. Lively mosquitoes swarmed against the screens, hungry for blood. Lamps were left on in the corridors and on the landings. The space between breakfast and dinner became immeasurable. We were really being put through it.

They should have brought the entertainers indoors, but this was apparently not allowed, so the entertainers were given leave of absence while the bad weather lasted. The deck chairs were stacked on the terrace below my window, not reminding me of wet summers in Folkestone or Hayling Island. Revlon stated that it was August, but nobody cared. He became pettish and retired to his room, leaving Dominic to listen as best he could to floors and walls, which told him very little.

About the middle of one of these attenuated days I noticed faint shadows on the lawn beneath the trees and bushes. The mist was glaring, the heat almost intolerable. The deck chairs began to steam. Splinters of sunlight



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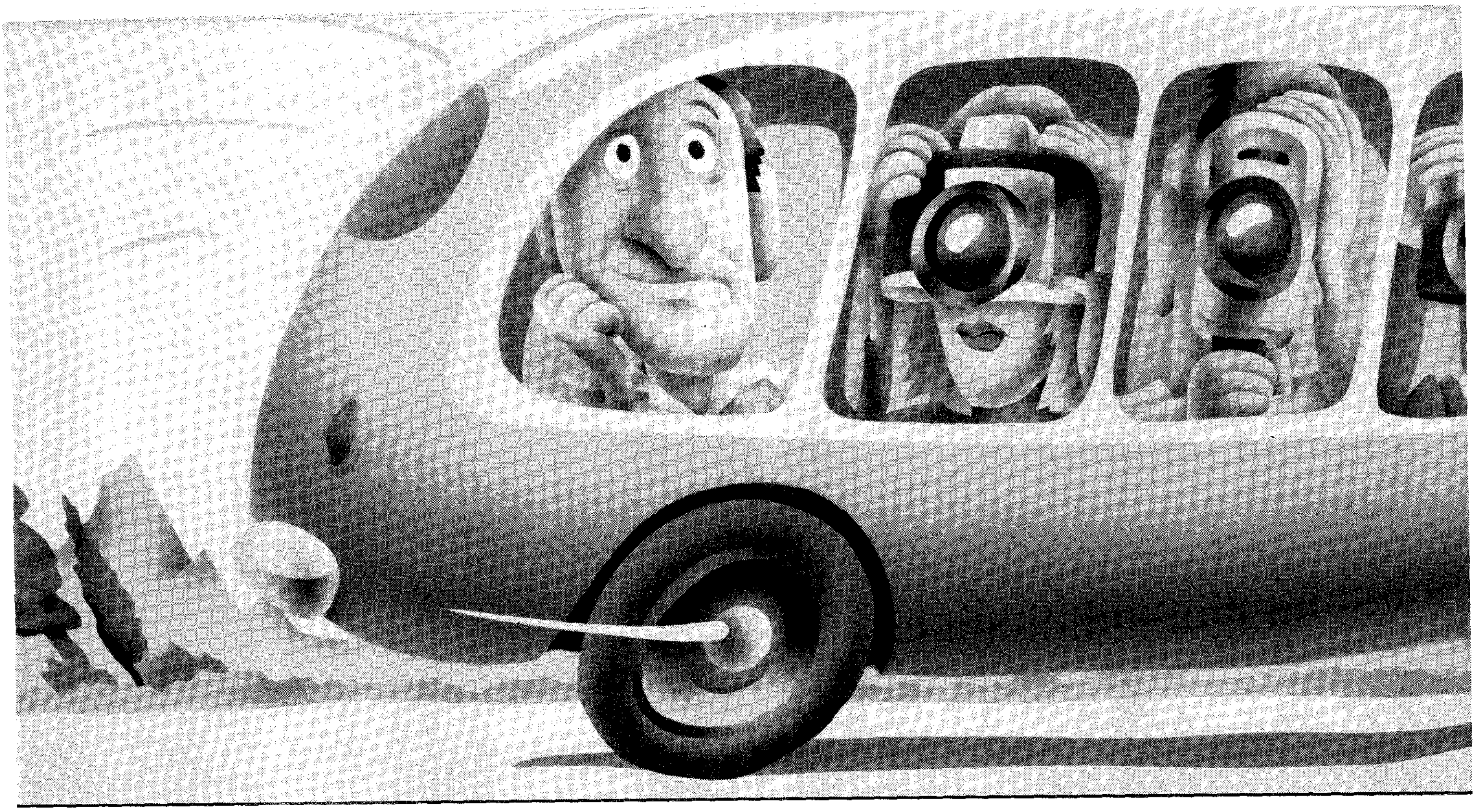

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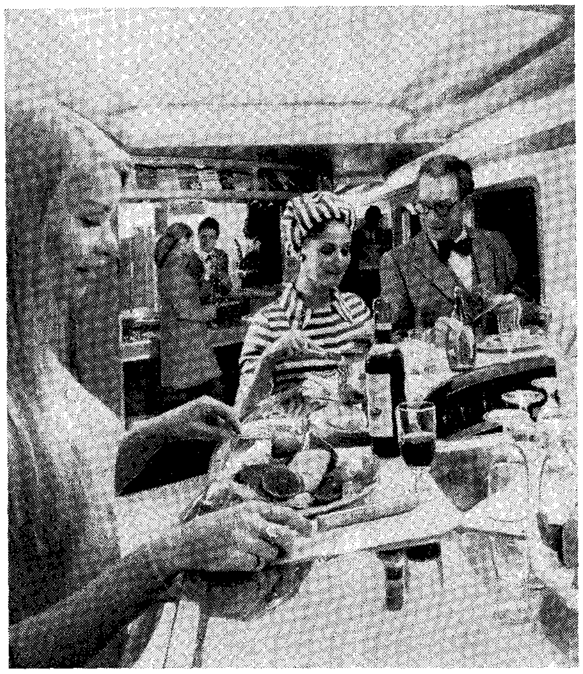

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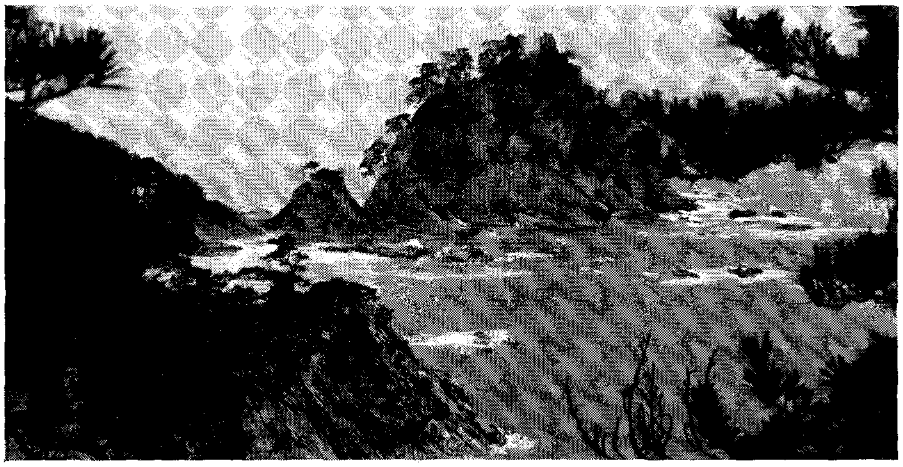

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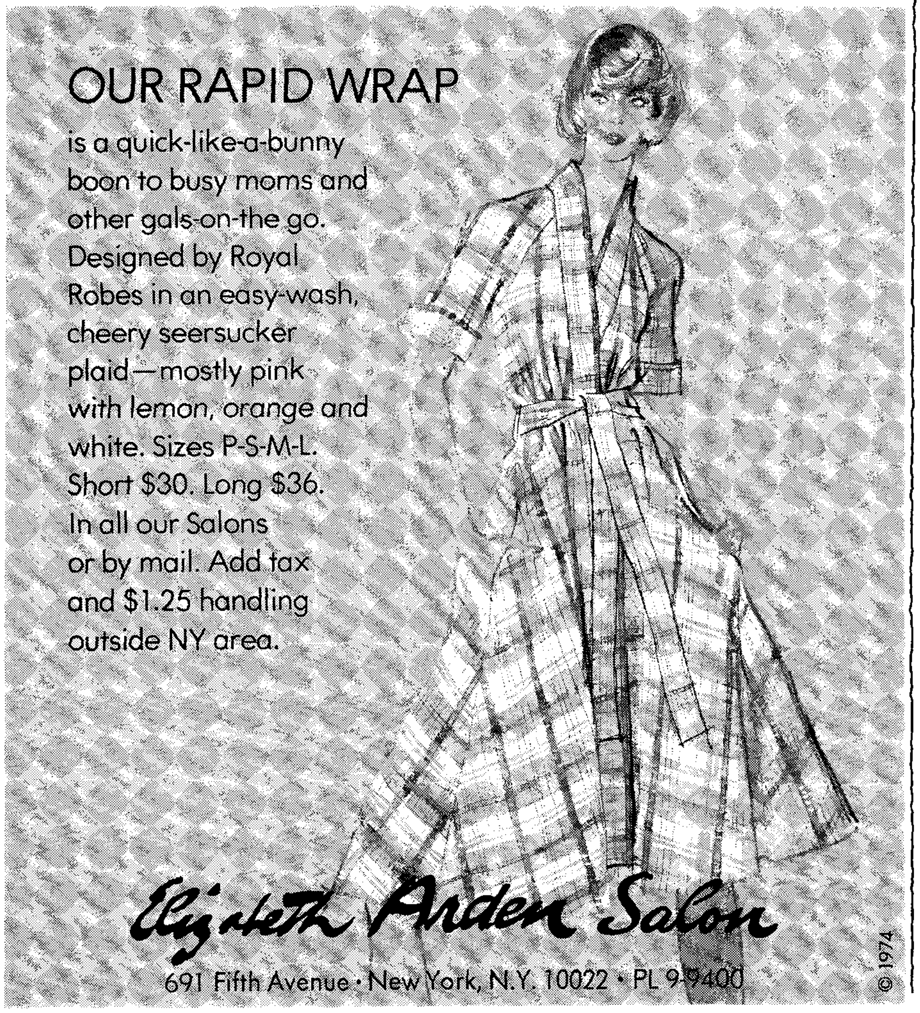

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fell here and there and at last the sun itself cracked through, the damp stone sizzled. After a while people crept out onto the terrace, singly, in twos and threes, looking about them as though emerged from the hold of an ark. Gondzik appeared in white sports shirt and trousers, the legs tapered as they used to be in the sixties, the top of his head (seen by me) slightly balding. They fanned out over the lawn, inspecting, investigating, Gondzik a player going out to bat, making swinging movements with clasped hands.

Something moved in me, lurched, lightened. I went to my vast cupboard and was surprised to find most of my clothes heaped in a corner, unfit to wear. I looked at myself in my three mirrors, one after another. A porridge face looked back, eyes dead as raisins, mouth dragged down, hair lifeless. I looked at my slumping body, grown into the mold of the rocking chair. My arms seemed to be covered with fine gray ash; my toenails were broken, there was stubble in my armpits. I knew I was not a pretty sight, but as yet didn't draw any conclusions. There I (presumably) was. But I didn't want to go down and join the others, I knew that. I rejoined the rocking chair and watched the lawn.

I am as bad at calculating distance as time; all I can say is that the lily pond, with its low wall and supplicating (it looks supplicating) statue is so far from my window that I have to narrow my eyes to see it clearly. The lawn slopes all the way from the house to the lily pond, uninterrupted except for a cluster of three trees. The terrace in front of the house, therefore, might as well be the back row of an enormous stadium: quite apart from microphones and loudspeakers, one would need binoculars to see the lily pond in detail. I hadn't questioned why I saw the gardener, during the Rachmaninoff, so sharply.

That day, as the others were making a kind of broken wave approaching the pond, Gondzik in the lead, the wave faltered, scattered, and turned on itself; it now rolled back toward the terrace, Gondzik in the rear looking (I registered) a little downcast. Minute people had arrived at the pond carrying planks and poles and what looked like prefabricated wooden structures. They swarmed about, the sound of hammering so distant that it might have been a woodpecker in a tree, a solitary cricket. They worked fast, men and possibly women in blue jeans, some naked to the waist. Very soon the lily pond was surrounded and hidden by a high, circular wooden wall. It was impossible to tell what was going on behind it.

The others seemed to be excited. As they came up the steps, some of them looked backward; others, having reached the terrace, peered from beneath shading hands. A lot of speculation was going on. Gondzik moved here and there in his sporty white, wearing dark glasses. The bell sounded for dinner, and for the first time I wasn't ready.

I put something on, brushed my hair, and found my way to the stairs by means of the notebook. I steadied myself on the oak bannister while going down the stairs, as it seemed I was unaccustomed to walking. In the dining room, I joined the end of the queue, shuffled forward with no particular prospect except that of having something in my mouth, chewing and swallowing. When I saw the plate sparsely covered with meat and vegetables, I sat down in the nearest chair and ate until the plate was clean. I realized from the chatter that we were going to have some rather special entertainment, a treat after our long deprivation. The news, apparently, had been posted on the notice board. I never looked at the notice board, partly because it was usually empty and partly because even if there were anything on it the message would not be addressed to me personally; it would merely be some general announcement or possibly a new rule or warning.

When the bell sounded, I took my plate into the kitchen with the others; then I drifted with them, idly enough, onto the terrace. The deck chairs were still stacked. The edifice, whatever it was, round the lily pond seemed to be finished, no one to be seen. Gondzik, passing hurriedly, said "How are you," but it wasn't a question. He ran down the steps to the lawn and we followed him. We did not form a wave this time but a ragged line. I was carried along, I think, with no intention or anticipation, toward the wall. When we got near enough and were actually filing through an opening, I saw that it was made of great sheets of plywood with numbers stamped on the back, held together with wooden struts so new that they were still jagged with splinters.

ONCE inside, we see that the wall forms more of an arc than a circle, there are rough, tiered benches placed like steps from the top of the wall down to the ground. There are fourteen aisles radiating down through the top eight rows of benches to a semicircular wooden walk (or promenade); below this only six aisles

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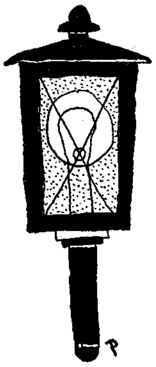
through shorter rows of benches (but eight rows just the same), the whole enclosing the lily pond, over which arc lights sweep to and fro with white beams. In the front row of this lower and smaller semicircle is an open box draped in sombre purple and containing three or four of the pseudo-Jacobean chairs from the dining room. Behind the lily pond they have erected a wooden platform, backed and winged by three walls, the side walls opening outward like welcoming arms toward the auditorium (which I now know, or even possibly recognize it to be). I climb up the steep steps of the nearest aisle, having to raise my knees high as I do so, and sit down in an unostentatious (hiding) place in the back semicircle. Although it is still light, the arc lamps sweep down the tiered benches as though to search someone out.

There is a murmur of voices sounding expectant: close your eyes and it might be a crowd of twenty thousand instead of this meagre handful. Young people carrying a strange assortment of instruments arrive and sit on the grass between the lily pond and the platform: I can see bagpipes, a violin and cello, an accordion, a drum; now a flute, and a girl with a huge pair of cymbals. They blow and saw and pipe and clash with no coördination but very quietly, as though under the sea, each absorbed in his or her own sound.

Now a man carries a bed onto the platform, so light it must be made of aluminum, its mattress and bedclothes attached. He places it on the right-hand side of the platform, goes away, comes back with a similar bed which he places about three feet from the first one, goes again, returns with another: three beds side by side. In a moment he comes back with a chair and a large carton of sorts, but there is a commotion along the benches and my attention is distracted. Two strangers, a man and a woman, are entering the purple-shrouded box. They are both in evening dress of the formal, slightly old-fashioned style worn by royalty. They bow (though no one has applauded) and the man raises his hand in a kind of greeting gesture. When they are seated, two or three more people slip in behind them like shadows. I lean toward Dominic, sitting two rows down, placid with his blind stare.



"Who are they?"

"The Director and his wife."

"My goodness."

I sit back, absorbing the sight of the Director and his wife. How extraordinary of them, in the middle of their troubles, to be seen. Or perhaps that's the point. My wits are being sharpened like arrows, all sorts of unusual movements are stretching and exercising my muscles. By now the platform is almost furnished. As the last touch, the stagehand carries in a huge cellophane window with cornice and curtains attached and props it against the back wall. He nods curtly to the Director (a disbeliever grumpily passing in front of an altar) and goes away, leaving the stage set.

The ill-assorted orchestra strikes up, all instrumentalists together on the beat. Surprisingly, it is a pleasant sound. I notice the Director take spectacles out of his breast pocket, polish them on a white handkerchief, latch them behind his ears. The arc lamps go out, leaving the whole place in twilight but for an underwater lamp cunningly concealed in the lily pond which lights and shadows the statue. The orchestra stops with a clash of cymbals, the platform is flooded with daylight, a large dog enters, bows gravely to the Director, and begins to act.

The dog trots here and there on the stage, then exits. A woman comes on, wearing a blue robe; she moves across the stage with decorous power, her calm face illuminated from within. Suddenly she stops, alert, and turns to the cellophane window. Behind the window we (and the woman) momentarily see the face of a devil or king, rakishly crowned with thorns. I imagine this to be a kind of prologue, as on the terrified cry "My children!" the face disappears and the woman rushes offstage, criminally assaulted by fear.

I am very disturbed by this cry, and can't really concentrate on the next scene, which concerns the dog, the woman, a clown, two male actors, and a chorus dressed in practice tights and leotards so old that they seem to have been chewed by rats. The chorus is telling us that danger lurks behind the window (which we know) and that the woman's great fear is justified. The dog howls dreadfully. The clown takes no notice but struts about in pompous attitudes, making the audience laugh. How can they laugh, with that terror about to reveal itself any moment? "My children! My children!" The clown drags the dog away, the two male actors get into separate beds, the chorus walks lithely off on the balls of its feet. The woman is left wringing

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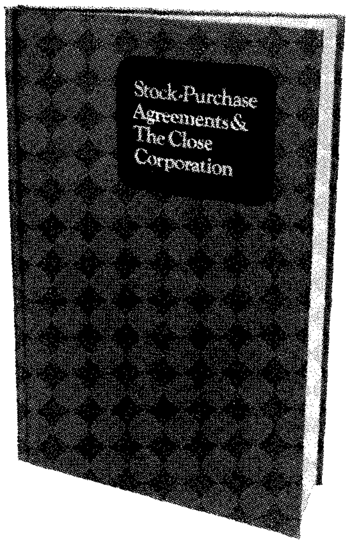

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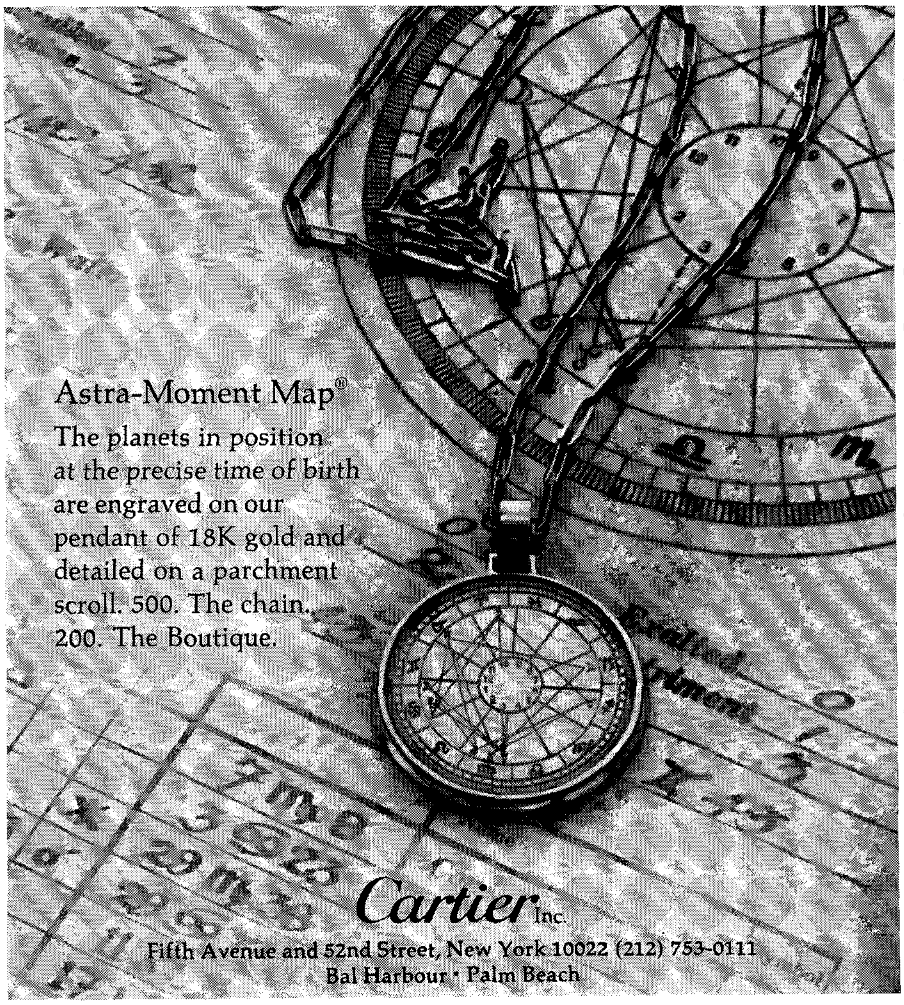

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her hands, but putting a brave face on it.

First Male Actor: Is anything there?

Woman: All quite quiet and still. Oh, how I wish I was not going out to dinner tonight.

Second Male Actor: Can anything harm us, Mother, after the night-lights are lit?

Woman: Nothing, precious. They are the eyes a mother leaves behind her to guard her children.

On this, the lights slowly fade. It is not yet dark enough in the auditorium, however, for me not to notice figures scurrying about. Suddenly the cymbals crash, making me jump off the bench with terror: spot-lit, the demon king stands in an arrogant attitude, his thorn crown askew on long black hair, his narrow body gleaming, hairless and slender as a girl, thighs clenched with power. He is, I suppose, some age of child or possibly adolescent. After lingering in his spot-lit glory for perhaps one second too long, he carries on with the play.

The third bed, we now see, is occupied. The woman of the first scene, who by rights should be out to dinner, makes a great to-do of sitting up, stretching, yawning, and so on. She merely smiles when the King asks her this rather senseless question:

King: Woman, what have I to do with you?

Woman: More than you think.

Smiling, she holds out her arms to him. Smiling, the King steps back. Smiling, she gets out of bed, ruthlessly pursuing him with outstretched arms.

King: *Noli me tangere.*

Woman: Why not?

King: Because you are my mother.

Woman (*smiling*): Absolute rubbish. (*Aside*) Nay, what should mortal fear, for whom the decrees of Fortune are supreme, and who hath clear foresight of nothing? 'Tis best to live at random, as one may. (*Maternally, to King*) But fear not thou touching wedlock with thy mother. Many men ere now have so fared in dreams also: but he to whom these things are of naught bears his life most easily.

King: Is that right? Really?

Woman: Of course.

And of course the woman is lying. The King turns his back on her.

King: Come with me.

Woman: Oh dear, I mustn't. Think of the children. Besides, I can't fly.

King: But you are an angel.

Woman: Naturally.

I am distracted from the dialogue between the King and the woman (which was interesting enough) by the cranking and clattering of some huge machine, a kind of crane or derrick, that puts its head over the back wall like an inquisitive dinosaur, nosing back and forth. At the same time a tall, rather stout man wearing a barrister's wig and gown clambers with difficulty (because, as we soon realize, he is blind) onto the platform. He looks vaguely familiar to me, and as he turns his sightless stare upon the auditorium I cringe back on my bench, not wishing to be recognized. Stately, he turns and confronts the King, who seems to have finished nagging and being nagged by the woman for the moment.

Barrister: You are a blind man, Your Majesty, who now has sight?

King: Never.

Barrister: Then might I put to you that you are a beggar who is now rich?

King: No.

Barrister: You will make your way to a strange land, then, feeling before you with your staff. Kindly think about the question and don't answer off the top of your head.

The King crows like a cock, an excellent imitation.

Barrister: Would you mind repeating that, sir?

King: I want always to be a little boy and to have fun.

Barrister: The future will come of itself, though I shroud it in silence.

King: Shroud it, then. (*He is devastated with his own wit.*)

Barrister: You are found at once brother and father of the children with whom you consort—am I right? Son and husband of the woman who bore you—am I right? Heir to your father's bed and shedder of your father's blood—correct?

King: No one is going to catch me, lady, and make me a man. I will never go near my parents! Who *is* this old fellow, anyway? Get him to a cloister!

Members of the chorus run forward with supple joints, lift the old barrister bodily and carry him shoulder-high off the stage, waving his brief like a flag of surrender. In the general hubbub the two male actors have slipped out of bed and joined the woman underneath the great machine, which has cables dangling from its mouth. It is only later, with a lurch of the stomach such as one feels when watching trapeze artists, that I realize the actors have in some way attached themselves to these cables.

King: Bring your brats with you, if you must. (*The male actors cringe slightly.*) I'll teach you how to jump on the wind's back and then away we

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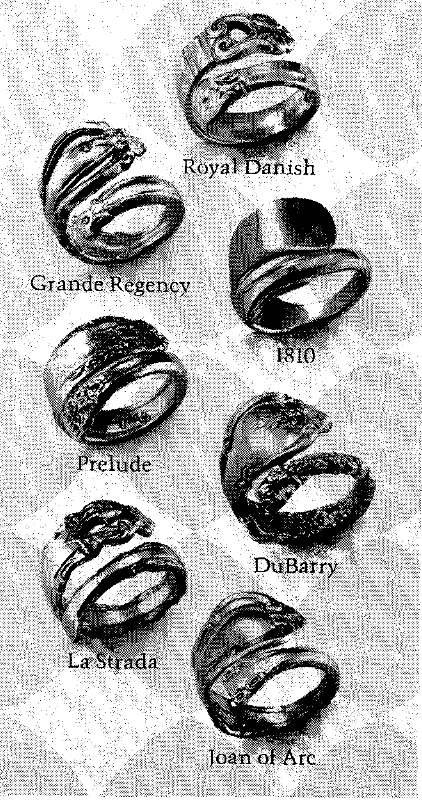

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go. Mother, when you are sleeping in your silly bed you might be flying about with me, saying funny things to the stars.

The woman is obviously infatuated.

Woman: My darling boy.

King: And you can tell me stories about naughty children who have to be spanked when they do wrong.

Woman: I will, I will.

The King has cunningly fastened himself to the remaining cable. The window, by some theatrical trickery, has opened wide on the real night, punctured with stars. The King calls commandingly, "Now come!" and, a little less light than thistledown, he, the woman, and the two male actors are hauled into the air and swung out into the woods beyond, the machine creaking dreadfully. A dog howls, and the howl is taken up by the bagpipes. The window gapes. Somewhat flustered, but nevertheless convincing, the woman reappears, wringing her hands and calling "My children! My children!" But, as we all know, they have left her, perhaps never to return.

When the lights go up I am weeping terribly and, as I realize in a few moments, with some noise. I stuff something, possibly the skirt of my dress, into my mouth, cramming the grief inside. Through my streaming eyes I see the Director chatting to his wife. He glances round, sees me, leans backward to say a few words to one of his aides. The aide nods, taking my number. I am so alone. Gondzik hurries along the diazoma, presumably on his way to the bar. They have even thought of a bar. I am cruelly presented with everything I ever knew about Gondzik from long before those distant days when we walked round the lake and he saw the skater. I feel, as someone who is touched by a ghost, his tenderness and passion. He used to come whenever I asked for help, or demanded it. Why does he hurry now, beard curving and pointing upward, pretending he has no time? After my period of numbness I am desperately vulnerable. Every reaction, every response and secretion and blocked feeling is working to make up for lost time. Time lost, time wasted? The Director's aide's wife is looking at me in the mirror of her powder compact while she pretends to jab at her nose. She says something out of the corner of her mouth to the aide, who leans forward and murmurs in the Director's ear. The Director nods. The lights dim again in mosquito-infested darkness: they dance demented in the stream of the spotlight and I wonder whether I can slip away, but know it is impossible. Where would I go? Besides, the play has started again.

The chorus appears and intones some prophecy of woe: as far as I can gather, the woman will die horribly because she is going to live with her children; the King will plead ignorance of the whole affair and go off to dally with (my heart jumps) Red Indians; there will be bloodshed and pain. Sure enough, when the chorus pirouettes away, the woman is lying apparently lifeless, an arrow in her navel. She is naked, one knee drawn up, arms flung about her head. A group of male actors (including the original two) stand round her in triumphant attitudes. They slap each other on the back, rock with soundless laughter, zipping up their flies and rearranging their shirts. One of them stubs out his cigar on the woman's thigh, another kicks her with his shiny boot. It is very unpleasant, for as far as I can see she has done them no harm. The King appears, with the usual accompaniment of cymbals and a cowering squaw. He is disgusted with the whole scene (as I am) and commands a shrine to be built. The actors obediently run about with shrine-building materials and finally inter the woman. But no sooner have they done so than lo, she rises immaculate from the shrine, clothed once more in the blue robe, a light shining behind her graceful head.

Woman: Where am I?

Male Actor: Goddess, for you we built this shrine.

Woman: Thank you so much.

Male Actor: And we are your children.

Omnes (*kneeling with outstretched arms*): Goddess, be our mother!

Woman: Ought I? You see I'm only a little girl. I have no real experience.

Omnes: Age cannot wither you nor custom stale your infinite variety.

Woman: It's true I can cook.

King: That'll do for the time being.

Exalted, the woman holds out her arms. All the male actors (except the King) move into her arms, lay their heads on her breast so that she is practically submerged. The King (who cannot, because of some ancient curse, be touched) sulks briefly, then exits with Minnehaha. The woman, invisible now beneath the nuzzling actors, calls "Father!" The cry is taken up on tape, relayed round the auditorium: "Father! Father!" in an ever-increasing volume of anguish. At last it is stifled, the stage blacks out to the accompani-

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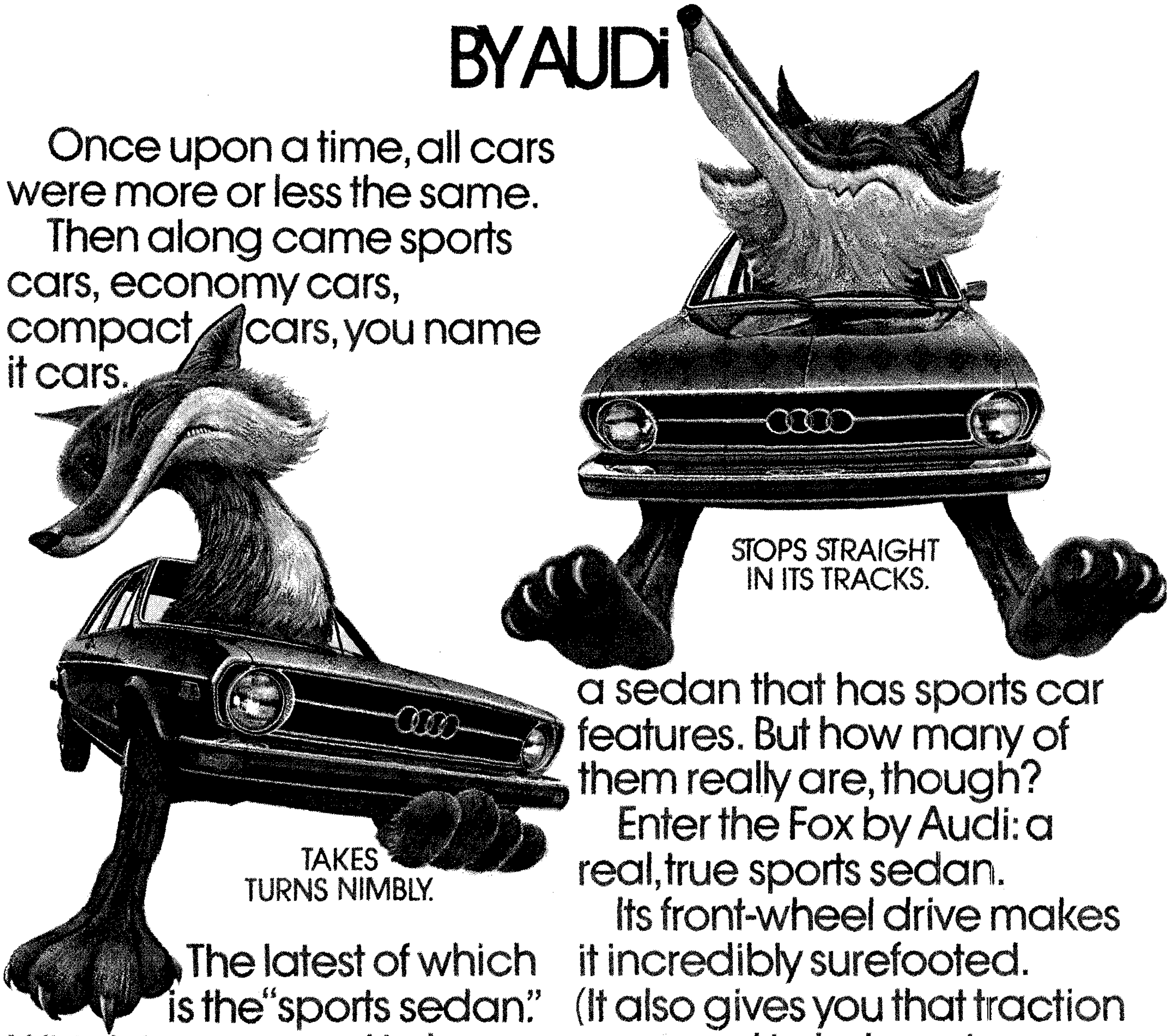
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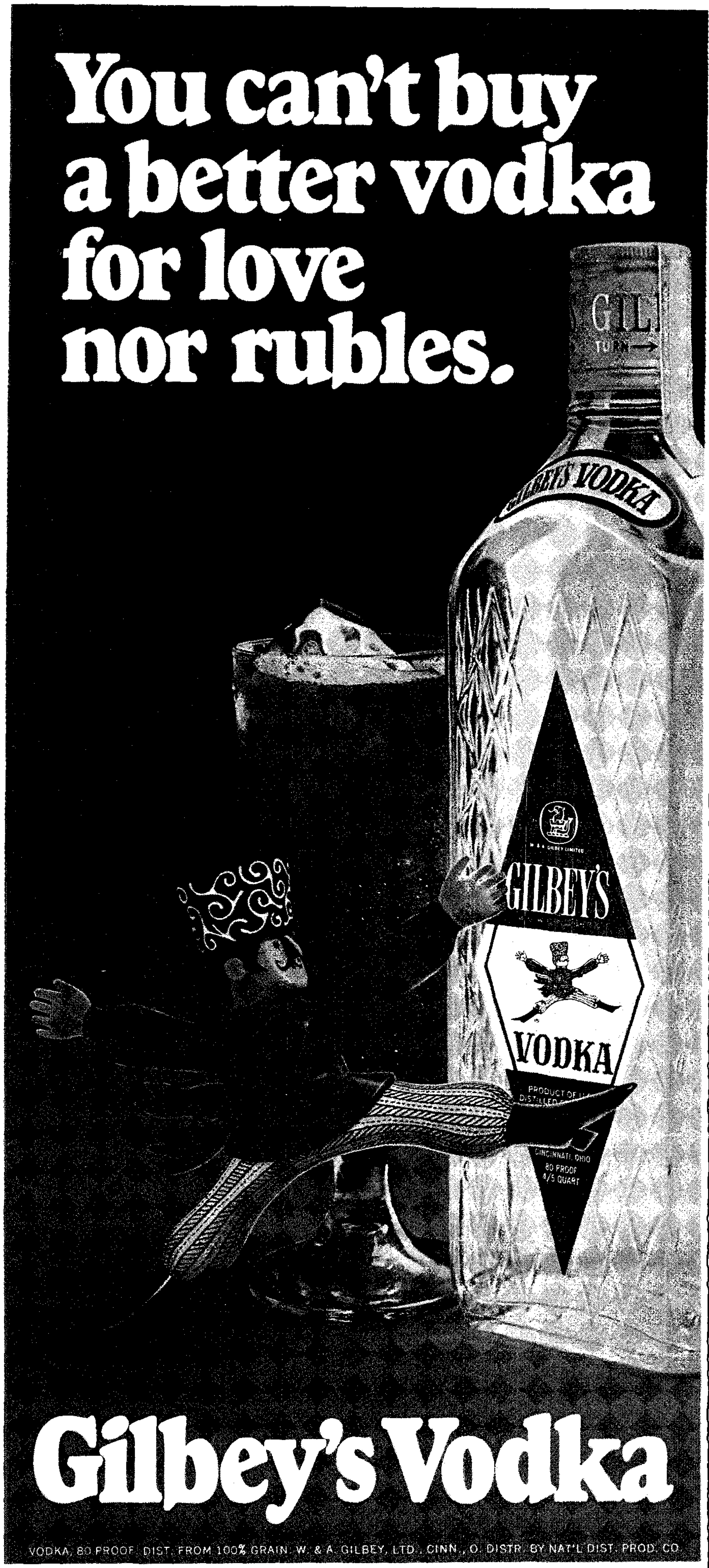
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ment of sucking noises, all the actors having lollipops hidden in their sleeves.

During the intermission, pretending to be calm, I am impatient for the reappearance of the King. I have fallen in love with him, of course: his grace, his strength, his arrogance, his invulnerability, his maddening conceit. What a man he is, this manless wonder. At the same time my arms, too, long to be filled. My arms cry out down to the palms of my hands. This time the Director turns right round in his seat to stare at me. The aide is asking whether I should be thrown out or requested to leave. The Director shakes his head, settling back on his chair. His wife seems to have no opinions at all; she has folded her program into a fan and is fanning herself fussily. I simply cannot do the right thing; even if I knew what the right thing was, I couldn't do it. Those who cannot conform are condemned to be ostracized. I positively do not know how to be a member of the audience, and since I don't know how to act (the mere thought of it terrifies me) there is really no place for me anywhere. Oh God, it's all a hopeless misunderstanding, but we must go through with it, the exits are blocked and there's no alternative.

So imagine my disappointment when the clown appears, pretending to be a dog, scurrying round the stage on all fours, lifting his leg against the furniture, while the onlookers whoop with relief and hilarity. Mine, I know, is the only straight face in the house. I try to lift its contours, even if I can't smile. Gondzik's roars deafen me. Is it possible I don't get the point? Even Dominic is grinning. Is it so funny to be a dog, to be a man pretending to be a dog? It seems to me infinitely sad. With a final "Woof, woof," the idiot goes off and we see the woman sitting in a chair in a forlorn attitude. This is more like it. "You have suffered too severely," Gondzik says again and again, "and will interfere with my mirth." But my mirth is frequently let loose, and I hope it doesn't contain cruelty. I can laugh, ha-ha, at the simplest of jokes. Derision, however, is something I do with a poker face and a whipping tongue, very far from comedy. I prefer to make other people laugh than to laugh myself: in that way I use ridicule but am not expected myself to find it humorous.

Anyway, the woman is sitting in a forlorn attitude which—unlike the human dog—I recognize. The window is back in place (open), so it is obvious that she is mourning her flyaway chil-

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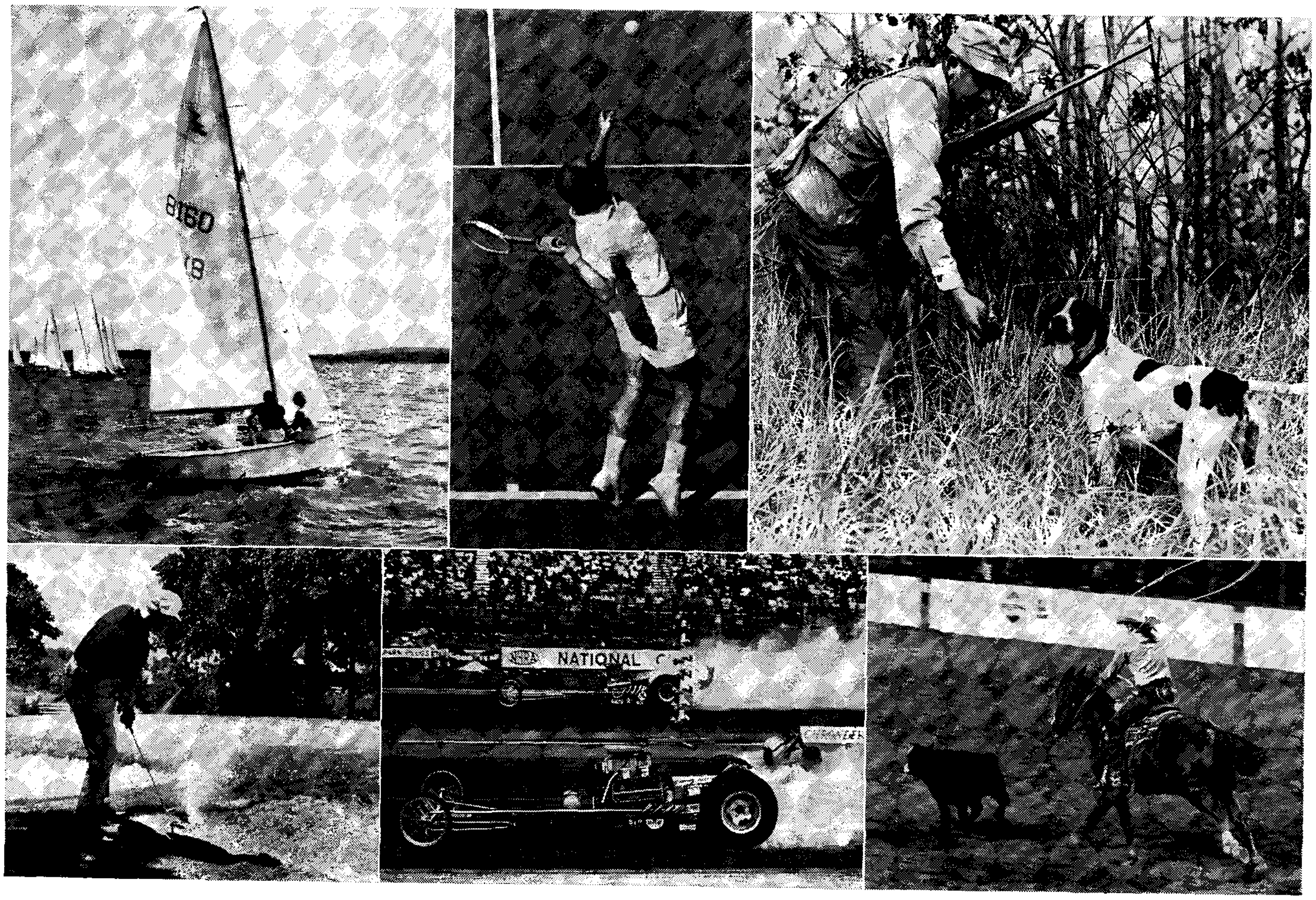

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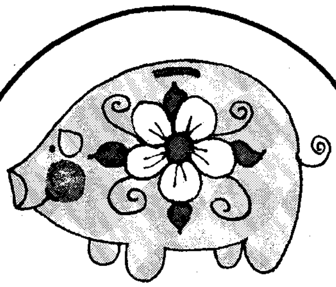

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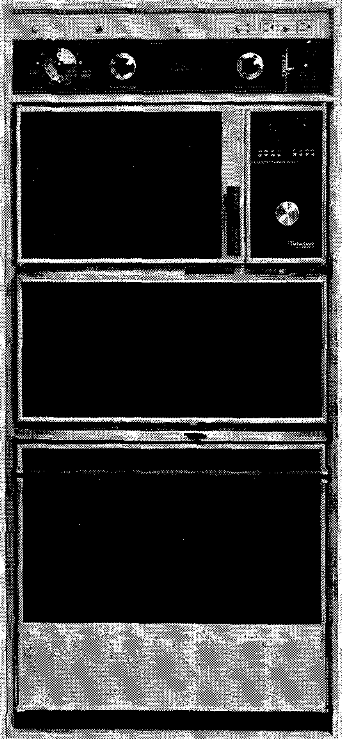


dren. In fact they come running through the door, as the machine is being reserved for another purpose. The woman jumps up with a cry of delight—but where is the King? Suddenly he appears, enthroned in a kind of open cabin on top of the crane. He raises his face to the spotlight, my darling, and with absolute horror I see that his eyes are gouged out, his face a mess of blood, iris and pupil. The woman shrieks and runs toward the window, possibly to throw herself out. The King's voice cracks as he speaks, descending momentarily into a deep bass.

KING: They make me do this, for some reason. I've never been touched, so I don't know why. However, it's only makeup.

He wipes his face with a paper towel, which he then throws carelessly into the wings. He stands up in the cabin (swaying dangerously) and is gold all over, a Midas who has touched himself, his long gold hair streaming from the fillet of golden thorns.

WOMAN (*aghast*): You are leaving me!

KING: Naturally. It would be unnatural to stay.

MALE ACTORS: But we are staying!

KING: That's none of my business. I am a golden boy, as you can see. It's inconvenient in some ways, but there it is, we must cut the umbilical cord and untie the Gordian knot. Away, away, on the back of the wind!

The machine makes a convulsive movement and he almost loses his balance. The woman calls up to him with beseeching hands.

WOMAN: What time will you be back?

KING: I don't know. Around one or seven.

WOMAN: I'll have something ready for you, I'll have something ready. . . .

KING (*being carried away*): Don't bother.

WOMAN: I'll kill the golden calf!

KING: I'll probably grab a sandwich. . . .

As he is swung out of sight, an awful cockcrow resounds through the theatre. The lights dim. The woman stands very still, empty-handed. The male actors silently disperse, to be replaced by the chorus. Apparently the chorus has made a mistake or forgotten its lines; anyway, after brief and inaudible muttering it goes away. The woman stands very still, empty-handed. The woman stands very still, empty-handed.

MRS. APRIL and a male colleague come for me as I am caught up in the jostle of the escaping crowd: just a hand under my elbow, a voice in my ear.

"Not for long," they say.

"But is it a punishment?"

"Of course not. Just a change of scene."

"And will I be able to go back to my room soon?"

"Of course. Very soon."

"Will you tell Gondzik, Basil Gondzik?"

"Yes, we'll tell him."

"Is it far?"

"Not far at all."

"Will there be other people?"

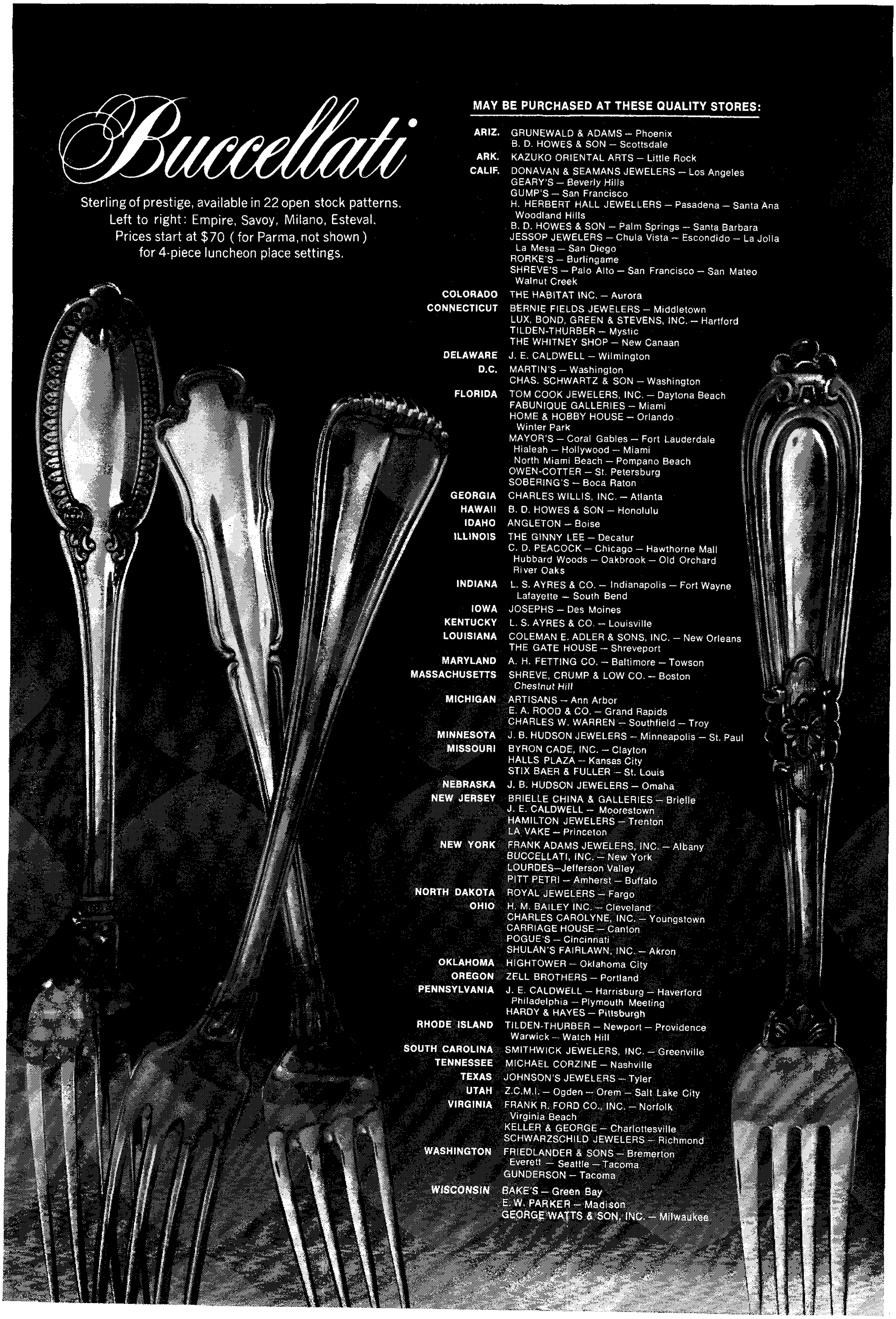
"Of course there will."

So, held firmly by the elbows, I skim across the dark grass while the others are climbing the steps to the terrace outside the lighted house. I fancy I can see a light in my windows. Just before we enter the trees I twist my head round and look toward the theatre. They are already pulling it down, attacking recalcitrant rivets and bolts with hatchets.

PART TWO

VIII

WHEN it is light again I look around me, raising myself on my elbows to see where I am: in a large bed in a large room. The other side of the bed is still warm (but I didn't dream, that I can remember). A cupboard gapes open, showing piles of shoes and clothes hanging anyhow. Every chair is hidden under accumulated clothes. On top of the chest of drawers (dull with dust) a drift of old letters curling at the edges, used envelopes, yellowing newspapers. I can see myself (though dimly, behind a mist of dust) in the dressing-table mirrors, which are triple. The dressing table is cluttered with unstoppered bottles, topless jars: when I examine it more closely I will find rubber bands, safety pins, bobby pins, stained pieces of cotton wool, grimy tissues, empty tins of hair spray, bottles of nail varnish set solid with age, twenty miniature brushes caked with mascara, half a dozen pencils, a hairbrush solid with dirty hairs, two combs with missing teeth. Thank God I haven't yet examined it. I am looking at the window: half the curtain hooks are missing, so that the grubby curtains hang in dolorous loops; one of the sash cords is broken. Why have they brought me to this terrible slum? I suppose I must try to clean it up. I swing energetically out of bed and look for something to put on. A gray towelling dressing gown has been thrown on the floor. I put it on with some distaste, finding a used, dried-up sanitary napkin in the pocket. What



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kind of people live in this place, for God's sake?

The door once had a bolt, which has been ripped off. There is also a jagged hole in the bottom panel. Somebody kicked and kicked the door, I realize, when it was bolted, breaking both the bolt and the door. Maybe it's a lunatic asylum, but do I deserve this merely by weeping at a play? I creep out onto a landing, which is thick with the ammoniac smell of old urine. Through an open door I see children spread-eagled and curled in beds and cots, soaking in the warmth of saturated sheets. The chaos is indescribable; I can't encompass it; I don't understand how so many useless objects, so much dead matter, can accumulate in one place. I creep down the stairs on bare feet, tripping over a loose stair rod. Seeing the front door, I think of escape; but, as always, cannot believe in an alternative. Also I know that for reasons of their own (mine not to reason why) they have set me a herculean task: I am to make order, find a place for everything and put everything in its place. The thought exhilarates and terrifies me. Perhaps they think I am the only one who can do it. I will make a detailed list and work my way through it item by item, slow and steady, not overtiring myself, taking care to eat properly and sleep well, but laboring quietly on until the job is finished. First, however, I will look at the basement.

I haven't bothered with the kitchen or the sitting room, knowing by now what I shall find. But I am unprepared for the basement. To begin with, it is dark. I stumble against what seem to be dozens of wheels, setting them spinning. When at last I find the light switch, I see a tangle of bicycles, some without handlebars, nearly all without chains, a funeral pile of dead bicycles; also a couple of broken strollers and an old pram full of rubbish. I realize that I have no idea how to get rid of such things, the trashman won't take them. I open a door and a hundred, two hundred shoes fall down on me: laced shoes, strapped shoes, sandals, slippers, dancing pumps with elastic to go round the ankle, muddy shoes, new shoes, Wellington boots, football boots, sneakers. I gather up an armful and try to cram them back and shut the door, but now the landslide has been set in motion it is impossible, so I leave them, making a mental note to put the organization and arrangement of shoes high on my list.

The next room, which leads out to a bedraggled garden, must be a nursery or playroom, the cupboard doors haven't been shut for years, the floor

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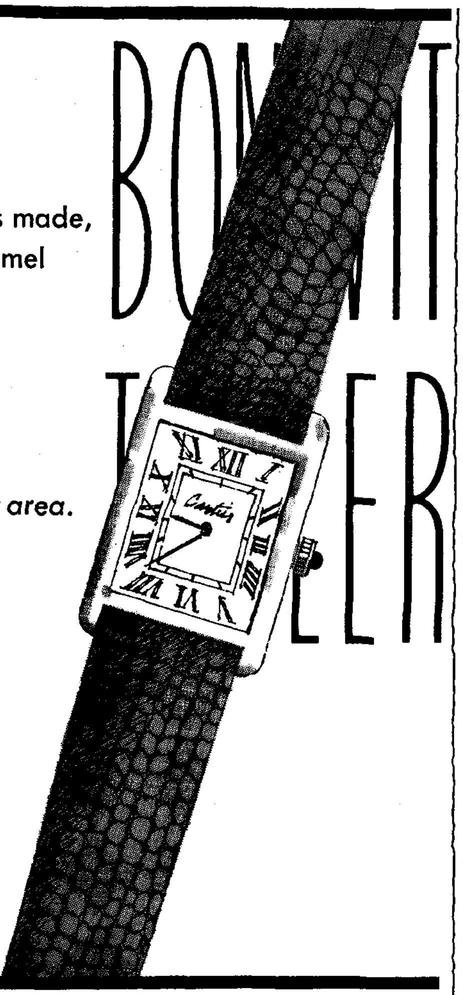

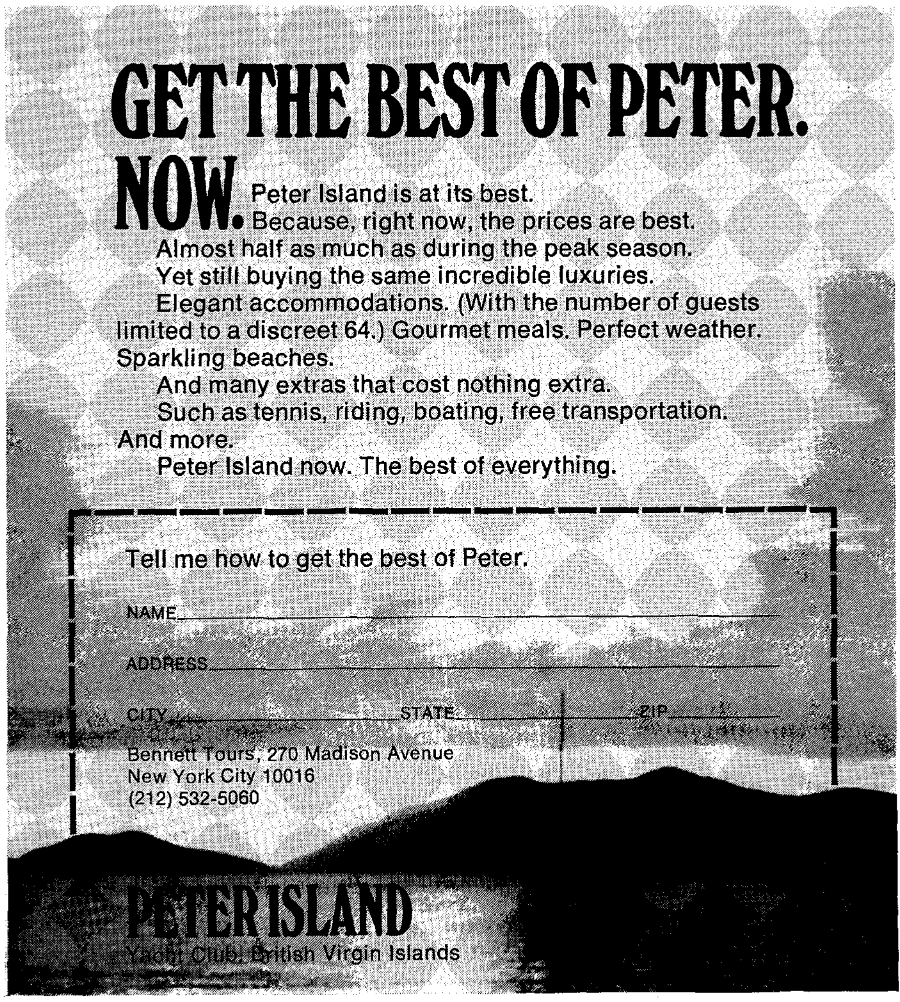

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is ankle-deep in broken toys and ripped paper. I am past surprise, but not past caring. Passages crammed with litter lead off the main corridor, but I'm not going to investigate them yet or I may get confused and hopeless. I try a last door and find it locked, either locked or boarded up. I've seen enough, anyway, and climb back to the ground floor.

Some unwashed, dishevelled children (I haven't washed, or brushed my hair, either) are waiting for breakfast. I find half a dozen packets of cereal, with maybe a cupful of cereal in each; a bowl of hardened sugar; four saucers of butter, melted and set again. Somehow they get their breakfast. The fridge will have to be defrosted, the cupboards cleared out, the stove scoured, the dishes washed up, the floor scrubbed.

"I can't find my tennis racket and if I go without it they will send me home, so where is my tennis racket?"

"My jumper isn't marked and they say if I go once more with an unmarked jumper they will send me home, so will you mark it?"

"I have lost my gym shoes."

"I have lost my French grammar."

"You stole my pen."

"I did not steal your pen."

"I haven't got any socks, someone's taken my socks."

"I feel sick."

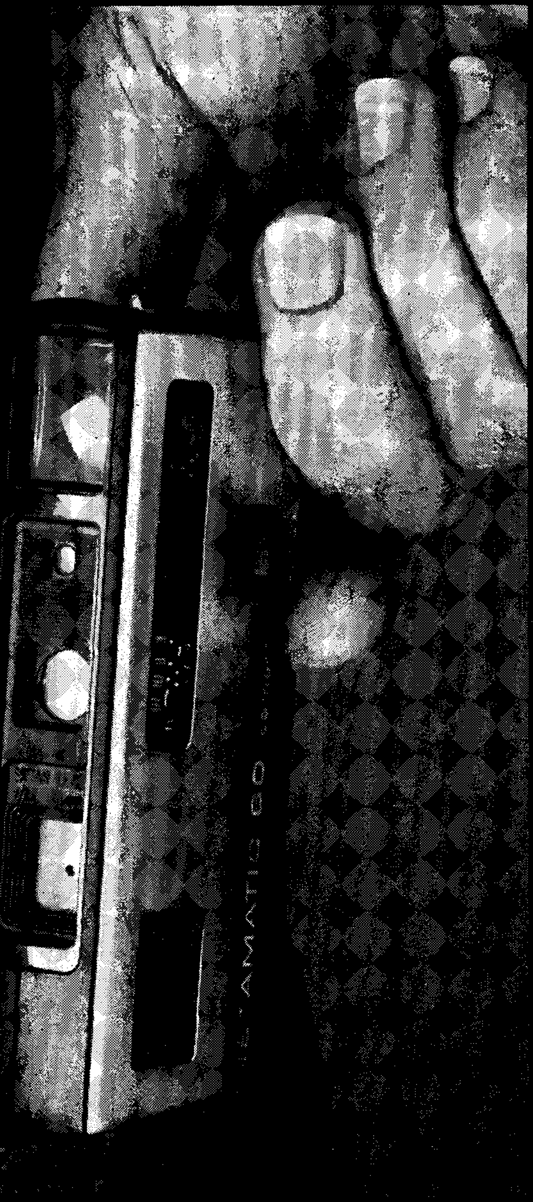
"I need a loop on my swimming towel to hang it up with."

"I have lost my library book, will you write a note?"

The racket, the jumper, the gym shoes, the grammar, the pen, the socks, the loop, the library book, the note: when they leave the kitchen (and presumably the house), they are more or less equipped. It isn't good enough. They should be completely equipped. The house is silent. I wait in some fear for somebody else to arrive. A baby begins to cry, so I go upstairs to see to it.

In fact the baby is relatively rewarding. I feed it, and it is fed. I wash it, and it is clean. I show it affection, it is contented. I am sorry to leave it, clean and tidy, in its pram (making sure to put the brake on, adjust the awning against the sun). It lies with the soles of its feet together, apparently meditating, its diaper beautifully white. Most satisfactory, when I think of the enormous task waiting for me indoors.

Unlike the other place, every room in this house has a clock, though none of them tell the same time. There are also dozens of broken watches lying where they have been dropped. The first thing is to decide (or choose)



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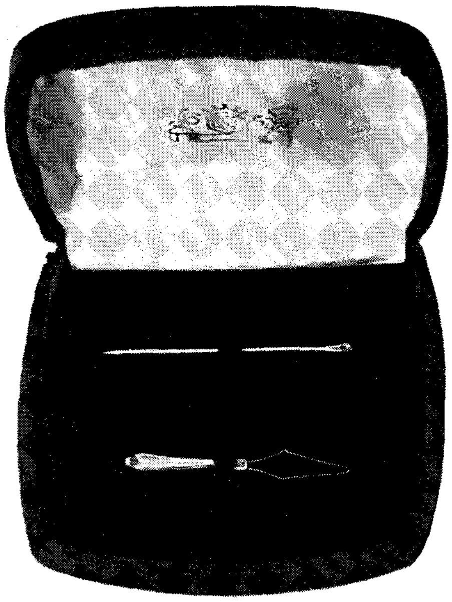

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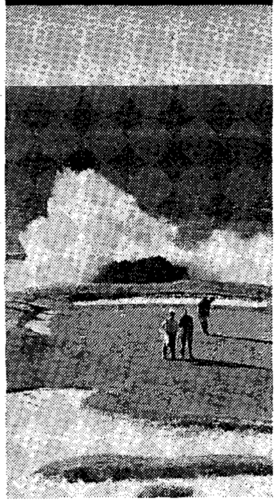


what time it is, and then synchronize all the clocks. I pick on the kitchen clock, which tells the latest time: twenty-one minutes past nine. Then I realize that if I go from room to room setting all the clocks at twenty-one minutes past nine, it will be at least a quarter to ten by the time I've finished. I can't take the kitchen clock with me, as it is fixed to the wall, so I have to make a different plan. I take the travelling clock from the bedroom (which says four minutes past nine) and adjust the others to that. When I have finished (it was quite a business altering the kitchen clock, standing on a chair and moving the hands forward eleven hours and forty-three minutes, a whir and a strike on every hour, since I know it's not right to move them backward), I realize that of course all I had to do was to set the travelling clock at twenty-one minutes past nine and proceed from there. Trust me to do it the hard way. But at least one learns.

Before I can have a bath, I have to scrub the rims of dirt and grease away, all at different levels, and combine the bits of different-colored soap into one multicolored tablet. The washcloths are gray and slimy. I daren't throw them away, because I don't know how much money I have to buy new ones, and in any case where would I buy them? I decide to boil them sometime, when I have time, when time permits. When I have put the plastic ducks and boats and deep-sea divers and submarines into a plastic bag, I feel a real sense of achievement. Already the idea of a bath has become a possibility. I rinse a handful of toothbrushes, each one with paste coated on the handle and the bristles. I place them, heads up, in a tumbler (*having washed the tumbler first*). I have never felt so fired with creativity. This is better, so far, than sitting in my rocking chair, better than journeys and dreams. I lower myself into the hot water and float. The list (only in my mind as yet) becomes interminable, enough to occupy a lifetime. Meanwhile the baby sleeps, the chaos remains untouched except for the bath, the soap, the toothbrushes, the intention of boiling the washcloths.

Bathed, dressed in a shirt and the one pair of jeans I can find that isn't caked with egg or pastry or blood, I confront the problem. But it refuses to be confronted. Where, after all, do I begin? If I start with the shoes—a day's work at least—the kitchen will become uninhabitable. If I start with the kitchen, the mattresses will never get aired, the laundry will never get done. If I do the laundry, when shall

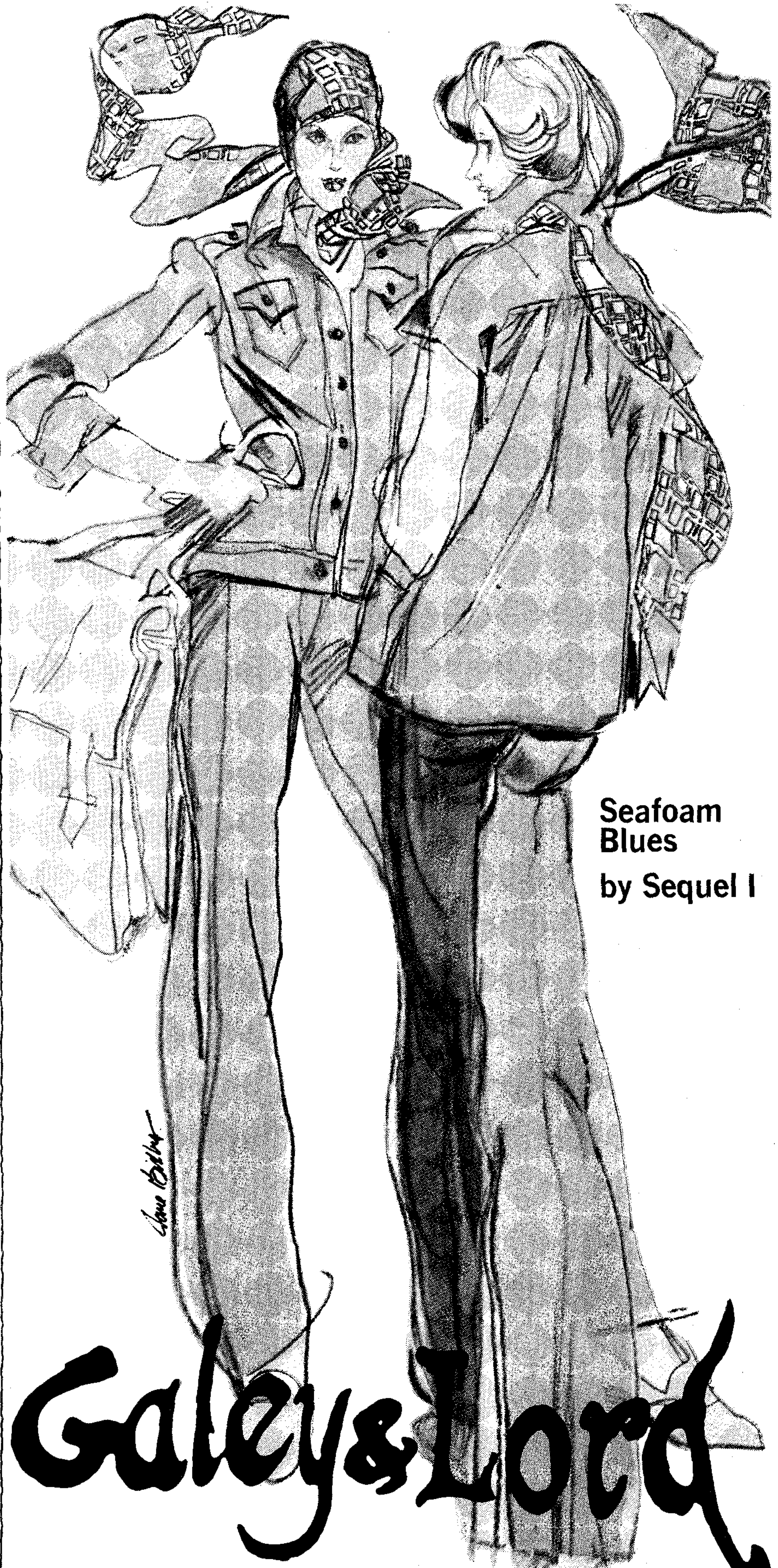
I decide what they are going to eat? But then again, how can I cook with all that washing up waiting to be done? One thing is certain: I can't spend another night in this bedroom in the state it's in. I am temporarily baffled, and sit on the bed waiting for inspiration.

The list. Of course I can't begin without the list. I will pin it up somewhere, and refer to it constantly, crossing out each task as it is accomplished. The thing to do is to find a pad of paper and a ball-point pen, then go from room to room, sensibly writing down what has to be done. If only I had some help. God knows where my mother has got to. She would have it done in a jiffy. It really is too bad of them to put me here without my mother. And too bad of my mother to allow it.

Perhaps I could contact her by writing a letter (too slow) or by telephoning: Rescue me, help me, what shall I do? Please take me away, take me over, you see I'm only a little girl, I have no real experience. Would she fall for that? She always has; yet somehow I have an awful fear that this time she's not going to. Either my mother has disassociated herself from this plot or enterprise or whatever it is, or she has been cut off. I have to do all this by myself, without help from man or mother. It may take years. I ought to begin.

(And yet why bother? What's the difference? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow. It'll come to the same thing in the end, tidy or untidy, clean or dirty. They will grow somehow, even if they have to take devious routes to do it. Whether I become old or not, I will inevitably die. Simply leave the house as it is and move to another. Start again with no possessions, a blank slate, an empty glass. I'm too tired already, I'm much too tired.)

Enough of that. Find the pad of paper and the ball-point pen, that should be easy. Let's have a bit of bustle. I begin to tidy the dressing table, though the washing up nags at my conscience. After a while I find myself wandering about with a handful of five buttons, a number of paper clips, two collar studs, one cleaner's ticket, three postage stamps, and a few foreign coins (centimes and lire). I don't know where to put the handful. If I distribute each object in its proper place (wherever that may be), it will take all morning up and down the stairs. I'm tempted to throw the lot away, but that would be shocking: buttons cost money, stamps are valuable, maybe someone will be going to France or Italy soon and will be glad of some



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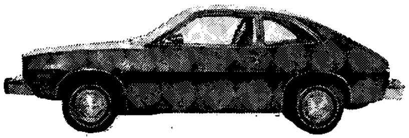
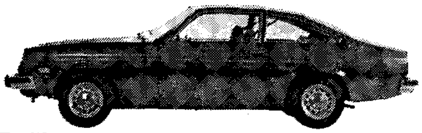
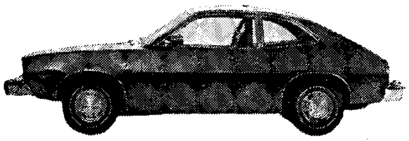
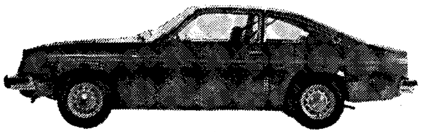
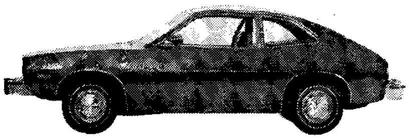
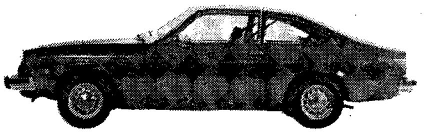
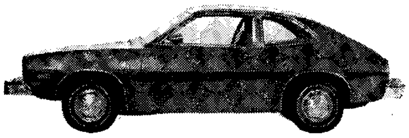
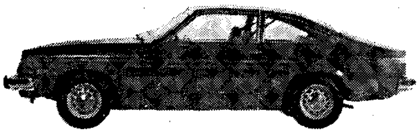
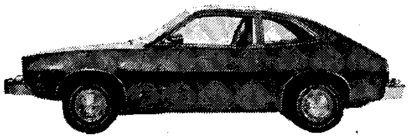
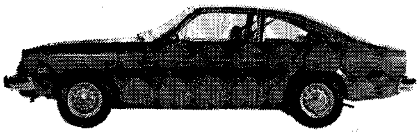
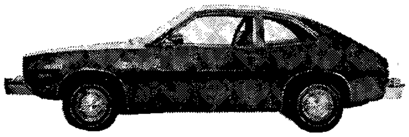
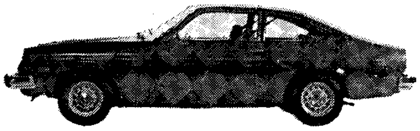
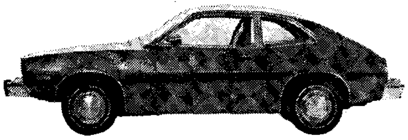
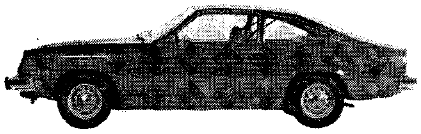
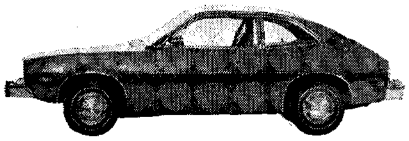
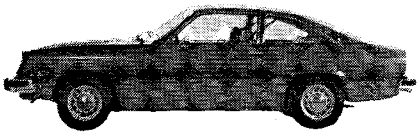
① Which one has the best car coverage plan?		
② Which one has the best resale value?*		
③ Which one has the most on the American road today?		
④ Which one has 4-wheel independent suspension?		
⑤ Which one has a sealed-steel bottom with nothing exposed underneath it?		
⑥ Which one has the engine over the drive wheels for better traction?		
⑦ Which one has the most repeat customers?†		
⑧ Which one has a built-in system for computer check-ups?		

Volkswagen ⑥ Volkswagen ⑦ Volkswagen ⑧ Volkswagen

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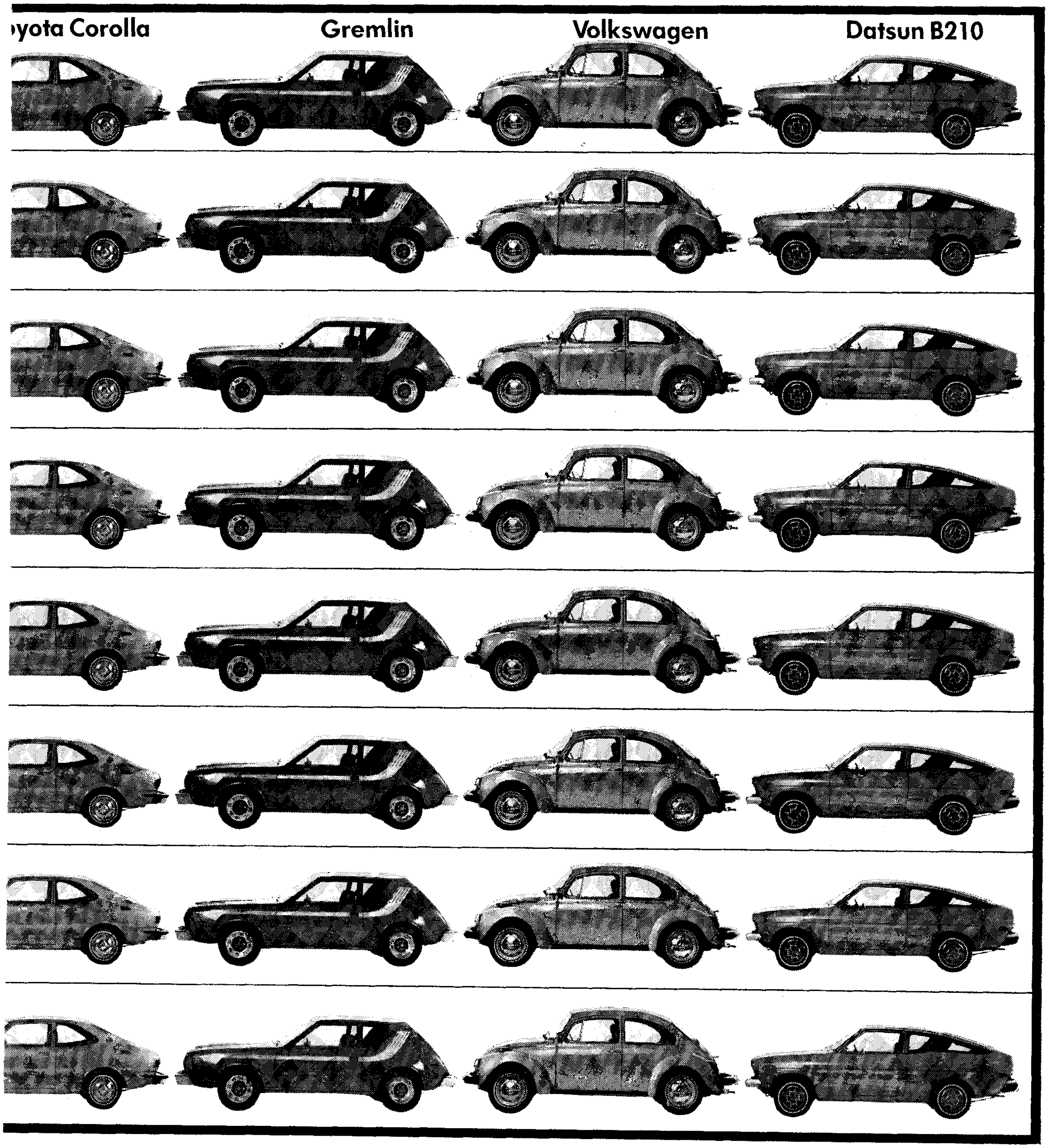
*NADA OFFICIAL USED CAR GUIDE, JAN. 1974, BASED ON AVERAGE TRADE IN VALUES OF 3 YEAR OLD MODELS.

†ROGERS NAT'L RESEARCH INC., JAN. 1974

economy car I.Q.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Gremlin
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Datsun B210

Answers: ① Volkswagen ② Volkswagen ③ Volkswagen ④ Volkswagen

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small change. At last I compromise by tipping it all into an empty jar, which I place on the mantelpiece. This jar now has a purpose and can be catalogued as Odds & Ends, jar of.

I realize now that I haven't had anything to eat since last night's dinner, which I hardly remember. Also the baby is crying. I brutally decide to eat something before attending to the baby, but it is impossible, the creature is becoming frenzied. I take it quite roughly out of its pram, carry it upstairs, change it (throwing the dirty diaper into a corner of the bathroom), feed it, take it downstairs again, dump it in the pram. It is immediately sick, staring at me with accusing eyes. I mop it up with a corner of the sheet, which I then tuck quickly under the mattress again. The baby has been mishandled and resumes its crying, though in a different key. I go upstairs and sit down in the kitchen, blocking my ears. I decide to keep my ears blocked for ten minutes by the clock, which now says twenty-five past two. If the baby is still crying at twenty-five to three I will kill it. What a relief that at twenty-eight minutes to three everything is quiet. I open a tin of beans and eat them cold, with a spoon left over from breakfast. It would have been bizarre to kill the baby. One shouldn't even think of such things.

After the beans, not letting myself rest for a moment (it is getting late, but oh how I long to rest), I start on the washing up. In my mind's eye, which is unreliable, I see a spotless kitchen, everything stowed away orderly, all the cereal tipped into one packet, cheeses covered in muslin, little tarts waiting to be filled, preserves labelled Damson, Ginger, Rhubarb, Apricot, the kettle quietly steaming on a low burner. In fact I merely wash the breakfast and (presumably) supper dishes, wipe them with a damp tea towel, and slam them anyhow into cupboards. It will be much better to tidy all the cupboards at once. I will set aside a day for it. Everything will come right in the end.

At least as I sit (finally allowing myself to sit) in the window bay, I can look at the empty draining board, the plate rack propped against the wall, the mop and scourer neat in an empty milk bottle. Fool that I am, I assume that since I have done the washing up, the washing up is done. I could start on the next item on the list, if I had a list. As it is, for just two minutes I sit doing absolutely nothing. This was impossible before, in the place where there was infinite freedom. I now find that it is a positive act. I sit; my mouth drops open; my eyes glaze; my mind becomes a blank screen, only shuddering now and then with unformed thought. It is the next best thing to being dead; if perfected, it can slip into death with no interruption whatever, not even the flick of an eyelid.

So I am sitting, coasting gently between death and life, when a bombardment startles me. They are coming! They are coming with their satchels bouncing on their backs, their weapons of sport, their ripped sweaters and torn blazers! They are coming, with their inkstains and wounds, new bandages and socks round their ankles! Their mouths are already open, to be crammed with food; they throw their bodies recklessly up the steps, the invaders, the marauders, the victors ludorem!

Whatever fear I have known until now seems no more than a little gasp in my sleep, a slight sensation of falling. Now I really know fear. I open my mouth to scream, but no sound comes out. I step forward to find knives, anything to protect myself. They have arrived. My gaping mouth is a smile; my hands, warding them off, welcome them.

IX

I'M not sure if I can keep going. I am not sure whether I'm still sane. Mrs. April visits me sometimes. She is kind and worried, rather dismayed by her inability to help me. She inspects the house, approving the small islands of order, noting uncritically the things that still have to be done. She inspects the baby—presumably for sores, bruises, and so on—and if any of the children are there, she questions them quietly, seeming satisfied with their answers. Toward the end of her visit, we always have tea, just the two of us, either in the kitchen or the sitting room. She always says the same thing, balancing her cup and saucer on her neat knee: "Well, do you want to leave?"

"You know I do. But you can see for yourself—there's so much to be done."

"When do you think you'll have it finished?"

"I don't know. Next week, perhaps. Maybe a couple of weeks."

"Basil Gondzik is asking after you."

"Really?" This conversation becomes a waste of time.

"The weather hasn't been too good again."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

"Well, then, dear, if there's nothing

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IF YOU CAN TASTE FOOD, YOU CAN TASTE WINE.

Contrary to popular belief, you don't have to come from Oxford or talk funny in order to taste wine.

Anyone, man or woman, with a nose, a mouth and a tongue can become proficient in the art of wine tasting. All it takes is a desire to learn, some practice and the discipline to stick to the guidelines which we are now going to set forth for you free of charge.

There is something in it for us, however, in that if more people developed their palates, more Inglenook Wine would probably be sold, because the taste of our wine is complex enough to challenge the best of wine tasters.

8 PALATES ARE BETTER THAN 1.

If you're just getting into wine tasting, do it among friends.

For one thing, it's cheaper because the cost of the wines can be defrayed. And this is one case where too many cooks don't spoil the broth, for it helps to have several opinions on a wine that is particularly difficult to judge. So select 6 or 8 friends who are as interested in learning how to taste wine as you are and get them together. But tell them to check their cigarettes at the door.

Wine tasting is a difficult enough business under ideal conditions, and the last thing you need is a smoke screen between you and the wine.

TO SPIT OR TO SWALLOW.

A good wine list should include a selection of related wines. They should have something in common, such as vintage, region, varietal, or brand. This gives the palate a better chance to compare one wine with another and it gives the tasting a theme. Eight to ten wines is about right for a good tasting. Any more than this and your taste buds start to get confused. Always cover the labels when tasting and spit, don't swallow. Remember, this is a wine tasting, not a drinking bout, and if you swallow the wine your impressions of the last few wines will be anything but clear. A wine case half-full of sawdust can serve as an excellent make-shift spitoon.

NEVER TRUST YOUR MEMORY.

Even the best of wine tasters will forget a wine's name if he forgets to take notes. So always have paper and pen handy. Note the date of the tasting, name of the wine, vintage year, bottler, price, and a description of the wine's appearance, bouquet, and taste.

Try to keep your descriptions brief and to the point. Describe the wine as clearly as possible so that later, when you refer to your notes, you will be able to recall the wine.

ACIDITY: Natural sourness which bites the tongue.
AROMA: The perfume of the grape.
BOUQUET: The smell of the wine itself.
BODY: The feeling of weight in the mouth.
CHARACTER: Complexity in a wine.
CLEAN: Absence of foreign matter.
DEEP: A bouquet of full, rich and lasting quality.
DRY: Complete absence of sweetness.
EARTHY: A mineral or organic taste of the soil.
FRUITY: A ripe but not necessarily grapy smell.
FULL-BODIED: Thick in the tactile sense.
MELLOW: Soft, ripe and well-matured.
WOODY: A smell derived from aging in oak casks.

Armed with this information and willing to put in several hours a week, you should be able to tuck away 25 to 30 wines a year in your memory. Considering the fact that there are over 5,000 wines in the world, this should keep you busy until around the year 2169.

WINE IS LIKE MUSIC.

There are only two kinds of wine: wine you gulp and wine you taste. Trying to learn wine tasting with a "gulp" wine is like trying to learn music theory on a kazoo.

In our opinion, the better tasting wines should be the following:

A. Estate bottled. This means that every grape used in the wine's production was grown, picked and crushed under the direct supervision of the vintner. It takes this kind of care to produce a truly great wine.

B. Napa Valley. The Napa Valley of California is, in our opinion, the finest wine producing area outside of France, and it consistently produces wines worthy of tasting.

C. Vintage dated. Sunshine and rainfall have a tremendous effect on a wine's taste, and only when a wine is marked with its year of production will you begin to make an association between its taste and the weather.

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We mention this because any ad that explains wine tasting would have been incomplete without it.

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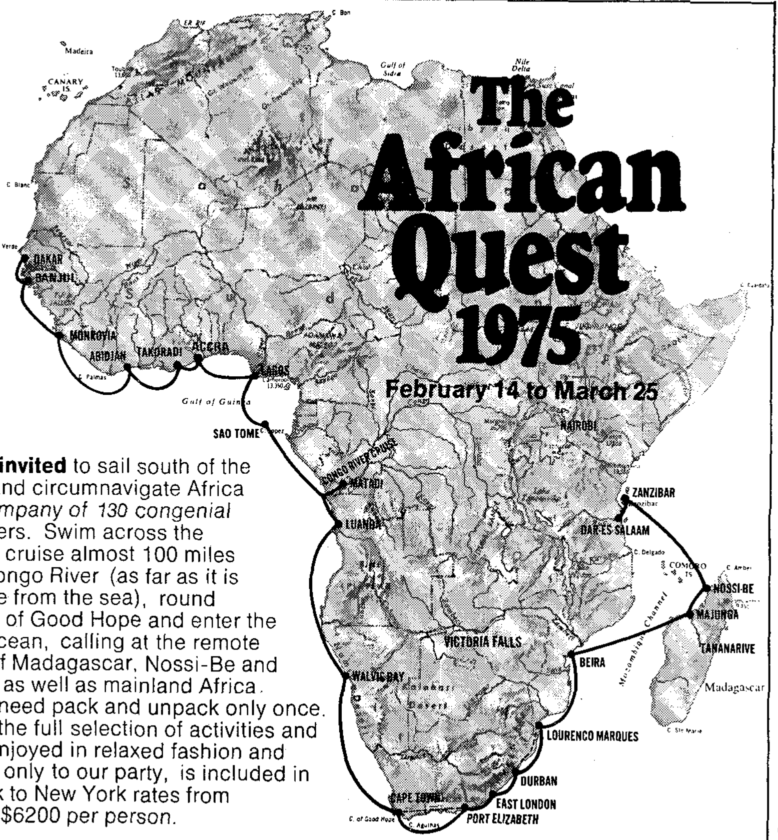

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I can do . . ." She looks round brightly, replaces the cup and saucer on the tray, brushes a crumb from her skirt. "I'll be on my way."

"Thank you for coming." I am allowing myself to be abandoned. Now is the time to cling to her arm, tell her I can't stand it another minute, demand that she take me with her. I show her to the front door. She turns and gives me a little encouraging wave as she goes through the gate. This happens over and over again. I've almost given up hope of a word being changed. If she changed so much as a word I would be horrified.

It's not the hard labor, quite honestly, that's so exhausting: it's the loneliness, the guilt, the unendurable exercise of loving. I often dream about you now, that you share the bed, that you are walking out of the locked room, that I am waiting for you or that you have just gone away. But when I'm awake I realize that you are not so much a necessity as a device: someone (or thing) to be used for a purpose. Our love for each other, compared with this marathon I am now engaged in, was, is, and will be trivial. Your real life, your most genuine love, is going on far away: so far that if I could see it at all it would be microscopic, the great noise you make in my dreams dwarfed and inaudible. If you ever think about it (I doubt whether you dream), it is probably the same for you. I have been dead for years, you think, so you have peopled my house with strangers: strangers, that is, to me. And yet I am so alive (except in the moments of doing nothing), so solid, so keenly intent on my tasks, so absorbed, so prone to excitement and intolerable fatigue, so patient and stubborn with this house and its endless chores—how can you imagine me dead? Because I was a device for you, too, and outlived my usefulness. So we threw each other away, along with the bicycles and watches and other expensive machinery that had, through carelessness, stopped functioning. I am not entirely to blame.

One must think about something while (at last) tidying the shoe cupboard; even I can't be entirely concerned with sizes 2 through 5, finding the pair to the size-3 Wellington boot or the size-4 dancing slipper. These, roughly, are my thoughts while I play (with shoes) a game called Pelmanism: a frightening game in which packs of cards are scattered face downward and the pairing of them depends on memory. I am not entirely to blame for this chaos; to believe that I, alone, created it would be a kind of hubris; to believe that I, alone, must clean it up and restore order (which possibly was never there in the first place) is both arrogant and presumptuous. Even a good gardener can't achieve anything by himself: he must have seeds, plants, tools, a patch of fertile ground. Like Oedipus, I have never broken the law, for the simple reason that I have never been conscious of doing so. Why, then, blind myself? Why this continual *mea culpa*? Why the self-disgust? Why this smug conviction that every misfortune is a punishment, every weakness an original sin? In fact I don't know the answers to these questions, or indeed whether there are answers. But at least I ask them. That must be something.

The shoe cupboard is finished, all the shoes arranged in sizes, the odd ones thrown away (unable to convince myself that I may sometime have a one-legged child); the baby grows; I have mended a lot of ragged clothes and found a kind of satisfaction in shirt buttons and pajama cords; I cook, we eat, I wash the dishes; I am getting quite good at finding lost property and returning it to the rightful owners; they have come to think of me as judge, provider, oracle, scullery maid, scapegoat, a begrudged necessity and a reliable irritant. My fear is usually controlled, I can assume the insouciance of a lion tamer or a snake charmer when it threatens. On the surface there is a haphazard attempt at order, but every cupboard except one is still bulging with rubbish, every drawer is a confusion of knives and spools and spoons and string and skewers and the tops of paste pots. In order to survive (I hope) with some sort of sanity, I've learned to adapt myself to the chaos until such time (if ever) I can control it. I know that the thread is in with the teaspoons, the carving knife on top of the piano, the sock on the fourth row of books on the left of the fireplace, the buttons in the Odds & Ends jar of. In this way, of course, I am making quite sure that I'm indispensable, for how could anyone else manage?

"Well, do you want to leave?"

"You know I do. But you can see for yourself—there's so much to be done."

"When do you think you'll have it finished?"

"I don't know. Next week, perhaps. Maybe a couple of weeks."

Mistakenly, perhaps, I don't tell Mrs. April my private thoughts about not being solely responsible, my suspi-

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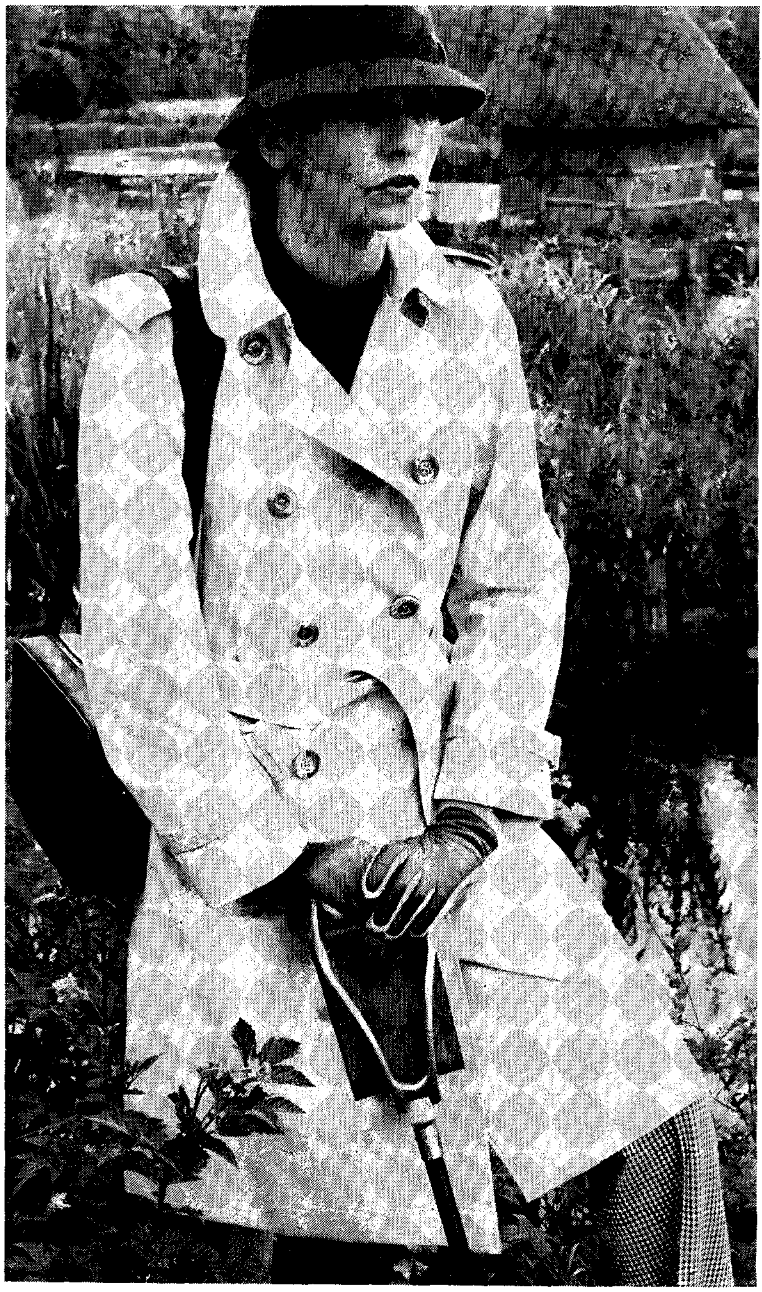

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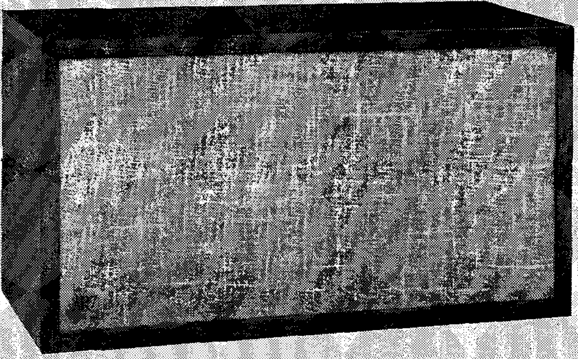

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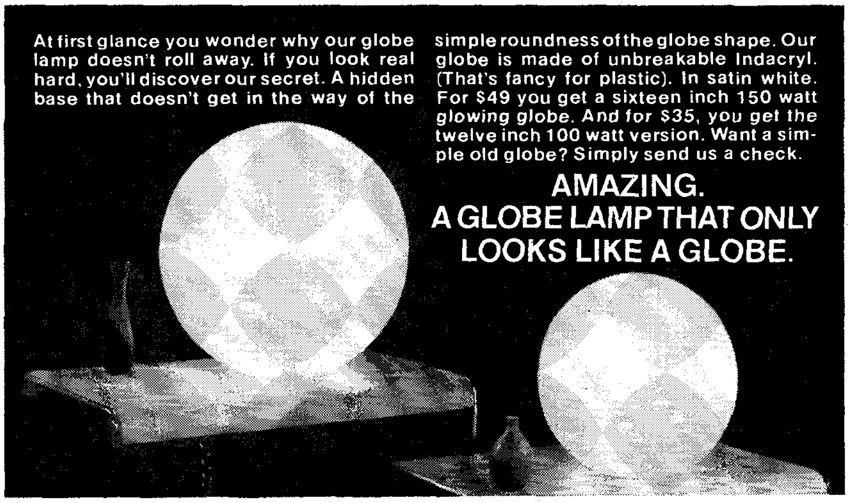

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cions that I am in fact innocent. She might take me away if she thought I wasn't expiating my guilt. So I begin to tidy by day and make havoc by night, in the attempt to make time stand still. As a result of this cunning notion, the level of disorder appears to remain the same, or at the most only slightly lower. I am heartily glad that I never made the list, for it would have revealed my dishonesty. There is another look in Mrs. April's mild eye: it could be suspicion, but I prefer to believe it's bewilderment. Still we don't alter a word of our conversation. Gondzik is always asking after me, the weather is never very good. I firmly believe that this state of affairs will last forever, provided I don't make any active move to change it.

THE baby is growing older. That's nice. He walks and speaks and runs; he reads and writes and draws pictures of amphibious cars. He is moody—affectionate, aggressive, cheerful, withdrawn, thoughtful, sullen. He goes away from the house now, and although of course I keep busy (mostly with preparations for his return), my heart is suspended during his absence; you could say I'm absent-hearted, not really listening to anything except for the sound of his heavy feet on the steps, not really seeing anything until he comes, talking vaguely (to myself or to Mrs. April) until I can talk to him again, though heaven knows everything I say to him is pretty banal. I have been proud of each height he has attained—three feet, four feet eight, five feet six, and now he is taller than I am. It is an unequal relationship in that I believe him to be perfect, whereas he knows (and frequently exaggerates) my imperfections. Also, of course, he knows other people, and I only know him, the children, and Mrs. April. Never mind all that. We manage.

The children have taken to staying away for longer and longer periods; in fact I'm not at all sure when I last saw them. This makes it much more difficult to keep the place untidy, but between us we do our best. The nursery floor, for instance, is still thick with broken toys, though no one has been in there since the beginning of time.

"Well, do you want to leave?" Mrs. April asks patiently.

"You know I do. But you can see for yourself—there's so much to be done."

"When do you think you'll have it finished?"

"I don't know. Next week, perhaps. Maybe a couple of weeks."

As I now have, in fact, very little to do—disarranging takes no time at all—I have far less opportunity for thought. Thought has nothing to latch on to. My good moments of doing nothing are also disturbed: I am always in a state of waiting. I wait all day every day, and most of the nights. The person who was the baby doesn't come back for tea, for supper; he is not there at breakfast. He is not there at all. I search the house for him. I will clean it, tidy it, turn out all the cupboards and drawers, fill it with flowers and music and chocolate if only he will come back. He will surely arrive tomorrow.

Mrs. April turns up with her colleague.

"We have come to take you back, dear."

"Oh, no. You see I am waiting."

"There's no point in waiting."

"But you can see for yourself—there's so much to be done."

"There's nothing you can do. There's no more to be done."

"But supposing he comes and there's no one here?"

"He won't come. Basil Gondzik is asking after you. The weather hasn't been too good again."

With great kindness, handling me very gently, they take my arms and carry me back across the lawn, my feet hardly brushing the grass. It is early morning. The lily pond, the trees, the house itself emerging out of a thick mist. My windows are still open. The deck chairs on the terrace are soggy with dew or rain. When they get me to my room they put me to bed; I sleep for a long time, without dreaming.

PART THREE

X

I NOW believe that the purpose of this place is to repeat experience until it is remembered: a gross oversimplification, no doubt. Gondzik is very interested in my stay abroad. He questions me incessantly about the smallest detail. But although I can recount it accurately enough, I can't recreate it. He will never know what it was really like. I can show him my scarred hands, but can only describe to him (stammering, uncertain, inarticulate) the state of my heart. But a fulfilled heart, surely, he asks; a colossal human achievement? What rubbish. Sitting in my rocking chair, I still find myself watching for the person (who was the baby) to come strolling out from the trees, arm round a girl's neck

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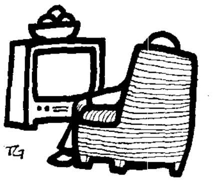
as though to strangle her; they tussle and chase each other in circles, then rest, legs dangling, on the wall round the lily pond. But I am frightened of actually seeing them. In my imagination I can make them accessible.

The cast has altered slightly, Elizabeth gone (though Gondzik says only temporarily), Hermann gone, Rowena changed her appearance, Revlon abdicated in favor of Dominic, Simon and George established. Mavis welcomes me back warmly, with a whole babble of stories which I understand better—or at least differently—than I did before. There is a new girl, Leonora, who laughs without mirth. She is by no means unattractive (the blonde, I hear, was very caustic when she arrived), but out of her rather stony little face breaks this awful laughter which makes our blood run cold. She has a habit of marching up to people and saying imperiously, "I want to talk to you. Now." But then she has nothing to say. She simply laughs in your face and struts away, insulted.



I thought at least the office situation would be resolved, but it isn't. All sorts of predictions float around as to when the Director will resign; whether he'll resign; whether he'll be sued for mismanagement; or whether, in fact, he may have already committed suicide and is operating through a set of mirrors. I have lost whatever interest I had in the case. I forget to pass on rumors. As far as politics are concerned, even Gondzik learns to leave me alone.

I have other concerns, which begin, very soon after my return, with the dog. Just as I predicted or remembered, she comes racing toward me on the pool path, ears back, coat streaming, ruddered by a plumed tail. Wildly barking, she flings herself at me head on, practically knocking me over; she circles me in a frenzy, then suddenly cringes, grovelling, dragging herself round on her stomach, going through every servile trick to make me feel badly. All right, I'll take you over. Now she leaps more like a lamb than a dog, all feet together, springing through the wood alongside me but keeping a wary eye on my possible treachery. When we reach the pool she lies down, behaving correctly, in a patch of shade, her whole body heaving with the heat and the exertion.

Now I own a dog, my routine begins to change. I feel guilty about staying in my room all day, and the walk to the pool is no longer sufficient: the dog must have fields, ditches, rabbits, bracken, a variety of smells. Also I am more confident in her presence. I venture paths where I have never been before. I see no one as yet, but very often the dog stiffens, alerts, barks at shadows. At night she creeps under my bed; if I wake and call her (thinking she's gone), her tail thuds between bed and floor like a heartbeat.

Gondzik has two entirely opposed views about the dog. On the one hand, he thinks she takes me out of myself (which is apparently desirable); on the other, he thinks that I arranged for her to come just when she did, and that I am using her as a substitute for the people who have left me. This is not desirable. In vain I try to convince him that the dog is a dog, and a very inadequate substitute for anything but a dog. Even while he strides along with her, barking meaningless commands, he is fathoming deep meanings to this dog. I was put through the ordeal of the house, he says, in order to experience desolation. What am I doing, trying to cheat desolation with a dog? And so on. I have got to the stage now when I let him think what he likes. So long as he is with me I am as protected as being with an irritating nursemaid. I think about something else, usually going over the house in my mind and deciding what I would have done there, had there been time.

Gondzik now decides—quite arbitrarily, it seems to me—that I am a woman. He no longer touches me, probably feeling it to be incestuous, and has become (according to his lights) properly parental. This is a terrible pass for my Gondzik to come to; he knew (without consciously knowing) that a successful lover is parent, sibling, child, not to mention the minor gods. Gondzik is strictly compartmentalized. I am a woman: therefore I am unhealthy without a man (and particularly unhealthy with a dog). I must find one, there are plenty about. I answer flippantly enough that when a woman devised these things, she created only the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Then what is my Holy Spirit, Gondzik asks earnestly. He is like a doctor trying to determine whether I'm getting sufficient vitamins. As usual, I can't think of a sensible answer, so don't answer at all.

Nevertheless, as the attack goes on, gathers momentum (starting as subtle asides, becoming ever more explicit and enraged), I begin to feel dreadfully inadequate. It's true that after that time of activity (however great the suppressed fear) I am terribly

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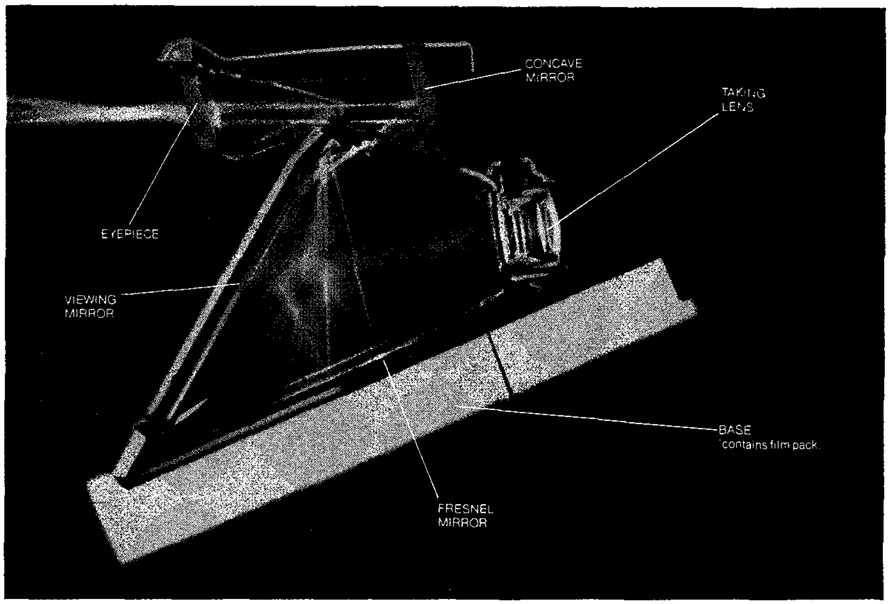

Cutaway photograph of the SX-70 using laser beams shows how you see precisely what the lens sees. When you touch the electric shutter button, the Fresnel mirror flips up and the film is exposed.

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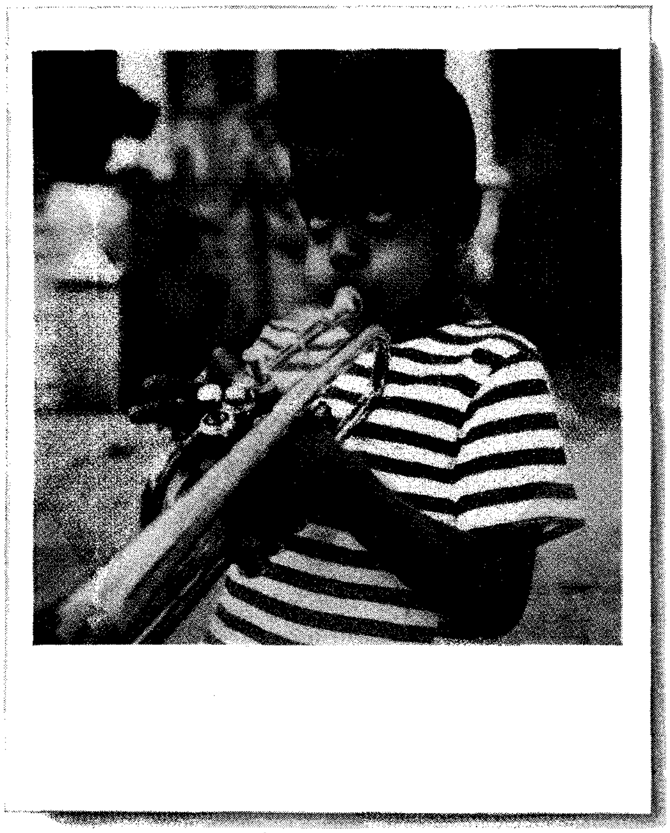

half of the system, the film, is equally magical.

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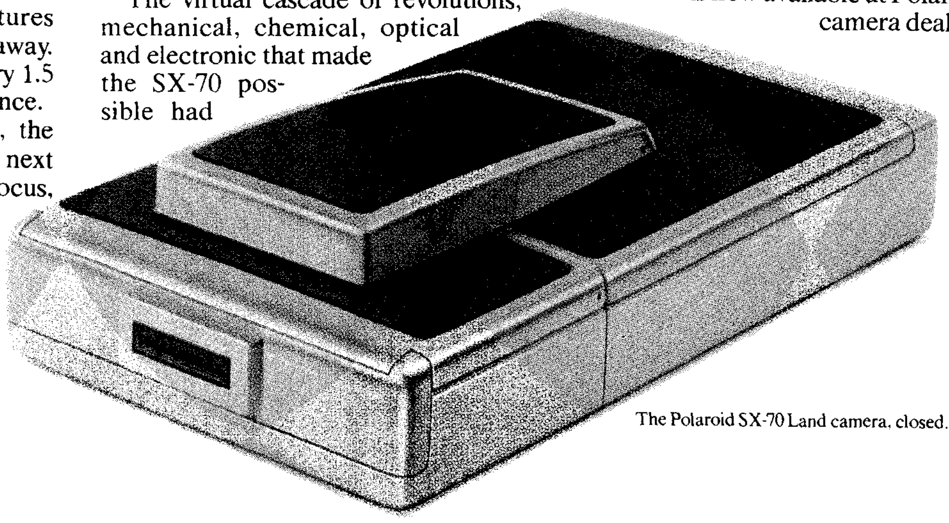
The price.

The suggested list price of the Polaroid SX-70 Land camera is $180. It is now available at Polaroid camera dealers.



The Polaroid SX-70 Land camera, closed.

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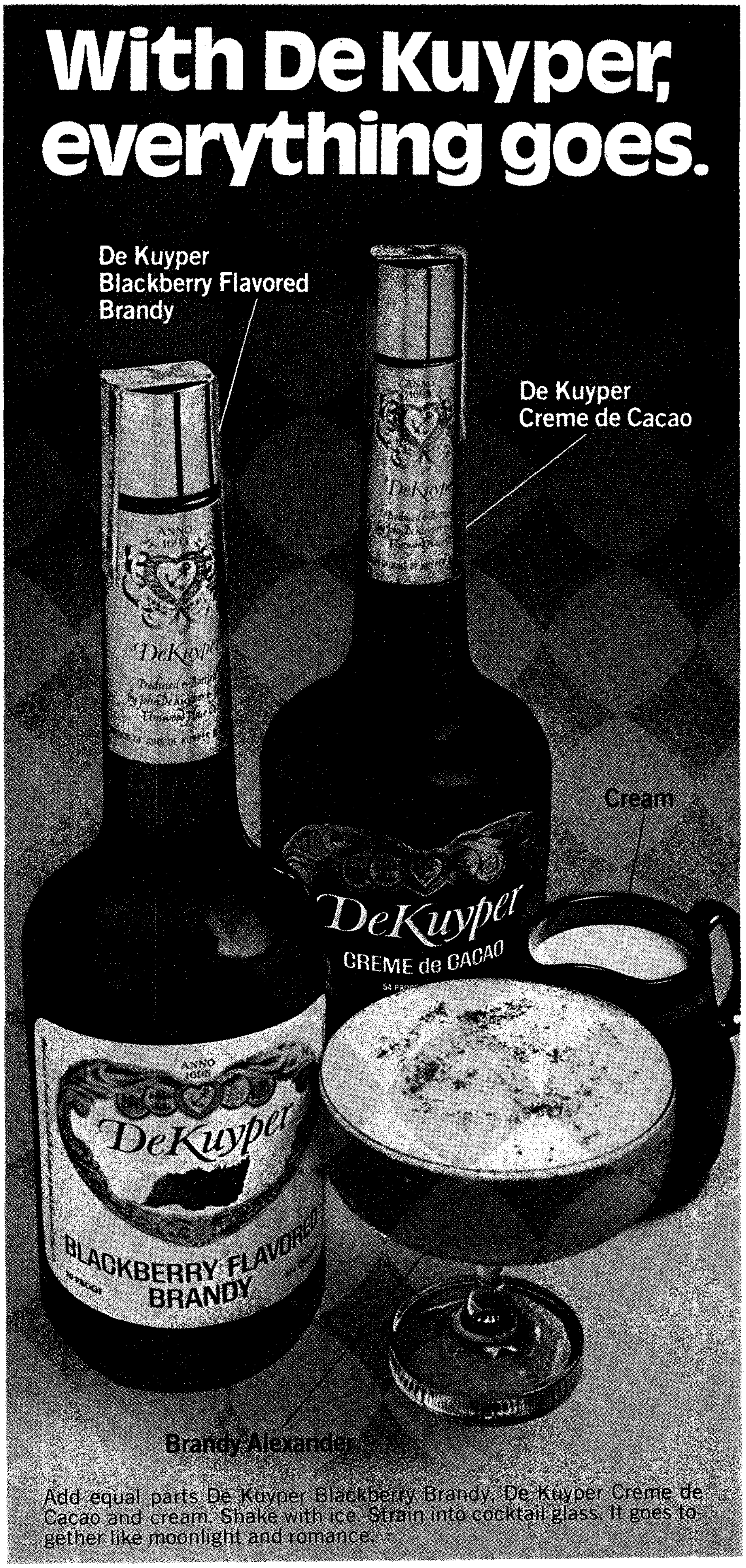
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lonely. If they were going to put me in that house, with all those things to be done and all those people to love, they might at least have the charity to let me forget it. As it is, Gondzik plays on my longing for physical contact until the very air surrounding me seems hostile. Perhaps Gondzik is right. I would like to smile more easily. It is not enough that the dog makes me smile. As in the period before the entertainment, I see myself to be old and ugly, but now I react to it with despair and venom (exactly as Gondzik has planned?). The dog, possibly feeling her insufficiency, looks as though she is about to be hanged.

If I could hit back at Gondzik by becoming actively sexual and political, I would feel exonerated. But, as I've already discovered, I'm a hopeless audience and I can't act. Gondzik creates a non-stop entertainment in his head, at which he observes himself raping, being eaten and digested by a multiracial confederacy of girls. This fantasy seems to him quite satisfactory. He is fortunate. The other, whom I once knew (or will, pray God, know), eventually only cared for the long slow thrust, the crescendo of mutual pleasure that could culminate, at last, in the rite of conception. Childish, perhaps. Dull. A dull child, I stubbornly continue to believe that the most potent aphrodisiac is love. (I dreamed that you were driving at night, in Africa, with a girl whom you had picked up in a bar. It was very dark, with a warm wind. There was some obstacle in the road, a gate, a level crossing. The girl got out of the car to deal with it. As she stood in the road, erect, mysterious, you turned to me and told me that you were feeling the greatest sexual desire of your life. I understood you completely. This disproved my belief but was, as far as I was concerned, only a dream.)

I don't tell Gondzik any of this; he would scoff. I begin to feel that I shouldn't spend so much time with him, that he is destructive to me. But when there is so much time, spending it becomes irrelevant; it's necessary to give it away in great armfuls when loneliness threatens. This is the poor reason for allowing Gondzik to criticize whatever I say or do or am or have been. As for what will be, unless I can find a relationship of which he approves, he tries (successfully) to make me believe I'm beyond hope or help. Turning my confidences against me, he now states that what he once called a colossal human achievement was no more than an arid mistake. Why did I stay away so long? Out of cowardice, he says, before I can answer. I am self-loving, self-absorbed, self-obsessed; why can't I beg, like any other woman; why can't I admit that the greatest achievement of all is to be humble with men (and Gondzik)? Pleasure begins, he says (throwing a stick for the dog), where morality ends.

I don't understand what morality has got to do with it. Perhaps in Gondzik's view the Director and his staff are having fun: it is commonly agreed that they have left morality behind and are flouting the accepted rules of decency and virtue. Gondzik, too, is ardently concerned with flouting these rules; yet in him, it seems, this is commendable. The fact is that he can't do without morality: without that spur he would have no pleasure, he wouldn't be able to indulge himself in evil, he wouldn't be able to congratulate himself on being a lawbreaker. Whereas I, long since cast off from morality, a believer solely in convenience, am becalmed, no wind to fill my sails.

I don't know how long my life will be, whether it will be spent here, whether they will take me to another part of the place, or whether I shall return where I came from. But here and now, whether I die this evening or not, Gondzik has convinced me that life is insufferable. Something must be done. I must capture that elusive energy that got me out of bed in the mornings at the house. Someone or something must make demands on me. I try to pick up rumors again, but Dominic says the staff is all on holiday, nothing doing in the office. So I confront (furtively) the men, trying to pick one who will, in Gondzik's eyes, be good for me.

The trouble is that my eyes are not only a different color from Gondzik's, they are a different sex. If I had male eyes I could inspect the available flesh with casual good humor, discussing it with my friends. I go to the pool, scanning the men from behind dark glasses. They would be horrified if they knew what I was up to, these fellatio addicts, these consumers of *Playboy* and *Penthouse*, whose hatred of women so far surpasses mine of them. I try to find promise in white blubber, sloping shoulders, flat feet, monstrous growths of body hair, or chests as pallid and enfeebled as a breastless woman's. One walks with thighs pressed together, buttocks clenched, as though in agony to relieve himself; another swings along like an ape, knuckles brushing the ground. It is impossible to find out whether any of them are lovable

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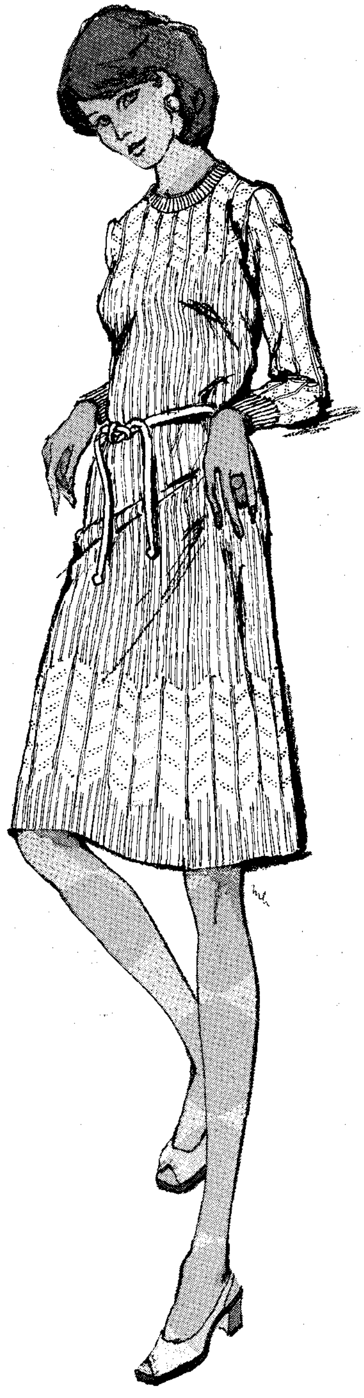

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(which, according to my belief, should make them appetizing), for they seem to inhabit a world in which love has never existed. They are pleasant enough, to be sure, nodding to each other, making civil gestures; once in the water, they even communicate by means of splashing, shouting, throwing a ball about, roaring a good deal. But if they were women they would make themselves sick; they would laugh at themselves and tell cruel jokes in the locker room. I, being far too ambitious, am looking for someone with the body of a boy, the wisdom of a father, the sensibility of a woman, and the strength of Almighty God.

Rebelliously obedient to Gondzik, I turn to the men who stay indoors. Some of them are homosexuals, at least two of them very beautiful. But I can't set out to conquer alien ground. They form a small group, really easy only in each other's company. The habits of minorities die hard, and even the most emancipated of them seems on the lookout for persecution. "Queer as a coot" joins "working like a black" and "Jew-boy" as a term of abuse. "Just like a woman" is also, to say the least, in bad taste. The rules of communication become more and more stringent. I merely (for a start) want to hold someone's hand.

The only man for whom I feel the slightest attraction (in the male sense) is Simon, who looks like a gloomy adolescent and talks with the wit of a middle-aged don. Maybe it would work splendidly on a desert island; here (although we're supposed to be timeless), the disparity in our ages makes any kind of approach unthinkable. He may be much older than I, but whichever way you look at it we couldn't even loosely, even by a decade or two, be called contemporaries. I am not to blame for these ancient laws, remember, and cannot consciously break them. That leaves only George, so George (to try and put up some sort of a show for Gondzik) it must be.

Gondzik, conniving, provides me with drink. The dog, conniving, takes a fancy to George. We go for walks, and see nothing extraordinary. I even find the vegetable garden again, prolific as before, but empty. George is what I suppose to be a normal man. Of average height and weight and age, he would make (or has made) a good husband, soldier, or civil servant. I continually forget what he looks like, and try to imprint on my mind his average face: without success, for the moment he is out of sight it's gone again. I realize that the reason I cannot know

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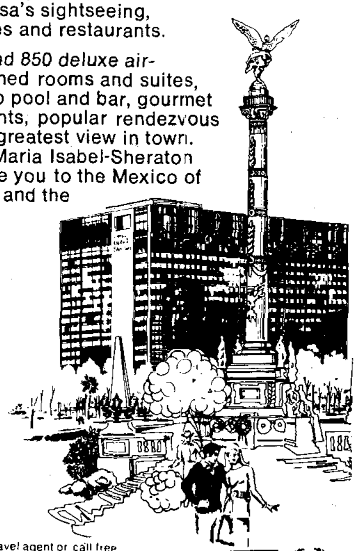

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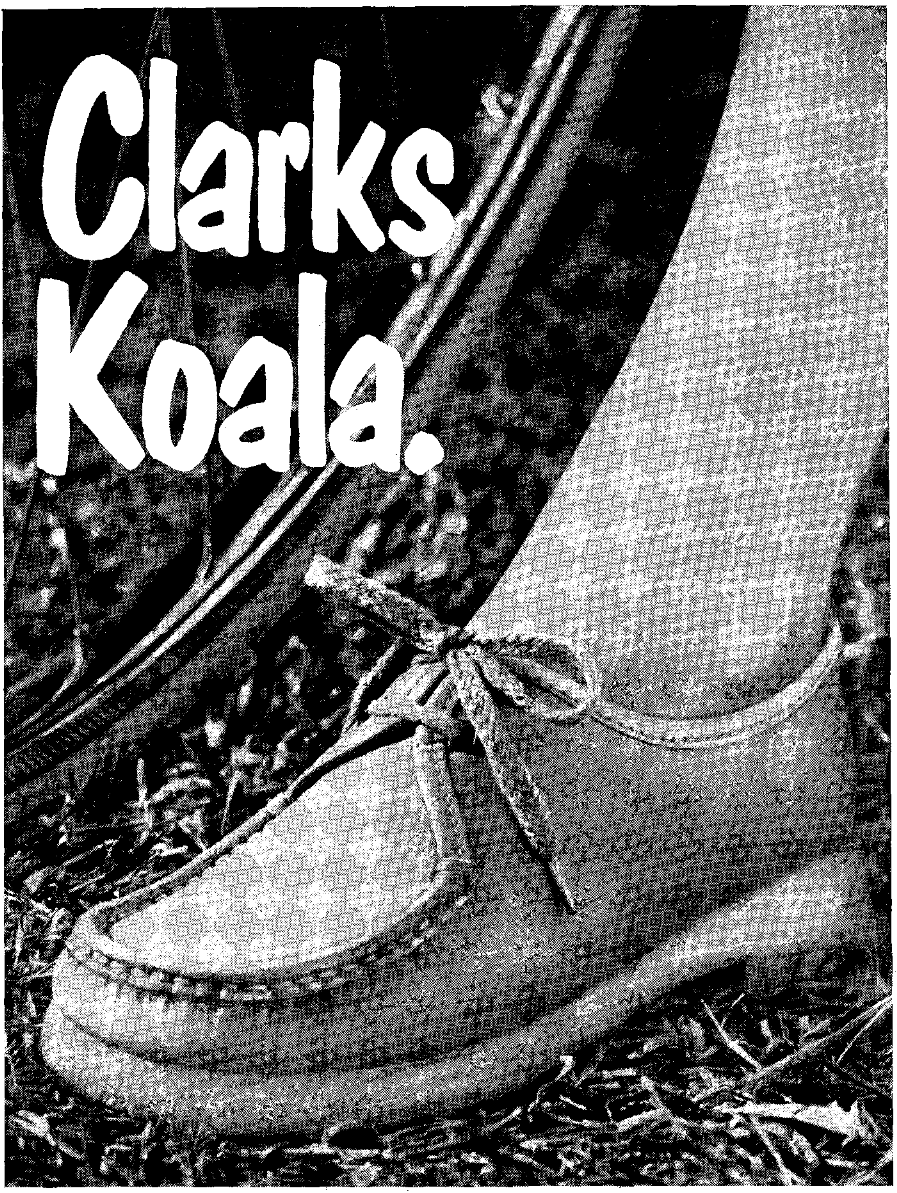
George is that I have never known him before. That's why I can't recognize him. We are complete strangers to each other.

At this point I want to give up, the enterprise seems quite hopeless. But Gondzik goads me on. Search, he says, ferret out, pursue, investigate, pry if necessary; there has got to be something recognizable in George, something that will touch or move me. Find out what his political views are, for a start. I do. They are average. He must have brought something with him, some experience he can't yet remember. I try, and find a perfectly clear recollection of an average family, wife and two children, nothing hidden away. Gondzik says this is impossible, I'm not making enough effort: make him lose his head, Gondzik insists, sweep him off his feet. Me? Yes, you! But how do I do that, how set about it? Blind him with money and fame? Buy him outright? Send him flowers every day? Or (reversing sexes) strip, coo, purr, yelp a little? You're hopeless, Gondzik says, slamming his chapel door.

It's true. I am. And the curious thing is that as soon as I become hopeless George begins to reveal himself a little. I find that his face, in certain lights and at certain times, is wry. He has a higher than average knowledge of golf and Glenn Miller. He is very slightly puzzled about his mother and grandmother, tending to confuse them with each other. He doesn't know why he is here, but imagines it's something to do with an old war wound which troubles him occasionally. He even hints, with average slyness, at average love affairs he has had while away from home. He kisses me good night with average passion.

Gondzik is enchanted. He says I look better already. Lord, but he's a fool. And yet if I allow myself to think Gondzik a fool I shall no longer have any guidance or anchor at all in this place. I must go on in the belief that he is right. There's no alternative. Finally, coldly, making the required sounds and gestures, I seduce George. He keeps his underpants on. It is such an average experience that it can't be justified or regretted, praised or condemned, remembered or forgotten. However, when I wake the next morning I am at least able to think that I have made a life, of sorts.

At breakfast next morning, Gondzik marches in like a man with something weighty on his mind. But where, as the artificial orange juice,



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the coffee, and the eggs take their dread course, is George? He didn't sleep with me, of course. Has he overslept? Is he ill or angry? What was before a merely average presence becomes, suddenly, a very positive absence. My life (of sorts)? Where is my average life? I worked for it, where has it gone?

Nobody mentions George. I run to find Mavis. No, dear, I don't know at all. I run to George's room, along dozens of corridors. Locked. No answer to my knocking. I run back, upstairs, downstairs, upstairs again to Gondzik's virginal aerie.

"Where's George?"

He smiles with pretty teeth and lips, eyes gentle. "George? He's gone."

I throw myself on him, hammering with clenched fists. He nods slowly, smiling, as though congratulating me.

XI

THE entertainers have gone, the air is a little sharper. Realizing now that all they intend to do here is cheat me, I decide to escape. I am not going to confide in Gondzik, who told me I could leave without difficulty at any time. He is not to be trusted, I'm sure he's in league with whoever it is who wants to trap me. I must therefore make plans of my own. The first thing is to try and find out the lie of the land and which direction I should take.

The dog, of course, always comes with me on my explorations: her senses are much sharper than mine. I make an arbitrary choice of north, south, east, and west, deciding that the statue in the lily pond faces north. Guided by this, I make a rough map of the places I know: the mansion, the pool, the vegetable garden. I can't put the house in, because I have no idea where it is. I also draw a rough circle for the lake, where Gondzik saw the skater.

Every day after breakfast, when I am dressed, the dog and I set out, each day going a little farther, each day adding something to the map. We put in a tower in the woods (apparently uninhabited), various glades with statues and rustic seats, a couple of full-size houses (shuttered and locked), and, at last, the office. This too is closed for the holiday, but it is obviously the office, as it is a modern building with a tarmac driveway which is noticed No Entry, No Parking, No Loading or Unloading, Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted, No Dogs, No Bare Feet, and Forbidden to Spit. I am very tempted to take my sandals off and enter with the dog, spitting; but since there is obviously no one there, it would be pointless. However, it is helpful to have it on my map, as if things get really desperate I now intend to burgle it at night. Curiously enough, it doesn't seem to be guarded, and the holiday might be a good time to try.

One day we find a very old woman sitting in a garden chair under the pines, a tea tray by her side on a small table. The dog, of course, approaches her first, tail wagging, nose inquisitive. I lurk about among the trees for a while, until I see that the old woman is glad to meet the dog, and is indeed offering her a piece of broken biscuit.

"Well, well, doggy," the old woman says aloud, "and where do you come from?"

I walk over the soft pine needles on moccasined feet. Seeing me, the old woman tries to rise from her chair. I say "Don't get up" and, since her face seems to be lifted expectantly, kiss her papery cheek. There are two cups on the tray, a tea cozy on the teapot. She settles back, apparently ready for some sort of diversion, her hands folded in her lap. Sitting on the ground, I pour the tea into shallow china cups, she takes hers with a trembling hand, so I make room for it on the tray. I'm so suspicious now that I think the old woman may be someone else in disguise, a bait to lure me into talking. Hugging my knees, I ask, "Tell me a story."

"A story?" The little face puffs into incredulous self-ridicule. "I've forgotten all my stories."

"No, you haven't. Go on. Once upon a time . . ."

"Well." She thinks for a moment, head cocked, hazel eye fastening on a high branch. The dog cocks her head also, looking up. "Well, once upon a time—"

"Long ago?"

"Long ago. There was a little girl who wished she was a pirate or a Red Indian or a giant in seven-league boots. Most little girls want to be princesses and fairies and . . . well, pretty things of that sort. But this little girl whose name was Dora—"

"*Dora?*"

"Yes. Dora. This little girl was going to fight Mudjekeewis with the fatal Wawbeek—"

"The what?"

"She loved the tales of the Norsemen, all about Thor and Odin and Loki and Balder the Beautiful who was killed, you know, by a dart of mistletoe thrown by his brother Hoder, who was blind. Of course, he didn't

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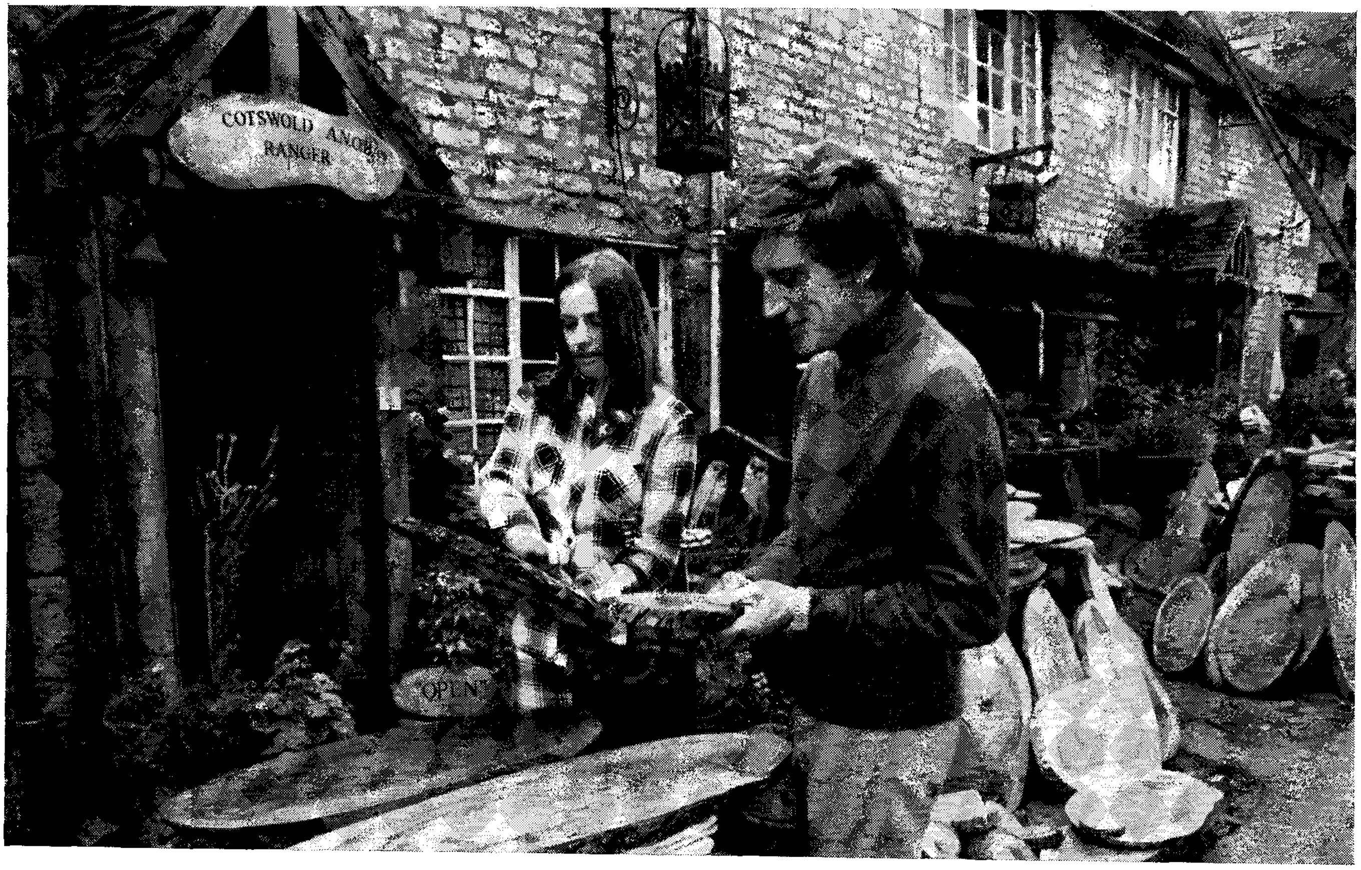

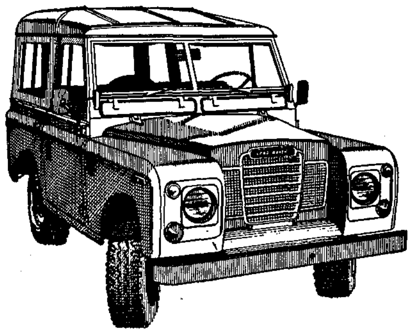

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mean to do it. Yes, Dora was very stubborn, a bit of a hobbledehoy really. . . ." The old woman drifts off for a moment. I wait for her to continue. So far the story is not very interesting. "And her main fault was, *she believed everything she was told!*" Dramatic pause. I blink rapidly. "There was a lady in the village—the schoolmaster's wife, as it happens—who was going to have a baby, and she told Dora that when it came she would sell it to Dora for sixpence. Now Dora's parents weren't rich and they gave her a penny a week to buy peppermints and so on. There was only one shop in the village and this was run by an old crone called Mrs. Jessup, a nice old thing but she was doubled up with arthritis and Dora was perfectly convinced she was a witch. Anyway. For six long weeks Dora saved up her pennies and on the day when she was given her sixth penny—it was a Saturday—she set off down the road with the six copper pennies in her hand, striding along pretending she was a giant. She went in through the schoolmaster's gate and knocked *on* the schoolmaster's door, and in a few minutes the schoolmaster's wife came to the door—'Hullo, Dora, have you come to see the baby?' " The old woman is an excellent mimic, and is now well into her stride. " 'No,' said Dora, and held out the six pennies, 'I've come to buy it.' Oh, how the schoolmaster's wife laughed! Well, did you ever, imagine Dora thinking she could buy a baby for sixpence!" Her face crumples.

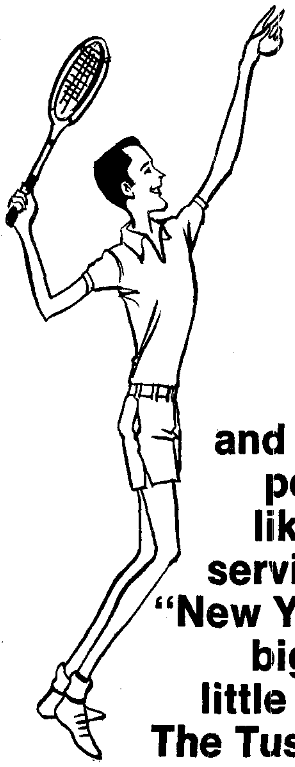
I am not amused. "So what happened then?"

"Dora went into a terrible tantrum, she was inconsolable. And she decided that whatever else she did, however many battles she fought (and won, of course) and however many prisoners she got out of prison and however famous she became as a poet or however great she became as a king, she would *revenge herself* on that schoolmaster's poor wife!"

"So what did she do?"

"She grew up and had a great many babies and grew old and died," the old woman says simply, with a final air.

I am appalled. The air in the woods seems ice-cold. I have gooseflesh on my arms and legs. The old woman levers herself up, finds a shawl, which she efficiently wraps round her shoulders, a stick, which she grasps firmly in her right hand, and totters off through the trees. I call "Goodbye!" but she doesn't hear me. I want to follow her, but she is out of sight. Have mercy, be merciful. Our father, who art in heav-



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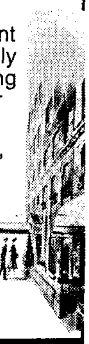

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en, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation. For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen. Having prayed as well as I can remember, I try to hold the dog for comfort, but she squirms away and is off through the trees in the direction of what she knows as home.

Can this be all there is to a life? Are those really the bare bones of it? Nothing else? No loom, no spinning wheel: nothing? What about love and thought, acts of creation and acts of madness? Must eyes have drawn blinds forever, hearts lock their doors? Is it all just a cruel prank played by the ignorant on the innocent (by you on me, who could never see the joke)? For God's sake (who also delivers us from evil) get me out of this playground, let me see the world as a whole, let me know where I am and what I can hope for, expect, or dread.

I stumble back to the mansion, find the dog waiting patiently at the back door. For a while, some days I suppose, I stay in my room, pleading a minor illness. Gondzik takes the dog out and, rather surprisingly, brings me food. I keep the blinds down and walk long distances between the furniture, I sit in the chairs, lie on the bed, pounding and pummelling my empty head until it hums but reveals nothing. Sometimes I look at my map, but the immensity of what isn't there defeats me. I passionately envy the dead, who have no future. Death smiles, but I don't know how to reach it, the usual methods are unavailable and I have little ingenuity.

"There is an old woman," I say to Gondzik one day. "She must live in the woods. Bring her here. I want her."

Gondzik considers. "I don't know any old woman."

"Then ask. Someone must know her."

He says he has asked and that no one knows her.

"Why don't you go out and find her yourself?"

"I can't. I'm ill."

"Mrs. April could go with you."

"No, no, no!" My fists clench, I'm beside myself with fear. "I don't want to see Mrs. April! I don't ever want to see her again!"

"Very well." The door closes; I'm alone again.

One day I pull up the blind a few

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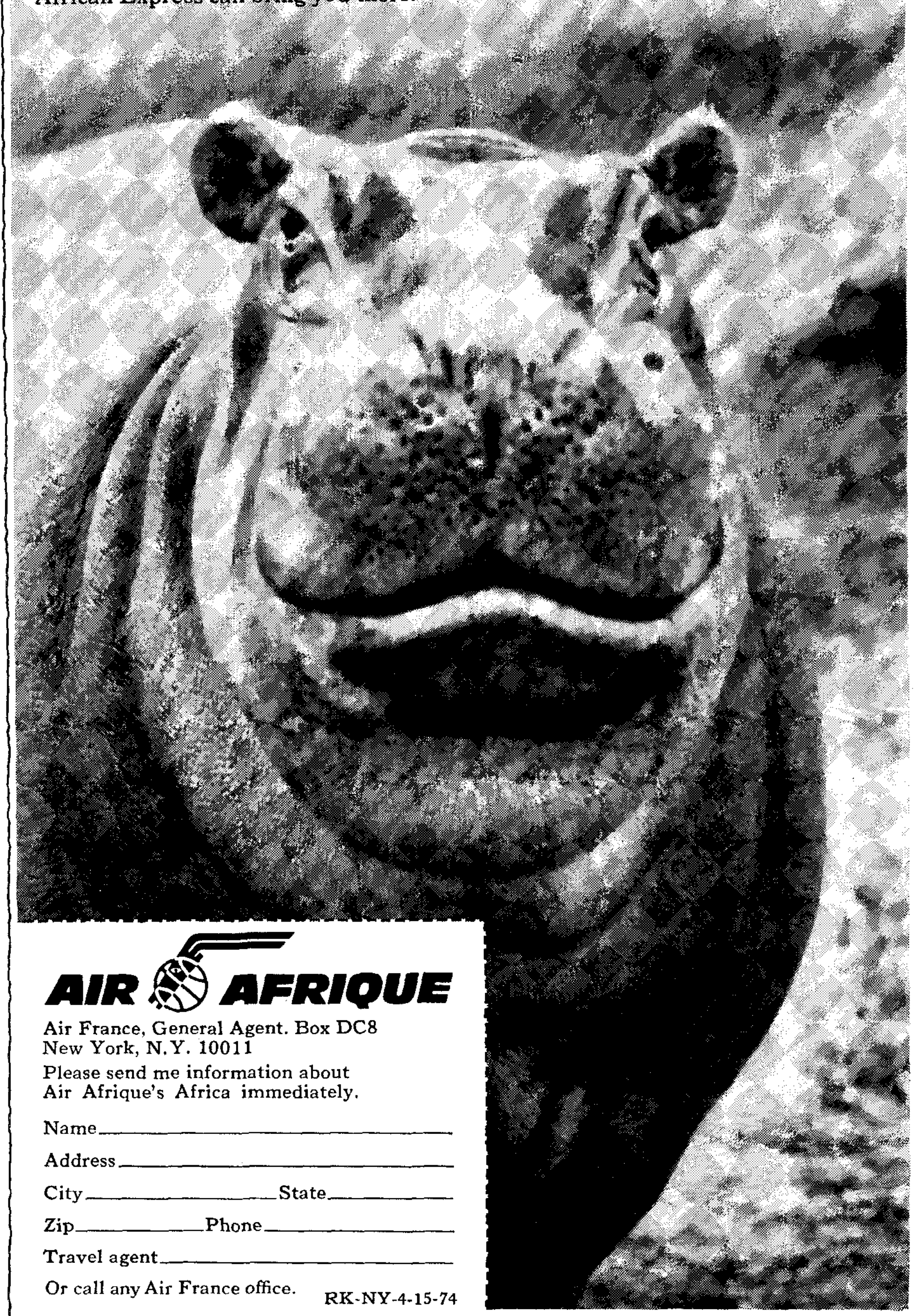

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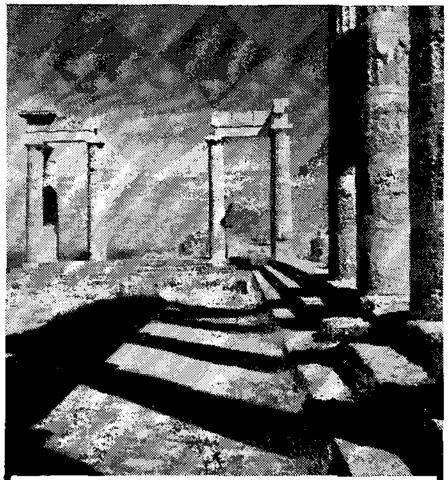

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inches. Some of the trees are growing rusty; a pheasant stands so still on the grass that I think it's pottery; there is a faint smell of burning, and the insects have been washed off my screens by the rain. The map, with its immense deserts, lies on the table. The dog (who must have forgotten that there was once light in this room) runs at me and knocks with her front paws, uttering small demanding barks. It's such a long time since I went to the pool. Do leaves float in it now? Does Gondzik still battle about in the water? Is it warm? When do they empty the pool? Will it soon be winter? The dog scratches at my leg as though it were a door. I put on my swimsuit and smock, find my dreary towel, pack my chattels, steal out of my room, uselessly telling the dog to be quiet. She leaps down the red-carpeted stairs, stopping on each landing to make sure I am still there.

I remember that the way to the pool is very straightforward, but again I lose my way, finding myself in a sunny orchard with russet apples festooning the trees. They aren't ripe yet, but some of them have already fallen. I throw them for the dog, who is crazed with happiness, bringing each one back in her slavering jaws, then refusing to be parted from it. There is a large wooden hut in the orchard, with smoke creeping out of a rusty chimney. I approach it cautiously but with determination, in case the old woman is inside with her kettle. The windows are clean, and there is indeed furniture; somebody lives there, somebody is sitting in an armchair. I push the door, with one finger, a mere inch; but the foolish dog bounds against it and rushes in with all the pandemonium of a dog unexpectedly returned from a long journey. The gardener peers round the wing of his armchair, amazed by this visitation.

What am I to do? I step backward toward the sun. "Come in, come in," he snaps impatiently.

"I was just . . ."

"And close the door behind you, it makes the stove smoke."

He is as I remembered, except that today he wears a tie and a greenish pullover. I sit down well out of reach, measuring the distance to the closed door. The dog collapses in front of the stove with a huge sigh of relief.

"Well, how are you today?"

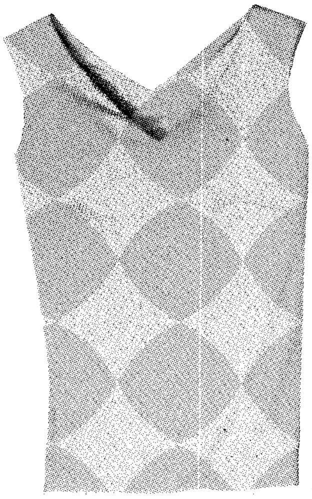
"All right." I'm very wary.

"You must never be unhappy."

"I've been very unhappy."

"Why?"

"I can't stand it in that place. I'm



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imprisoned. I don't know what's going to happen tomorrow. I'm lonely. I don't see any point in living."

"You shouldn't be in that place," he says firmly, lighting his pipe with three matches. "It's no place for you. You should be free. I don't know why they *took you there, it must have been a* mistake."

"You really think so?"

He nods, energetically puffing. "Freedom to live, that's what you need. Break through these petty restrictions. You're an artist, a free spirit. You were born to be beautiful and to create beauty. They don't understand."

"They don't understand."

"But I understand."

"Yes, you understand."

"Remember I'm always here."

"You'll give me sanctuary?"

"Of course. Anytime."

"You mean . . . you really believe I have a life worth living?"

"Life! What can you do with life but live it? Live it to the utmost! Live it to the full! Why let them clip your wings? You should soar, soar. . . ." He makes a vague and expansive gesture toward the smoky ceiling. "Life is a great and glorious experience, it can't survive behind bars. Break away, my darling, break loose, break out! I don't know a single intelligent person, but for you, out there"—again he encompasses the universe—"there are riches, gems, diamonds of wisdom, and love!"

I am deeply impressed, but one thing still troubles me. I ask, "Do you know the old woman who has tea in the woods?"

"Marriage is the coffin of love! Remember that. Sex is a great and glorious experience, it can't survive behind bars." He seems to be growing a little tired. "Anytime you need me . . ."

"I've been planning to escape."

"Excellent, excellent. And so you should."

"Can I come here?"

"I'm always here, anytime you need me. Mustn't lose hope, mustn't be trapped." He seems to be falling asleep, so I get up quietly.

"Thank you. Thank you very much. I hope I can find the way."

"Dog'll show you," he mumbles. The pipe has fallen onto his chest, where it is burning a black hole in his pullover. I take it gently and put it in an ashtray, then tiptoe out, shooing the dog in front of me, and close the door.

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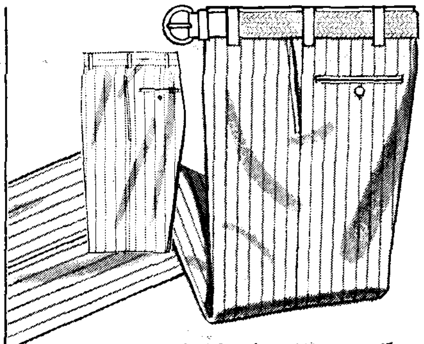

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he does ask something in return—well, I'll give it gladly, since I'm so indebted. At last I have a purpose, an identity. I'm not going to live my life in one sentence. I'm going to fight great battles, rescue prisoners from prison, score the sky with my poetry, rule as a benevolent and mighty king. I run with the dog, stripping small pieces of bark from the apple trees so that I will be able to find my way back if the dog forgets. Outside the orchard, I find a stick and make a trail in the sandy path, putting heaps of sticks and pine cones at each intersection. At last I see the mansion (to my left, when I thought it would be to my right). It seems to be evening, since the lights are on. If I am late for dinner, I must think of a satisfactory explanation for Gondzik; and carelessly ask him, perhaps, when he thinks it will next be full moon.

XII

I DON'T, in fact, ask Gondzik (he is too wily) but work out for myself that it will be about twenty-one nights until the moon is full. As I have no flashlight or matches (Mavis would get me matches, but again I'm too cautious to ask her), a full moon will be necessary if I'm to find my way back to the gardener's hut by night.

Strange things happen while I'm waiting. I'm haunted, not by ghosts but by men. The first one comes through the locked door behind the screen, letting himself in as easily as though it were his own room. I am in bed, and he sits down in the rocking chair, smiling at me, rocking back and forth. He is elegant, though rather dishevelled. He looks over my life a little, writing down salient points in a small notebook, very gentle and attentive. Then he kisses me good night with a long, thoughtful, exploratory kiss. I lie back, but he leaves with his notebook, going through the same door. After a time of frustration and longing I get up and try to open the door. It is immovable. I never see him again.

The next one appears in a belvedere in the gardens, which I am carefully adding to the map. He too is elegant, but beautifully dressed. Leaning forward, elbows on the creases of his knees, he takes my hand, gazing meaningfully into my eyes, speaking in the soft, beautifully modulated tones of an actor. Naturally, I fall in love. He strokes the back of my head, folds me in his arms, I slip into him (I feel) forever. Then he gets up and walks easily away, taking with him shoulders, hips,

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hands, and mouth. I never see him again either, though sometimes he intrudes on my dreams.

After this, they search me out every day. I can see them coming through the woods or along the path, but it's some time before I learn to run in the opposite direction, the dog barking at my heels. To begin with, the sweetness of the conversation and the kiss is too alluring. They promise me the pleasure of eternal peace, or the peace of eternal pleasure. Their mouths are soft, their bodies graceful; they carry their entire lives in the inside pockets of their jackets, above the heart. They allow me to believe that they will stay, and that I needn't escape after all. They don't make me believe it, of course. To them I am simply a woman they meet and comfort, kissing me better before they continue on their way. They aren't responsible. It takes many such meetings before I can convince myself of this, and then the slightest shadow on the horizon and I am gone, racing back to the pool or the mansion, where everyone except the untouchables is ugly and raucous and trivial, thank God. I barricade all my doors, moving three of my four dressing tables against them. By the time the moon is full, my sexual turmoil has become intolerable, I am tormented with greed; the torture (at least) has been entirely satisfactory.

So that by the time the night comes, the idea of escaping from the place has been almost supplanted by the idea of escaping to the gardener. Old and heavy and outrageous he may be, but he believes in my freedom and he is full of lechery made even more powerful by shame. He will be responsible for me, and has already promised his protection. The torture of the beautiful men has in some way convinced me that the gardener is inevitable in the end; that my original meeting with him is the only solace I can remember.

There are very few preparations, I have nothing to take except the dog. In order to keep her quiet, I tie a handkerchief round her jaws, talking to her gently meanwhile and stroking her, even smiling at the ridiculous sight she presents with her bandage on. We wait and wait, long after everything is quiet. Holding the dog by her loose scruff (she has no lead or collar), I cautiously open the one unobstructed door. As usual, a few lamps are still on. The moonlight floods through the great stained-glass window on the stairway, and one by one, pulling their slender chains, I turn out the lamps in case, as I suspect, they are bugging devices. I

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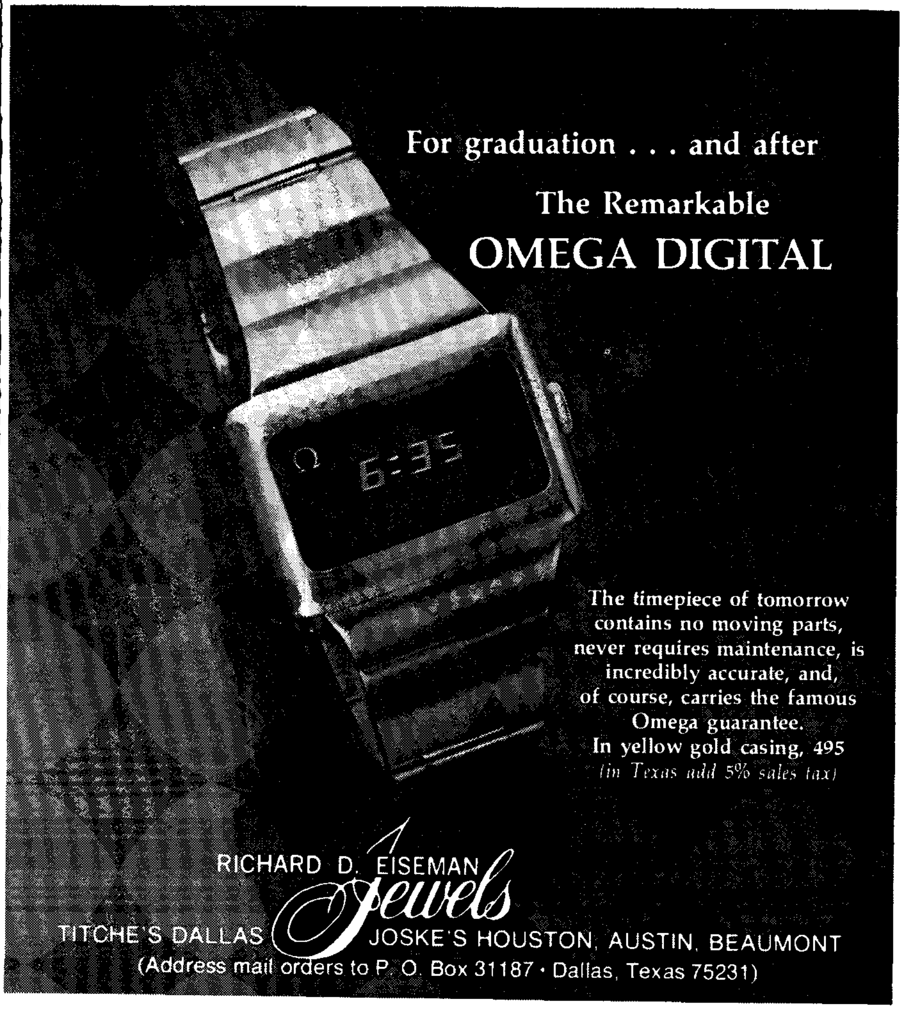

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have the map under my arm. Bending to hold the somewhat bewildered dog, I creep down the stairs by the red, blue, turquoise, and golden light through the window. The indoor fountain drips so loudly and monotonously that it will cover the sound of my barefoot steps. The door leading out to the terrace is difficult; it is very heavy, and in order to slide it back I have to leave go of the dog, but the good creature sits understandingly until I have the door sufficiently open to edge through it.

Terrace, deck chairs, lawn, trees, woods are deep in moonlight. I look up at the mansion. Every window is dark. I let the dog free but don't untie the handkerchief until we are out of earshot. Silent as swift shadows, we run across the grass into the concealing trees.

Now, beginning to feel frightened, I have to find the orchard. After all this time my heaps of sticks and pine cones have been scattered. But the dog trots confidently ahead, taking the left path, then the right. I decide to trust the dog rather than my unreliable map. From time to time she stops, one front paw lifted, looking back for me. At last I see the clearing, the orchard grass, the marked apple trees. The dog barks once, expecting me to throw apples, I suppose. To keep her quiet I throw one, she bounds off into the shadows. My heartbeat deafens me, my hands are sweating, my legs feel heavy. I plod on until I see a light in the window of the gardener's hut, and the dog, lying camouflaged in grass, gets up to lead me to the door.

Now the knowledge of the welcome, the embrace, the celebration in that hut is almost too much for me. Can I endure it? To be home at last is incredible; but now, finally, I can believe the incredible. I touch the wooden wall of the hut, tacky with tar; the rusty drainpipe; I puncture with my fingernail a blister on the green paint of the door. I am familiar here. I can do what I like. I even have a fancy that the old woman may be somewhere inside, sleeping by her tea tray. I haven't prepared an explanation, because I know none is needed. I knock gently on the door.

After a few moments he opens it, peering out. I am smiling, ready to step inside. The dog, not caring for such subtleties, has gone in already. He sees me at last and says, rather inappropriately I think, "My God!"

"I'm here."

He steps back, and I enter. In determined gratitude, I put my arms round his neck and pull his bulk toward

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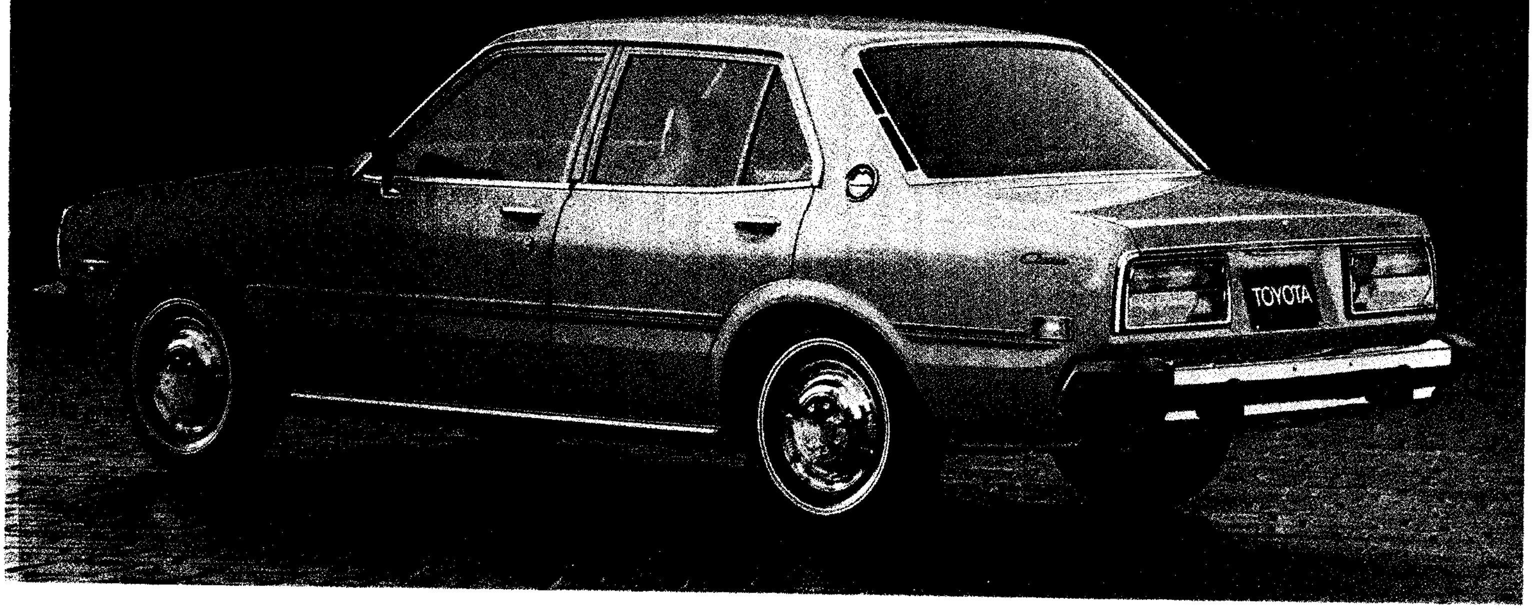

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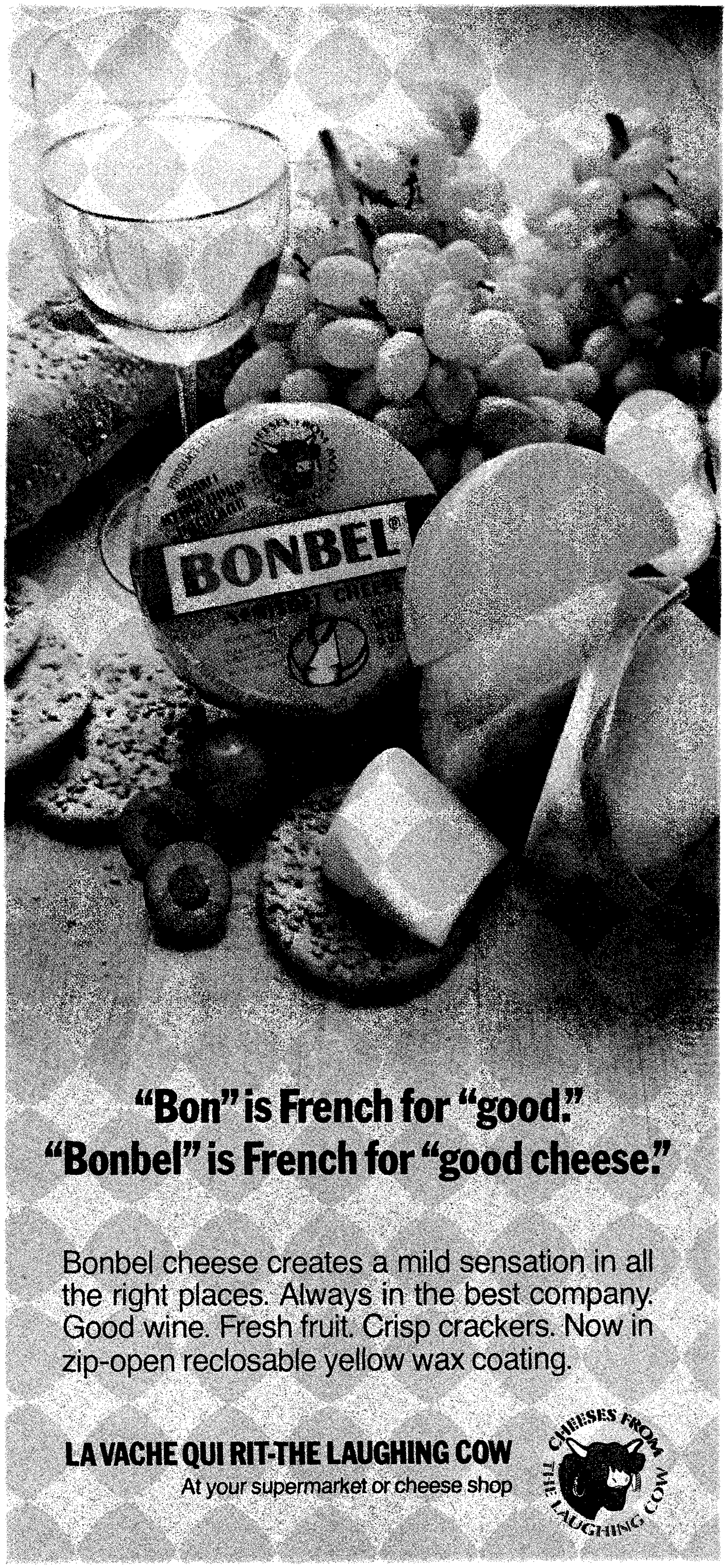

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me. He unlatches my arms as though they were a collar. Carelessly (after all, *there is all the time in the world*), I go into the room. The stove has burned low, he must put more coal on. The dog is already lying in front of it, quite at home. I turn, feeling so light with relief and happiness that I am almost floating.

"I escaped. I'm sorry I was so long, but I had to wait for the moon so that I could see. It was quite easy."

"What are you doing here, why have you come, what are you talking about?"

I laugh. The poor old gardener, he's quite dismayed. I'll *make him* a cup of cocoa, take care of him. "Why don't you sit down? I'll tell you about it."

Now I have to seduce him. This wasn't in my plan but shouldn't be difficult. He sits obediently, and I sit at his knee, my elbows on his knees, smiling up at him. His stubby hands, which explored me with such eagerness, hang quite empty on either side of the chair.

"I did what you told me, I broke out and I broke away, I came to you to be free because I was so unhappy, I don't mind about the riches and diamonds and all that, but I would like to be free here in the orchard, and if you like I will stay forever."

He is like someone on whose face the wind has changed: petrified. His eyes stare open, his mouth gapes, his rigid nose has stopped breathing. I kiss him gently, the kiss of life, he is galvanized.

"Who saw you come?"

"No one."

"Did you tell anyone you were coming?"

"Of course not."

"Does anyone know you have been here before?"

"No."

He erupts from the chair, I fall *against the iron fender.*

"Preposterous!" He charges across the room and back again, standing over me. "Preposterous!"

Either I have been momentarily stunned or I'm seeing visions: I see two yellow butterflies dancing together in the sunlight, catch-as-catch-can in the summer air. "But you said . . ."

"What do you think my job here is worth? Nothing? I work all day, I dig and hoe and rake and use the best natural fertilizers! I am paid a good salary, do you hear, a good salary! I have this excellent hut rent-free, they give me a coal allowance for my heating and my hot-water system! I have worked my way up to head gardener, my tomatoes are the best in the country, my vegetable marrows win valuable prizes! And you jeopardize all this by creeping in here, by creeping in here like a thief in the night! Preposterous!" Suddenly calming, he focusses on me lying with my head against the fender. "You are quite mad," he says, with absolute authority.

"But you took me into the greenhouse . . ." I haven't the strength to go on, and in any case he is rummaging on the other side of the room. He comes back with a hank of thin rope and a knife. Breathing heavily now, he cuts a length of rope, slams my legs together and binds my ankles. Turning me like a carcass, he pulls my arms behind me and binds my wrists. I don't cry for help. I don't try to resist him. He scoops me up and throws me face downward over his shoulder. The blood runs to my head, I am blacking out. I hear my voice calling "Old woman! Old woman! Where are you?" Then I hear a door slam and am bumping through the darkness, hearing his rasping breathing as he runs.

When I become conscious again, I am heaped on the terrace. There are blinding lights, the searchlights I knew about. Squinting up, I see that everyone is there: Gondzik, Dominic, Rowena, Simon, Revlon, the interrupted blonde, all in a state of sleepy dishevelment. There is also someone else, a man in pajamas and a silk dressing gown. I can tell from his bare feet, only a few inches from my face, that he has been hurriedly summoned.

"I brought her straight back, sir," the gardener is saying, his voice sweet with humility. "I thought that was the right thing to do, sir. I thought you would deal with her, sir, as you think fit. I'm only a gardener, sir, and I know my place."

I scream, "Where is the dog? *Where is the dog?*"

"What dog?" the Director asks. "What is she talking about?"

"She had a dog, sir, a mangy sort of mongrel. It should be put down, if you ask me."

"Can you see to that?"

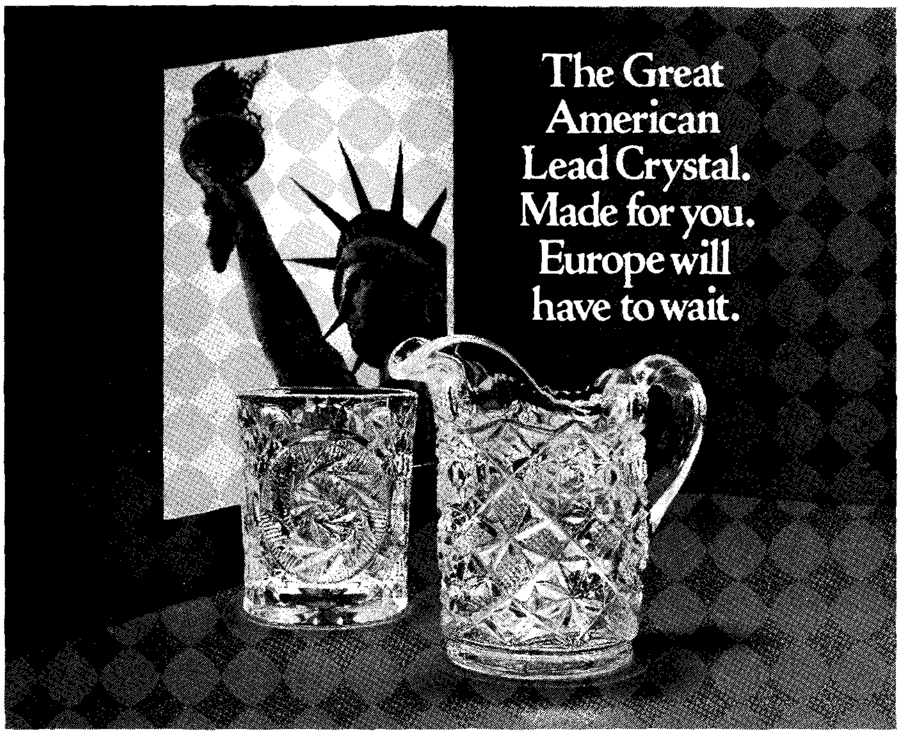
"Certainly, sir. I shall see that it's humane."

"Very good. Gondzik, will you take her to the West Wing?"

I am gathered up again, though this time in Gondzik's arms. Cradling me, he carries me a long distance.

—PENELOPE MORTIMER

(*This is the first half of a novel. The second half will appear in the next issue.*)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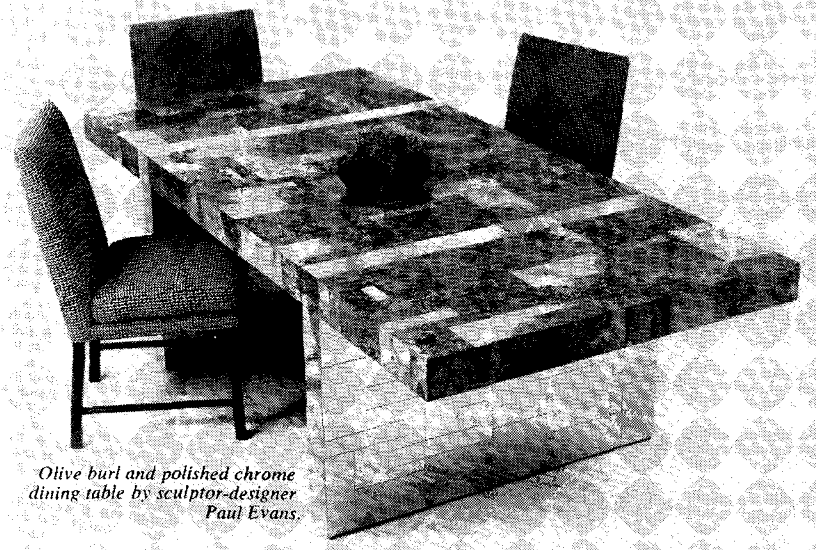

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THE THEATRE

PLAYING GAMES IN HELL

THE New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center has mounted a very able production of August Strindberg's "The Dance of Death." This zestful, painful, black-as-pitch comedy of 1901 has been adapted by A. J. Antoon from a translation by Elizabeth Sprigge, and is directed by Mr. Antoon. It has the benefit of a marvellous setting by Santo Loquasto—not the setting that Strindberg himself envisioned (the interior of a round fort built of granite, through whose gateway one glimpses artillery emplacements, a sweep of shore, and then the sea) but one that makes admirable use of the broad platform of the Vivian Beaumont. We are in the living room of a nineteenth-century Swedish house, entered mysteriously from the second floor, and the three characters in the play spend a good deal of their time ascending and descending, in varying degrees of torment, a reddish cast-iron spiral stairway that we come to perceive serves them as their means of passage in and out of Hell. The three characters are Edgar, an artillery captain; Alice, his wife, formerly an actress; and Kurt, their friend, who brought them together and who is therefore partly to blame, in their eyes, for the misery of their nearly twenty-five-year-long bondage to each other. Edgar is played by Robert Shaw, Alice by Zoe Caldwell, and Kurt by Hector Elizondo. They are very unlike in their acting styles, and it is no small portion of our pleasure to observe how Mr. Antoon keeps them in harmony even when the roles they play must be spreading before them the temptations of a conspicuous discord.

Strindberg considers women the necessary, radically imperfect device by which the race is enabled to reproduce itself; men, though they have a capacity to imagine doing good, are nearly always satisfied to imitate women in their perfidiousness. An American novelist has written that in family life nothing fortunate is probable; harsh as that formulation is, Strindberg's formulation is harsher still—he would say that in family life nothing fortunate is possible. Marriage is a contract that pitches two strangers into a relationship of love and hate from which neither can emerge except profoundly mutilated. Husbands, wives, and children circle like beasts of prey the cage of their wary domesticity; woe betide the first to stumble and be seen to bleed!

Strindberg wrote "The Dance of Death" as a play in two parts. It is the first part that Mr. Antoon is giving us at the Vivian Beaumont; the second part, rarely played anywhere, shows the characters at a later stage of their lives, when a second generation of adversaries begins to test its powers to do evil. Strindberg's misanthropy is exultant to the point of joyfulness; the relish with which he sets his doomed creatures at one another's throats bestows on the dialogue an energy that is the next best thing to wit and that we often willingly mistake for wit. When things go badly—for Edgar believes himself to be dying, Alice is growing old, and Kurt, who would be decent if he could, is encouraged by the others to abandon a lifetime of self-control—we are eager to learn what will become of them, though we have little reason to feel sympathy. We learn less than we expect; despite the complexities of the plot, the one true action of the play is the asking and answering of the question: Will Edgar and Alice remain together long enough to celebrate with mutual laceration their silver wedding anniversary?

Being but a part of a whole, the play lacks a proper climax. This lack is made up for in the present production by a nighttime scene in which a great storm lashes at the house, rain streams down the windows, shutters squeak and bang, candles gutter, and Edgar, in terror of the storm and of his own imminent demise, stumbles about the room in an orgy of purgation and destruction. The scene is Mr. Loquasto's gorgeous windup toy; we might be ten years old, shivering with fear and delight at our first performance of "The Bat." Fellow-conspirators of Mr. Loquasto are Theoni V. Aldredge, who did the thick, heavy, threatening costumes, and Ian Calderon, who did the lighting. Some venerable telegraphy equipment has been lent by the Smithsonian Institution, and the rain has been lent by the New York City Bureau of Water Supply.

HERB GARDNER'S "Thieves," at the Broadhurst, is a sentimental comedy written in cold blood. It is plotted as strictly and untruly as a soap opera, and the intention is to yield something like a laugh a minute, between calculated intervals of whither-have-we-drifted rue. The hero and heroine are a Jewish couple in their thirties who grew up together in poverty down on Delancey Street and have since made spectacularly good. He is the headmaster of a private school for wealthy whites, and she, more faithful to her early ideals than he has been to his, teaches blacks in a public school. Mr. Gardner thinks schoolmasters and teachers earn more money than *I* think they do; at any rate, the couple have moved into a luxurious balconied apartment on East End Avenue, have fifty thousand dollars' worth of antique French Provincial furniture, and are miserable. You will want to know why. Well, because they can't talk to each other anymore. They have lost touch. They still make love, but it isn't the "gorgeous" lovemaking it used to be back there on Delancey Street. As they are deciding to separate, the wife discovers that she is pregnant. Should she tell her husband? Or should she perhaps have an abortion without telling him? But what if, way down deep in her heart of hearts, she doesn't want an abortion? Meanwhile, the husband undertakes a flirtation with a hooker on an adjacent balcony, and the wife undertakes a flirtation with a lonely literary chap who uses binoculars to spy on his neighbors from still another adjacent balcony. Be assured that our hero and heroine don't go so far as to have sexual intercourse with their new-found companions; indeed, in twelve years of marriage neither has been unfaithful to the other, and at the final curtain they clinch with all the purity and vim of Tom Swift and Mary Nestor, because they have found each other again.

How does a man of Mr. Gardner's undoubted intelligence bring himself to set down such tosh? I cannot say, but, to the extent that anything can breathe life into his lifeless play, he has reason to be grateful to his cast. Marlo Thomas is exceptionally pleasing as the wife, and Richard Mulligan does his dogged best in the uncomfortable role of the husband. Ann Wedgeworth plays the hooker with charm and humor; Irwin Corey ("the world's greatest authority" when he is on his

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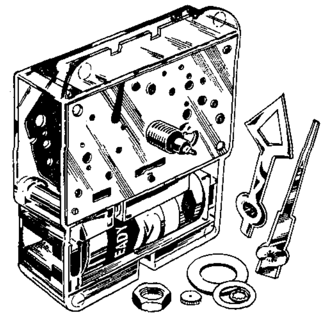

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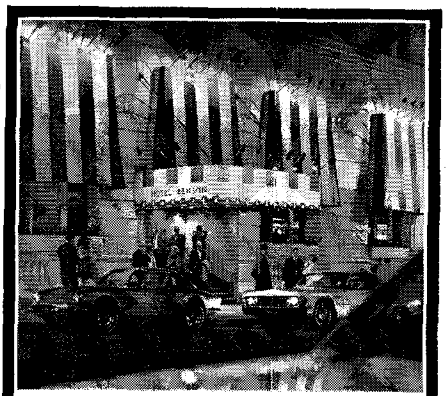
night-club rounds) rants to comical effect as an aging taxi-driver who wishes never to die; and Dick Van Patten has a few telling moments as a friendless homosexual fussbudget on the highest of the apartment balconies. The set, which, as you will have gathered, consists largely of balconies, is the handiwork of Peter Larkin, the costumes are by Joseph G. Aulisi, and the lighting is by Jules Fisher. The play has been very well directed by Charles Grodin. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Just Around the Corner

AL CARMINES, resident pastor of the Judson Church, and his cast of singers, actors, and dancers will be performing in his new musical, "The Future," through Monday, April 15th. Mr. Carmines, of course, appears at the piano, and although he has assigned himself no solos this time, his is a star presence. What the future holds in store, it seems, is a monochrome world of sex robots and eunuchs, of forgetfulness potions in test tubes, of pleasure capsules—a world of humanoids without feelings or religion, ruled by a crowned tyrant via his public-relations man. Mr. Carmines' forecast is ominous indeed (and more conventional than one would have expected of him), and, needless to say, it is belied time and again by eruptions of his own high spirits and talent and invention, and by his brimming melodic score. We can cheer up, too: Mr. C. is a comparatively young man, and there is no reason to suppose that the future won't include him. The show gets a bit script-heavy, and even message-laden, especially in the second act, but it is full of heartfelt and funny lines and bits of lyrics. Who but Mr. Carmines would write "A little admixture of dishonesty gave life color," or "Frustration has resulted in war, famine, pestilence, and general bitchery"? The songs are lovely show tunes all, and one, the next-to-closing number, "Mumblin' Fool," has the ring of permanence.

The Judson company gets better and better; many of the principals have been playing here for years now. Among the old hands on hand are Lee Guilliatt (her hair whitened, as a retired professor), Reathel Bean, Ira Siff, Stu Silver, Essie Borden, Julie Kurnitz, Sandy Padilla, and Patricia Long. They are very good, and so are most of the new hands. Elwin Charles Terrel designed the appropriate, geometric set, and Dan Wagoner is responsible for the effective choreography. —EDITH OLIVER



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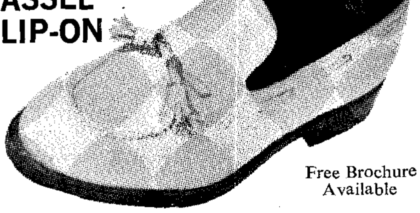

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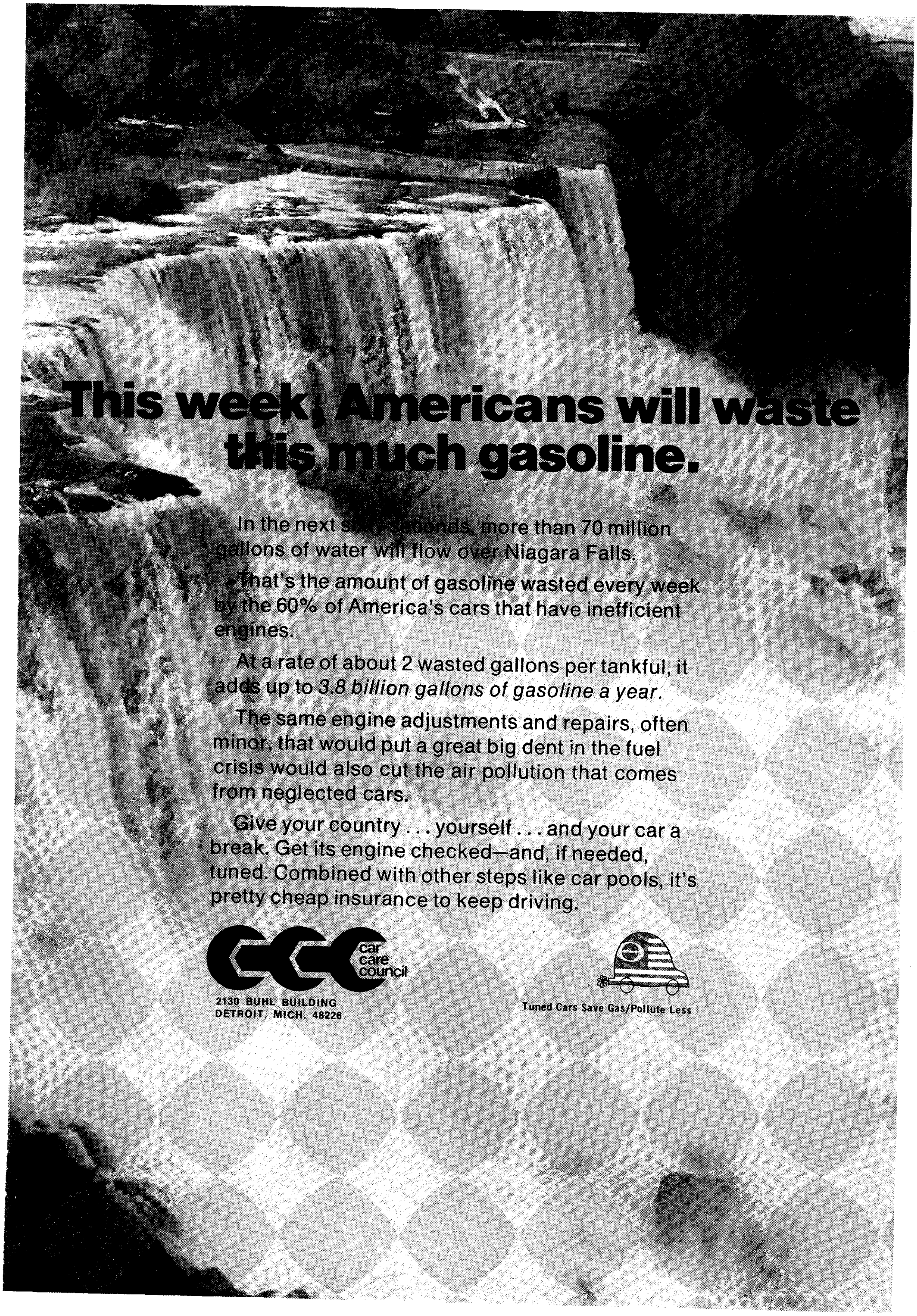

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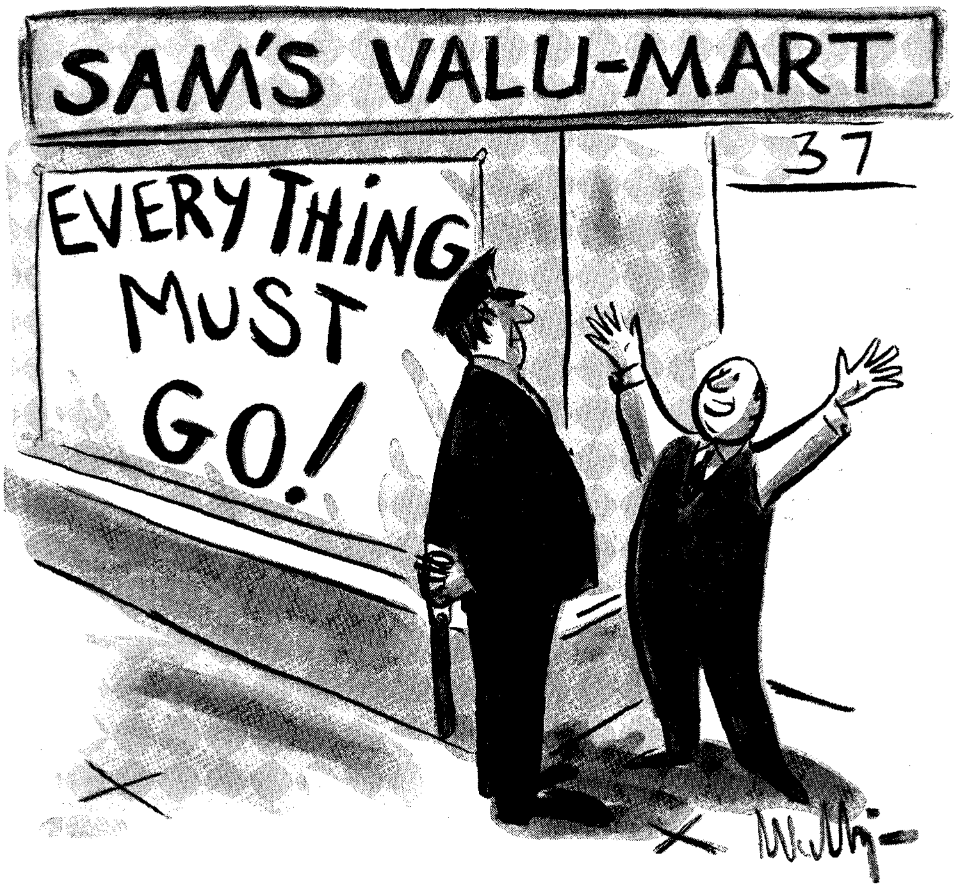
NIXON AND LINCOLN

"THE judgment of the world is usually wrong in the beginning, and it takes centuries to correct it," Tolstoy wrote. "But in the case of Lincoln the world was right from the start. . . . The greatness of Napoleon, Caesar, or Washington is only moonlight by the sun of Lincoln. His example is universal and will last thousands of years." Tolstoy was in his thirties during the American Civil War, and nearly half a century later, on the hundredth anniversary of Lincoln's birth, he asked, "Now, why was Lincoln so great that he overshadows all other national heroes?" The answer was: "Because he loved his enemies as himself, and because he was a universal individualist who wanted to see himself in the world—not the world in himself;" because of his "peculiar moral power" and the "greatness of his character;" and, probably most of all, because "he was one who wanted to be great through his smallness."

At the hundred-and-sixty-fifth anniversary of Lincoln's birth, President Nixon turned up, unannounced, at the Lincoln Memorial to speak to the crowd of a few hundred people who had come there at lunch hour to pay tribute to the Great Emancipator. Mr. Nixon began his speech by asking much the same question Tolstoy had: "Why, why is Lincoln, of all the American Presidents, more revered not only in America but in the world?" The President's answer was that Lincoln "freed the slaves," he "saved the Union," he "died of an assassin's bullet just at the height of his career," he had "humility," "humor," "feeling and kindness for people," and he possessed "perhaps more than anything else the strength, the poise under pressure." Then Mr. Nixon said, "When we examine the American Presidents, it is quite clear that no President in history has been more vilified or was more vilified during the time he was President than Lincoln. Those who knew him, his secretaries, have written that he was very deeply hurt by what was said about him and drawn about him, but on the other hand, Lincoln had that great strength of character never to display it, always to stand tall and strong and firm no matter how harsh or unfair the criticism might be."

Some of the reporters who accompanied the President to the Memorial concluded that he meant to compare his current ordeal to President Lincoln's ordeal during the Civil War—and, possibly, to suggest that history may compare the two men favorably in other ways. The parallel ignores history. While it is true that Lincoln was bitterly hated and reviled during his Presidency, it is also true that he was widely loved and honored at the same time. During the height of the worst attacks on him, in 1864, he was reëlected by a majority of two hundred and twelve electoral votes to twenty-one for his popular Democratic opponent, General George B. McClellan. If President Nixon were running for reëlection at a comparable time of vilification—this year—he would probably not get any electoral votes at all.

If, indeed, President Nixon meant to draw a comparison between Lincoln and himself, another flaw in the parallel could be found in the two Presidents' personal reactions to public criticism. President Nixon has used or allowed others to use his immense official power to silence and destroy his detractors and opponents—through wiretapping and bugging, physical surveillance, tax audits, campaign fraud, illegal entry, extortion, bribery, and trumped-up criminal prosecutions. When these criminal acts were revealed, Mr. Nixon responded to critics of his conduct—members of the press, for the most part—through innuendo, smear, and vilification, and when these tactics failed, he tried to convince the people that their concern about Watergate was the creation of his political enemies. It is difficult to know whether these responses were examples of what he meant by "poise under pressure." It is clear, though, that he believes he has such poise, for he has written a book about it and often reminds us that he is always the coolest man in the room. We cannot now determine just how strong and firm Lincoln was in the face of personal attacks. "As a general rule, I abstain from reading the reports of attacks upon myself, wishing not to be provoked by that to which I cannot properly offer an answer," he said in his last public address. Of course, it is difficult for a President to respond "properly" to unfair criticism in public, and Presidents with dignity and courage have not responded at all. In private, a President is entitled to rage or whine or joke as he pleases about such matters. We all know that Lincoln chose the last course. When an old friend from Illinois asked him how it felt to be President, he said, "You have heard about the man tarred and feath-



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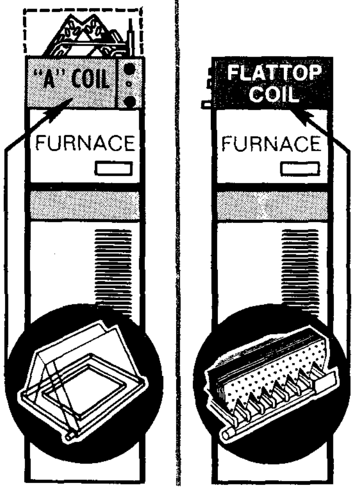

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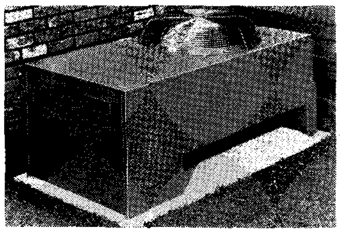

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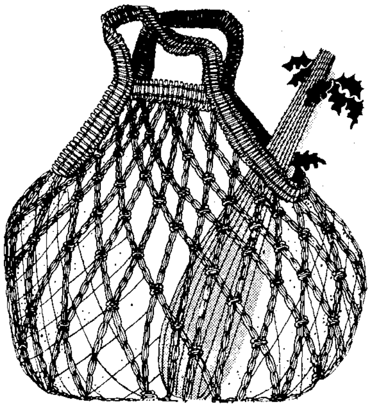

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ered and ridden out of town on a rail? A man in the crowd asked him how he liked it, and his reply was that if it wasn't for the honor of the thing, he would much rather walk."

"THE particular factor that I would like to address . . . has to do with Lincoln's vision about America's role in the world," President Nixon said at the Memorial. "What we sometimes forget is that Abraham Lincoln was a world statesman at the time that America was not a world power. Here on these walls are inscribed many of his very familiar usages [sic]. One from the Second Inaugural comes to mind when Lincoln said, 'To do all that we may to achieve and to cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and between all nations.' This is Lincoln one hundred and ten years ago." These words would scarcely have made Lincoln a world statesman even if he had spoken them, and he did not—at least, not in that way. What he said, in the words chiselled in marble above Mr. Nixon's head, was "With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—*to do all which may achieve and* cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations." Mr. Nixon's remarks were written by his aides and rewritten by the President. The distortions were small but far from trivial, for they altered Lincoln's intent. Lincoln's statement was a modest, and largely rhetorical, expression of the hope that America would remain at peace "with all nations"—a hope expressed by nearly all Presidents before and after him. Nixon's statement was a concocted claim that his role as Lincoln's historical heir compels him to forge a peace "*between* all nations." From what history tells us about Lincoln, it seems that he was primarily concerned about restoring the integrity and purpose of the nation he led. But President Nixon would change history for us, in order to justify his own quite different concern. Such changes are characteristic of his public statements. A little twist here, a tiny alteration there, an addition or omission elsewhere, and in the end the essential meaning has been fundamentally transformed into a falsehood. And, of course, no lie is small when it is spoken by a President.

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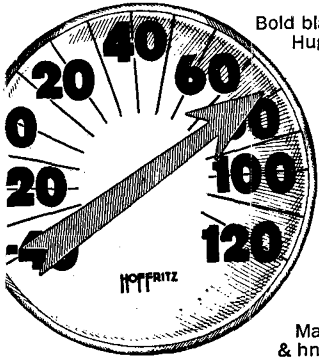

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tergate, above all, right now—has led him to seek an exceedingly peculiar resolution of his political problems. Lee W. Huebner, who had been a speech writer for the President since he took office, recently quit his job, and in an interview he said that one of the main reasons for the President's determination not to resign was his conviction that he would finally be saved from disgrace by an unusual set of constituents—the leaders of other nations. "He looks to that foreign audience," Huebner went on. "Emotionally, that's kind of the center of things for him, and it's where he hopes to make his mark in history. As long as they are willing to deal with him, to take his word seriously, he feels that he is in a strong position." Of course, once those leaders see how dependent on them he is—and surely they must have by now—he is their pawn, and thereby jeopardizes the one form of national security that he has most fervently promised the American people. Mr. Nixon's reliance on a foreign political base suggests that he has come to believe the unbelievable—that he can do what no other person in history has been able to do, and bring "a generation of peace" to the entire world. It is a dangerous delusion. His utensils—balance of power and détente—are rusty and fragile. They depend on circumstance, and no one can predict circumstances tomorrow or next month, let alone a decade or a generation from now. While easing international tensions is important, nothing better illustrates the flimsy nature of the existing détente than the intrusive and belligerent acts of the Soviet Union last fall during the war in the Mideast, which has long and clearly been a vital sphere of interest for the West. And nothing could be more perilous for Americans than to be lulled into believing that a totalitarian state like the Soviet Union will not grab all the power it can when it can.

In the speech at the Memorial, President Nixon continued, "When America, torn by civil strife, and when America, even after it was united with both the North and the South working together to build a greater country, could not and would not even play a great role in the world for years and years to come, and yet Lincoln with the mystical sense of destiny and vision saw it all ahead when he said, 'Ours is earth's last, best hope.'" Once again, these are not quite Lincoln's words, and that was not at all his meaning. The misquoted speech that Mr. Nixon referred to dealt almost entirely with the subject of slavery and Lincoln's proposal for emancipation by way of a

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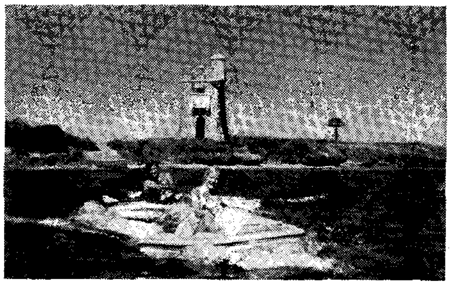

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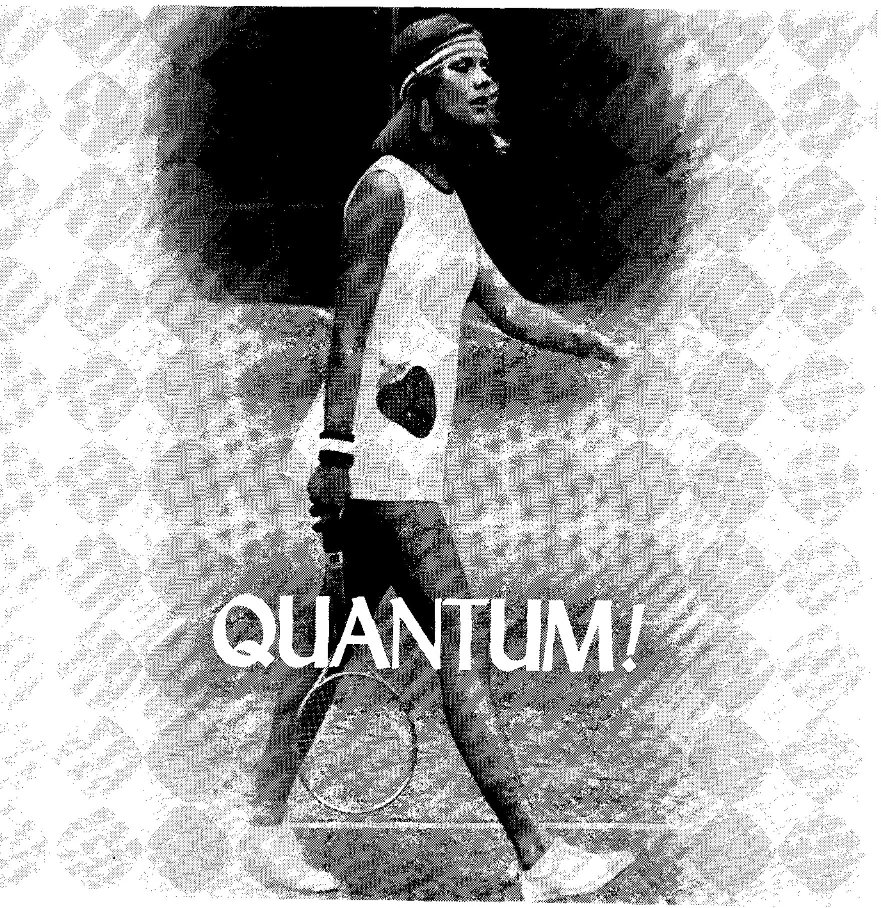

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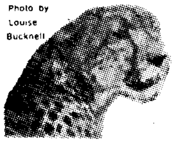

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Constitutional amendment. At the end of the speech, Lincoln said, "Fellow-citizens, we cannot escape history. We of this Congress and this Administration will be remembered in spite of ourselves. No personal significance or insignificance can spare one or another of us. The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down, in honor or dishonor, to the latest generation. We say we are for the Union. The world will not forget that we say this. We know how to save the Union. The world knows we do know how to save it. We—even we here—hold the power and bear the responsibility. In giving freedom to the slave, we assure freedom to the free—honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve. We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last, best hope of earth." If Lincoln envisioned "a great role in the world" for America, it was as an example—of decency and opportunity and freedom—to mankind.

"And now we come to today, one hundred and ten years later," Mr. Nixon continued. "Even Lincoln would have marvelled if he were living today. This nation now, the strongest nation in the world, the richest nation by far in the world, and a nation greatly respected all over the world, and the question he would have asked, as we must ask ourselves, is how will history look back on our time? What did we do with our strength? What did we do with our wealth? Did we use it only for ourselves, or did we recognize as Lincoln recognized that we had a destiny far beyond this great nation, looking out over the whole wide world?" Lincoln's major speeches and letters have almost nothing to say about the world outside the United States, except to report a couple of times to Congress that his Administration was doing its best to keep various European governments from intruding in our affairs. (One of Lincoln's few other remarks on the outside world—in his address to a committee from the New York Workingmen's Association, on March 21, 1864—would not be of much political use at home, but it might come in handy the next time President Nixon visits the Kremlin: "The strongest bond of human sympathy, outside of the family relation, should be one uniting all working people, of all nations, and tongues, and kindreds.") As Lincoln repeatedly made clear, his chief aim—in fact, his only aim—was to preserve the Union. But President Nixon has turned away from the Republic that Lincoln saved, and asks the people to avert their eyes from his Administration's betrayal of "the last, best hope of earth" while he forges a grand alliance

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ANY generally accepted list of "great" American Presidents would include Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, Franklin Roosevelt, and possibly Truman. These men possessed a unique American genius, which might be best described by the word "humanitarian." They had passionate and compassionate minds, and their political goal was to add to human freedom—not in some abstract or rhetorical way but practically, through giving ordinary men and women a better chance to fulfill themselves. Lincoln probably stated this goal as well as anyone, in a special message to Congress shortly after the outbreak of the Civil War: "This is essentially a people's contest. On the side of the Union it is a struggle for maintaining in the world that form and substance of government whose leading object is to elevate the condition of men—to lift artificial weights from all shoulders; to clear the paths of laudable pursuit for all; to afford all an unfettered start, and a fair chance in the race of life." Mr. Nixon has rarely displayed this kind of attitude, politically or personally. The scant attention he has devoted to domestic concerns—that is, the immediate well-being of the people he was chosen to serve—has usually revealed, instead, an authoritarian instinct, a desire to oppress rather than to liberate men. The other day, for instance, he ordered his latest Attorney General to press Congress for passage of a law restoring the death penalty for a variety of crimes. During the Civil War, a lawyer interceded with Lincoln on behalf of a seaman who he believed had been unjustly convicted of manslaughter. Lincoln listened to the story, then said, "It must be referred to the Attorney General, but I guess it will be all right, for me and the Attorney General's very chickenhearted." In addition to being compassionate men, the great Presidents have been men of rigorous personal integrity. A friend of Lincoln's who had set up a bank under the new National Bank Act wrote to the President to offer him a chance to buy some stock in the venture. Lincoln wrote back to thank him and decline, saying he realized that stock in a solid national bank was a good investment, but explaining that as President he felt he should not profit from a law passed under his Administration. Later, the banker said, "He seemed to wish to avoid even the appearance of evil."

In Mr. Nixon's speech, he told his audience, "These thoughts come to

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mind that Lincoln might well have advised us: One, that . . . America always used its strength, certainly in this century at least, used its strength to defend freedom and never to destroy it, to keep the peace and to defend the peace and never to break it." Historians of the future may find this statement puzzling, in light of our activities in Guatemala, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia. "I think Lincoln also would have had this admonition to his fellow-Americans on such an occasion as this in this particular period in our history," Mr. Nixon went on. "He would have hoped that America with its strength and its wealth would not turn away from greatness, despite the fact that some other nations in the world turn inward, failing to assume their responsibilities for building a peaceful world. Lincoln would have said, a great nation, a strong nation, a rich nation, and a great people will use their strength and their wealth to build a world in which peace and freedom can survive for themselves and for others as well. This, I think, is the Lincoln heritage for today. It is the Lincoln admonition for tomorrow and I would trust for the next generation and perhaps for the next century." Others might feel that the Lincoln heritage is, and will remain, what it has always been—to protect the Republic against its domestic enemies with patience and decency under law. History may find that the most dangerous enemies of the United States in the period since the Civil War were the Nixon Administration's highest officials and the President himself. And history may also find that the greatness of this nation was most severely tested by the manner in which its people turned inward to cleanse its corruption.

"I conclude simply by paraphrasing what Lincoln said so many years ago so much more eloquently, we could meanly lose what is mankind's last, best hope for peace and freedom, but we could also nobly save it," President Nixon said at the close of the memorial service. "Abraham Lincoln, who saved the Union, would say to us today, let this great Union, North, South, East, and West, now save the cause of peace and freedom for the whole world." Abraham Lincoln might be more inclined to warn us about a leader who would attempt to save his own political life and lose his nation's soul.

—RICHARD HARRIS

•

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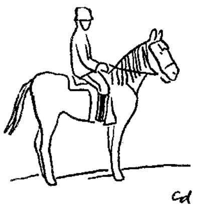
THE RACE TRACK

Those Three-Year-Olds!

IF you thought the three-year-old situation, as some call it, was already scrambled, the running of the Gotham Stakes at Aqueduct last Saturday left it looking like a thousand-piece jigsaw puzzle. Imagine Protagonist, the Kentucky Derby favorite, running last most of the mile, and Secretariat's half brother Capital Asset, Riva Ridge's half brother Capito, and Hudson County, who had won the Bay Shore, all out of the money. That's what happened. The meeting of Protagonist and Capital Asset in the second division of the Gotham (the race was split) was looked upon as the event of the afternoon, but Protagonist, Max Gluck's big rangy chestnut colt, carrying the Elmendorf colors, appeared unable to get himself together in the sloppy going; in fact, he stumbled and almost fell as he was being pulled up after the finish. On the other hand, Capital Asset went well until he got into close quarters—so close that his rider, Turcotte, lodged an objection against Cumulo Nimbus, who beat him by half a length for third place. (Nothing came of the objection.) While all this was going on, Sigmund Sommer's Rube the Great, just back from Santa Anita, was galloping along off the pace to the stretch turn, where he set sail and went on to win by nearly five lengths from Hosiery. (How's that last one for the name of a Derby winner?) Altogether, it was a pleasant afternoon for Mr. Sommer and Pancho Martin, his trainer, who saddled two other winners, Accipiter and Infuriator. The first division of the Gotham was an easy mark for Stonewalk, who beat Mr. Sommer's L'Amour Rullah by three lengths, with Wing South third and Hudson County fourth.



Though Johnny Campo, who trains Protagonist, insisted that the colt was all right, it is well known that one of his knees is bigger than it should be, so it is anyone's guess how much the stumble affected him, and whether he will be out for the Wood Memorial a week from Saturday. One colt who won't be is Capito, who tired so badly that Lucien Laurin, his trainer, is giving him a long rest. It's a good bet, by the way, that the Wood will be run in two divisions.

COLONEL MARTINGALE, the old favorite-player, will take 7–10 that the Kentucky Derby will be split, even though nobody wants it to be. Somehow, races that are split lose their glamour, and that would certainly happen to the centennial running of the Derby. There has been talk of limiting the number of starters, but the nomination to any stakes race is a contract between the owner and the track, and if someone who had put up four thousand dollars to see his colors in the Derby should be excluded (starting fees were boosted sky-high to keep out the ribbon clerks), he'd very likely look on the exclusion as a breach of contract, and that would not do at all. Right now there are more than thirty really probable starters—enough to fill the starting gates at Churchill Downs twice over, with extras.

THE winner of the $144,850 Arkansas Derby at Hot Springs last weekend was J.R.'s Pet, who is one of the two hundred and ninety eligibles for the Kentucky Derby, and who no doubt will have a go at it. Seventeen ran in the Arkansas Derby, and J.R.'s Pet came through the pack in the stretch to win by a head from Silver Florin. I was sorry to hear that Sellout, who had won the Louisiana Derby, had fractured a sesamoid in a workout for the Arkansas race. It was a bad day for Jim Conway, who trains him.

ACCORDING to the chart, the Trenton Handicap at Garden State Park must have been a thriller, and True Knight must have been at his best to wear down Prove Out in their drive through the stretch. It was the Campbell at Bowie all over again, with True Knight leaving the gate last of the six starters and taking the lead in the final furlong to win by three-quarters of a length. Play the Field was six lengths farther behind. By the way, Play the Field is trained by Merritt Buxton, Jr., whose father, I'm sure, will be remembered by old-timers.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

ST. PAUL—Burlington Northern Inc., a railroad company with vast land holdings, is on the brink of long-range, large-scale, far-flung urban housing, office building and commercial developments to supplement traditional industrial site promotion designed to spurn business.

—Washington Post.

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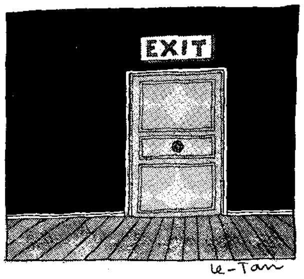
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Tapped Telephones in Desk Drawers, Bugging Gadgets in Buckets of Fish Bait

"WE'RE having trouble with the sound in this picture," the projectionist apologized to me with unwitting aptness about Francis Ford Coppola's "The Conversation" while he was struggling to make intelligible what the hero of the picture, an expert in every sort of recording and wiretapping, can't always smooth out at the first try, or even the tenth. The hero, Harry Caul, is a Catholic made seedy by self-loathing. Played by Gene Hackman, he has an aura of guilt that he carries with him like a stench. In the company of wiretappers who see him as king—although he is silently longing for anonymity—he finds himself in an atmosphere of ribald backslapping. He goes to a convention for the career wiretapper and room-bugger. The joshing goes on in a hall of display stands showing rival gadgets, demonstrated by hucksters with cheesecake assistants whose satin miniskirts and sequins look immensely weary, like the costumes of the girls who hand the rings to jugglers in fourth-rate circuses. The deadly jokes may reflect something about the nature of the buyers' morbid jobs. The humor has the desperate beefiness of the jokes of first-year medical students.



Harry Caul doesn't like to confront the fact that he may be working for the Justice Department or for the Internal Revenue Service, or for a big corporation like, say, General Motors, which might want advance information about whether Lincoln Continentals will be going in for fins next year. He prefers to think of himself as the employee of a Private Party, concealing from himself that this Private Party may be anyone, including the President. He manages to confine his sense of his job to fascination with the mechanics of it, taking pride in having thought of putting a bugging gadget into a bucket of fish bait when the president of a union local who had set up a phony welfare fund went fishing with his accountant in what the swindler thought was a bug-proof boat. Three men were murdered because of the recordings, but Harry says he "just turned in the tapes." Up to here in drink and self-hatred, he boasts about having thought of fixing a long-range microphone to the sights of a rifle aimed at "the target's" mouth and using the device to screen out surrounding chatter. (The bugged men and women whose remarks he works so patiently to preserve, like an archeologist handling parchment that is about to crumble, are always known professionally as "the targets.") When he has done his work, he takes his money. No questions; no delivery of tapes to anyone but the man who engaged him. The conversation that he has been paid to record in this film is held in an impossibly crowded square at lunchtime between a man and a girl. Their exchanges might be a plan for adultery, or a plot to bring down the government, or a whisper between two big corporations, or the talk of frightened friends who are jumpy and ashamed for some quite other reason—perhaps for something perfidious, perhaps for very little. Harry Caul would rather not know. He reminds one of the heroes of Graham Greene's books. The ignorance he clings to is his life belt in a wrecked existence. It may be that he has plundered life from someone else, or from his own future; without ignorance, though, he would sink at once.

A fellow-pro named Moran (Allen Garfield) disdains the bugging gadgetry sold to what he calls "mail-order detectives and nervous husbands," but Harry himself is too edgy, with the arrogance that often goes with edginess, to bother about similar attacks on trivia. The thing that threatens to overwhelm him is his Catholic sense of guilt. It may be what animates the vision he has of a motel room he has bugged from the room next door. Eventually, he picks the lock after hearing violent voices, and finds the invaded territory perfectly empty. No sign of neighbors that day. A strip of paper over the lid of the lavatory seat: it says, with grisly delicacy, "Sanitized for Your Protection." But when he lifts the lid and flushes the tank, water full of blood wells up and onto the tiled floor. A fancy provoked by guilt, and all those murders he preferred not to know about? Or a fact as real as they were? The answer is left ambiguous.

Francis Ford Coppola began the script in 1966, long before we learned our repulsive familiarity with bugging, telephone tapping, and tape recordings tampered with so that they mean the opposite of what they originally said. This is a screenplay of the first quality, written with the eerie foresight of a real writer. It is very simply directed. Nothing gets in the way of the intended double meanings of the script. By the end of the film, what remains of Harry Caul's lonely and hideous story is the sight of him back in his apartment answering a telephone that rings frighteningly in his own desk drawer, suspecting his own place of being bugged, and ripping it to pieces: floorboards, paintings, hanging lamps, wall plaster—everything. Then he merely sits in the wreckage without making move or sound, waiting in the deathly vacancy he has evolved for himself in the world. He is hoping, perhaps, to be rid of a life that awards him no respite, for even when he is asleep it is as though he were still awake. But to wish for death is a sin in the eyes of this very moral evildoer, whose moments of knowing his own lack of rectitude quiver like the antennae of some gadget for overhearing private matters.

"ATTICA" is an aching, precise study of the days between the ninth and thirteenth of September, 1971, in a particularly harsh New York State prison. They ended in massacre when Governor Rockefeller, showing marked inertia, passed the responsibility that was likely to explode in his hands like a dumdum bullet to the New York State Commissioner of Corrections and the state troopers. The result was that actual dumdum bullets, "designed to expand inside the body of the game animal," as the film says, and outlawed by the Geneva Convention, came to be used by troopers, who indeed saw the inmates as beasts of quarry. Forty-three men ultimately died at Attica and more than eighty others were wounded by one of the greatest concentrations of killing weapons ever brought against American citizens by an arm of the government. Apart from the Indian massacres, more died in this purely domestic conflict than in any other all-American crisis since the Civil War.

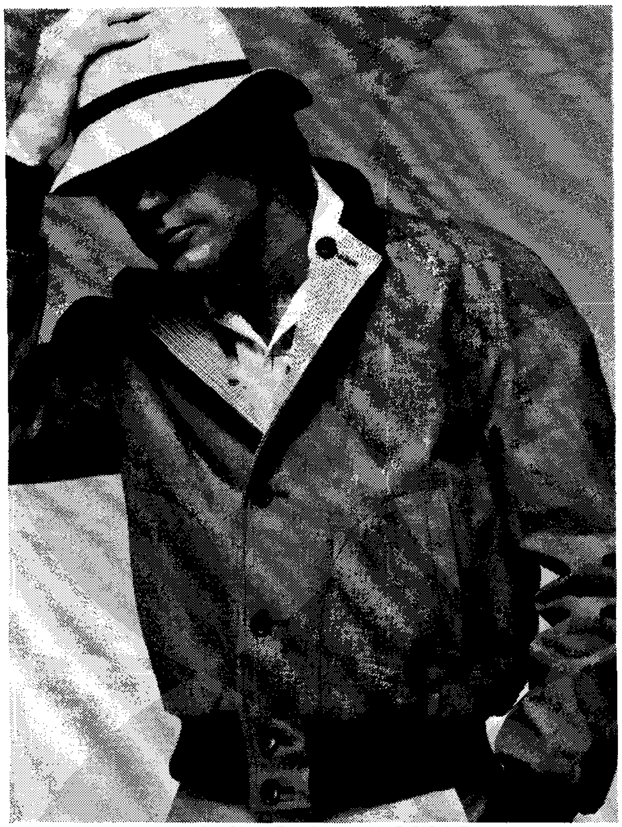
The terse and truly investigative film was produced, directed, and edited by Cinda Firestone. It is interspersed with footage of statements made by members of the committee of invited observers. The observers, from rightwingers to left-wingers, were unanimous in their judgment of the validity of the prisoners' proposals. They spoke up for the care so amazingly taken of the hostages by men already nearly obliterated by years of inhuman conditions and now by every mortal threat. There are cut-ins of the McKay Commission hearings in the spring of 1972, when the government came out guilty of malfeasance and duplicity; yet no one in power has since been indicted—no state trooper or prison official. All the indictments were against the prison inmates: sixty-one of them.

Newspapers and television reported at the time, in an atmosphere of racial hysteria, that nine hostages had been killed. Prison officials announced that seven were dead from throat-cutting by prisoners. The film shows a prison spokesman later answering newsmen and saying in a fluster, "I said 'several,' not 'seven.'" For by that time "several" had turned out to be none: autopsies had shown that every one of the unarmed dead was killed by New York State official bullets.

The cause of the uprising was not just the prison conditions that restricted men nominally imprisoned to be "rehabilitated" to one shower a week, to repulsive food handed out as if to curs, to restricted reading matter, to censored letters. (In their rock-bottom list of requests, men permitted to earn twenty-five cents a day pitifully pleaded for the right to send uncensored letters "at their own expense.") The cause was not even just the ordinary enmity between the locked-up and the free. The fateful crevasse was probably racial. The prisoners, mostly urban, were also mostly black or Puerto Rican. The guards were all white (except for one black employee, a teacher), and they had mostly come from rural areas. To be a prison guard earned more speedy money than to be a farmer, and provided a pension as well. But the cause of the riot was not apprehended by the people on top. One state guard insists in the film that, yes, there are differences, but "we seem to mingle." The cost of the faulty relationship that was no real mingling was the death of forty-three men.

It can make an ordinarily humane man numb to hold a machine gun or to have the distance from ground to state-trooper helicopter between a corpse-strewn prison yard and himself. From the height of a gun tower, or when thin prisoners reek for lack of a bath, the inmates can conveniently be written off as little animals. "You know what their mentality is? Very

Paul Stuart



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low," says the same New York State guard. That's all. Mentality "very low." The dismissive statement interrupts more meditative remarks by an Attica ex-inmate called Joe Little, a sage with the commodious soul of a Buddhist, whose struggles to educate himself and to comprehend the working of the guards' minds in the old hellhole are patiently intelligent. He tells us about the hiring of guards. "Neopotism" operates, he says. That's getting "your brother, your uncle, your cousin" into jobs. Like him, most of the prisoners think of the guards with a surprising lack of bitterness. They are generally quite good-tempered toward these men who habitually turn the beds in the cells upside down for no reason except to manufacture even more squalor, and who regard prisoners as people incapable of change. One prisoner looks on the jail system as a rich world's folly, "a multi-million-dollar enterprise or industry, and it's the only industry that functions off of failures." An enterprise not aimed particularly at him. For all the unity of feeling created by the murder of George Jackson at San Quentin, across the continent, there is very little spite recorded in the generous film. An Attica inmate called James Richie says levelly about the riot yard, "There were many hostages out there that I had had previous grievances with. But these things became obsolete in my mind at that stage because something much higher was at stake."

Cinda Firestone's quiet picture uses horrifying film footage: shots taken through state troopers' telescopic rifle lenses; musings by inmates which sometimes sputter into anger against a world that finds descriptions of Attica incredible; riot quellers insensibly proud of their skill with weapons, showing off their prowess before the commission of inquiry. We see the crass brushoffs by Rockefeller of desperate reports by the observers on the spot, who said right up to the last minute that massacre was not yet inevitable if the Governor would only negotiate instead of allowing violence to fill the vacuum. Tom Wicker's sleepless face comes to life when he speaks with controlled rage of the observers' plea for Rockefeller's presence. In Wicker here we see the face of a fine reporter and muckraker who will not give up.

Some of the material is in black-and-white splashed with red, some in normally varied color, some in black-and-white for TV reporting and perhaps for the record. "A few guards, they try to relate. . . . This very young

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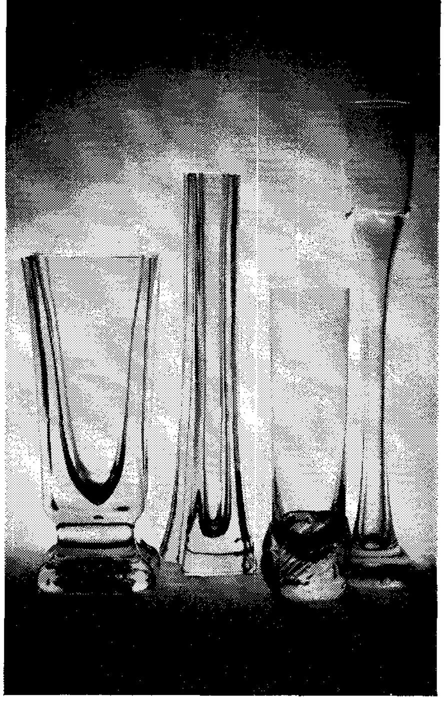

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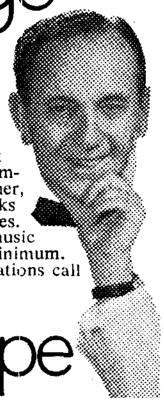

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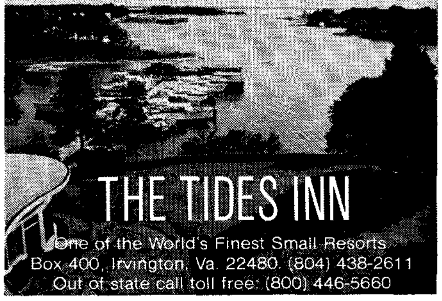

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guard who might come in . . . and try to relate to, you know, me or someone else . . . he's really harassed by his own fellow-guards," says Joe Little, thinking aloud about the lives among black prisoners of the top dogs, who are nearly all white. Something had to happen. A sense of injustice had to flare against these white fortunates who tried to mesmerize the black inmates into thinking that the cold-water flats they lived in before Attica's cells were good enough. Memories are conveniently short, though. The Pepper Committee, investigating prison conditions in general later in 1971, asked the warden of Attica, "Could you tell us what lessons you have learned from the disruptions and what programs you have adopted to try to avoid any recurrence?" The warden said, "We have instituted two gun posts." Jessica Mitford, before writing her book on prisons, "Kind and Usual Punishment," did studious research and found that the inmates were now being allowed *two* baths a week, and an unheralded supply of lavatory paper without limit. If Attica disturbed our slumber for a mere month or two, one of the qualities of this trumpet call of a film is that it makes the disturbance enduring. At the end, an ex-inmate named Frank Smith says, "Wake up! Because nothing comes to a sleeper but a dream." —PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

Ferenczi was sitting on the sofa, facing him, his right hand in his pocket, his tall, thin body cloaked in a black leather coat. His dark swept-back hair accentuated the long white scar which ran down the middle of his scalp, a souvenir of his near-execution in Budapest.

He gazed at Malko with ill-repressed cynicism and raised his left hand. It was as white and bony as a skeleton's.

"Welcome, Prince Malko. Long time no see."

His German was impeccable.—*"Malko: Operation New York," by Gérard de Villiers.*

Allee samee fist chop.

•

The 1972 Schick campaign, which claimed its Flexamatic shaver provided a closer shave than models manufactured by competitors such as Norelco, Remington and Sunbeam, created an uproar within the industry.

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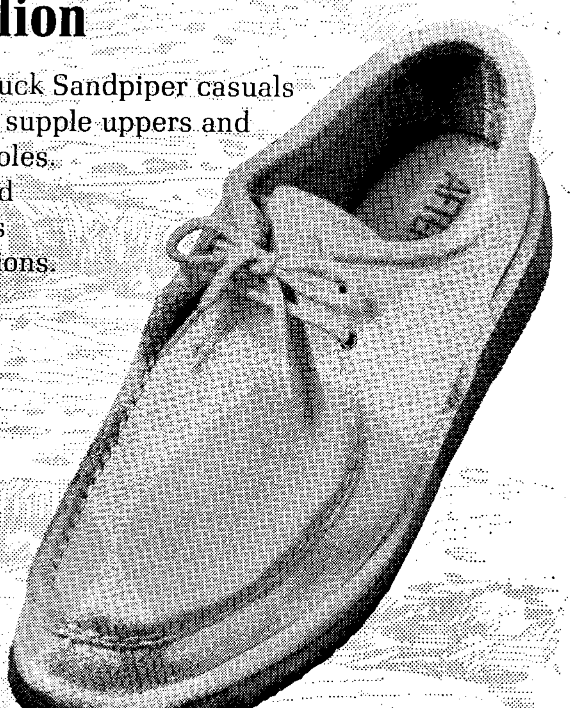

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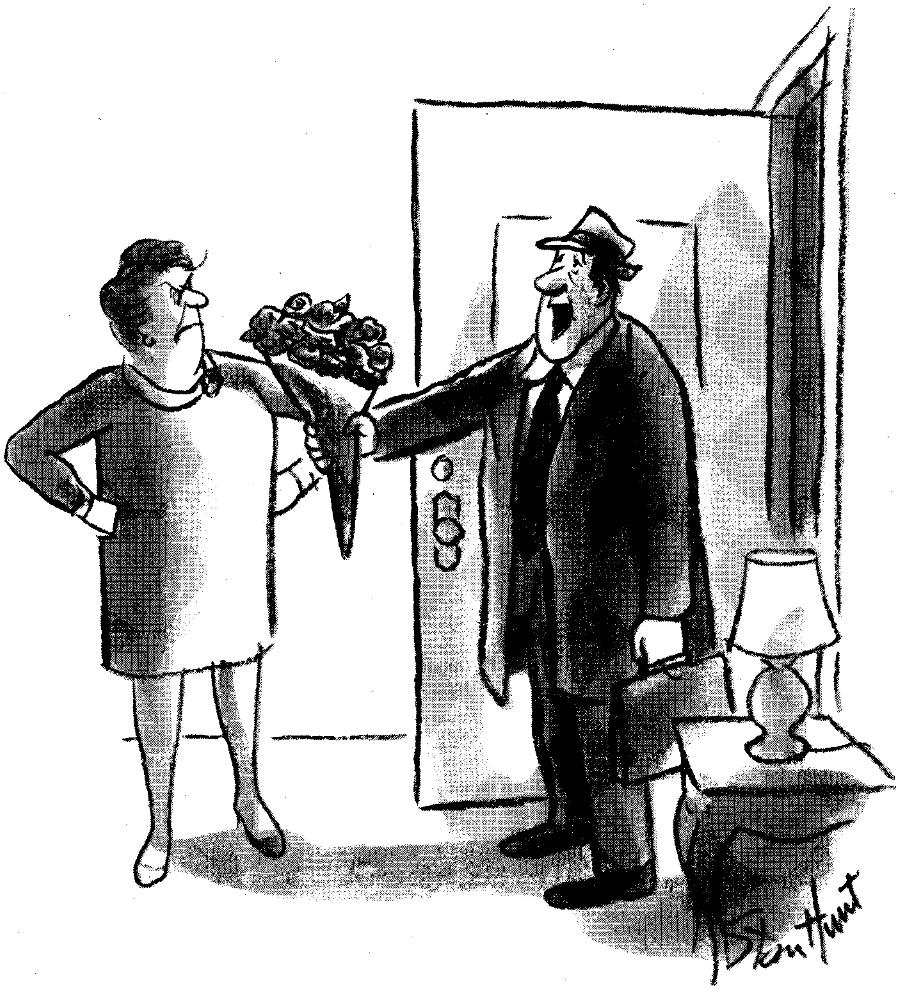
THE SPORTING SCENE

LE POIDS SUR LE SKI AVAL

I FIRST took up skiing as a child of ten or so, in the late nineteen-thirties. Rochester, New York, where I grew up, had, and still does have, heavy, severe winters, and winter sports, especially ice-skating, were exceedingly popular. I soon found out that I had weak ankles, so ice-skating was a disaster for me; hence the skis. With the aid of a Boy Scout pamphlet, a small group of us attempted to teach ourselves skiing on a broad slope in Ellison Park, near where we lived. Lifts were unknown to us, and our ski equipment was such that the user of the oldest ski yet to be discovered—the ski was found in Hoting, Sweden, and is about forty-five hundred years old—would have felt himself in familiar territory among us. ("Ski" is the Norwegian word for "snowshoe," and the Hoting ski essentially resembles a snowshoe; there are, however, Scandinavian skis over two thousand years old with turned-up, pointed tips which resemble the modern version.) We had wooden skis—mainly hickory—with a groove carved in the bottom along the axis of the ski; this groove, which produced a small raised line in the middle of each ski track, was supposed to make the skis more stable. A rule of the day was that skis, whatever the skier's proficiency, should be one's height plus the length of an outstretched arm. Some of the more mechanical-minded among us tacked metal strips along the sides of our ski bottoms. These helped to preserve the wood from abrasion—without them our skis would have been chipped away after a season or so—and they also helped in controlling descents when the terrain was icy, for they could be edged into the ice. Waxing these wooden skis was a ritual that all but approached high alchemy. Waxes came in every color and variety, and were to be applied in layers with cheesecloth whenever the snow conditions warranted—whenever the snow was wet or sticky. (As I recall, the first wax I used was my mother's floor wax—a limited success.) We spent hours in basements happily applying and scraping off wax.

The attachment of skis to the feet evolved somewhat during those years. At first, there had been a system of leather straps that more or less tied the boot to the ski. One put the toe of the boot in an open iron wedge, buckled the straps over the boot, and hoped for the best. Sometime in the early thirties, the cable binding was introduced. The old toe wedge remained, but the back of the boot had a groove carved in it, and through this groove went a metal cable—spring-wound—that wedged one's foot into the toe iron. These cables had three or four possible tensions, depending on how they were adjusted. (There was a gadget in front of the binding into which the cable could be set, in various positions. One then tightened the cable by pulling forward on a lever.) In adjusting the cable tension, one was faced with an unpleasant choice: either to attach the ski so loosely that it would fall off at the slightest movement of the foot or to attach it so tightly that it could never come off and there would inevitably be a tangle of skis and feet when one fell. It is a miracle that none of us broke a leg or an ankle with this arrangement, which was extremely dangerous, but, then, children are rarely hurt in ski falls. Our ski boots were leather hiking boots with the soles modified—cut square by the manufacturer—to fit into the toe iron and with the groove cut into the heel for the cable. The system worked about as well with ordinary hiking boots, or even with gym shoes. Ski poles were made of light bamboo, and each pole had a large wheel of leather near the bottom. Special ski clothes were unknown to us.



"Red roses for a blue lady!"

Such skiing instruction as we were able to extract from the Boy Scout pamphlet on skiing dealt with what is now known as the Arlberg technique. This is a method of skiing that was invented by Hannes Schneider, a native of Stuben, in the Arlberg of Austria. His father had wanted him to be a cheesemaker, but in 1907 Schneider had begun teaching skiing at the Hotel Post, in St. Anton, where he worked out the details of his method. Soon he was winning races, and by the end of the First World War the Arlberg technique was essentially the standard European ski method. Some of Schneider's disciples migrated to this country, and Schneider himself, fleeing the Nazis, came to North Conway, New Hampshire, in 1939. (He died in 1955.) In a recent issue of the *Times*, Michael Strauss, the paper's ski correspondent, interviewed Herbert Schneider, Hannes's son, in North Conway, where Schneider was teaching *his* son, Hannes, age six, to ski—with the Arlberg, naturally. Schneider recalled his father's giving him his first pair of skis, when he was five. "He gave me wooden skis that had no steel edges, and Huitfeldt bindings that had toe irons and leather straps with a buckle that attached to the boot with a metal snap," Schneider said. Fritz Huitfeldt, a Norwegian, introduced this system of metal bindings in 1894. " 'Herbert,' I remember him saying, 'with this kind of modern ski gear, you can conquer the *Welt*.' "

The Arlberg technique begins with the snowplow principle, which consists in placing the two skis at an angle to each other in front—the tips close together and the tails separated by several feet—with the inside edges of the skis slanted into the snow. The snowplow is an indispensable maneuver for slowing down or stopping when there is no room to turn the skis. Next, one progresses to the snowplow turn, with the skis in the basic snowplow position but with the skier's weight shifted to one ski or the other, depending on the direction he wants to turn. Basically, it is a turn in which the snowplow braking action is continuous. Then, at the next step, the braking action is released, and the skier actually picks up speed—at least momentarily—as he turns. This represents the real quantum leap in learning to ski. The first maneuver of this type one learns in the Arlberg method is the stem turn. To change direction when one is traversing a hill diagonally, one "stems" the uphill ski—slides its tail uphill—while gradually shifting the weight to it as one begins to turn. When one overcomes the sense of loss of control as one turns down into the steepness of the slope, one begins to be a true skier. The *ne plus ultra* of the Arlberg technique is the christiania turn (Christiania was an ancient name for Oslo), which is now usually called the parallel turn. Here the skier skids the skis along the snow parallel to each other, and, by maneuvering the body weight and, often, the ski poles, all but tangos down a slope.

Much of this was explained in the Boy Scout pamphlet, but because, for one thing, we had no instructors to interpret the rather arcane serial drawings, and because, for another, the slope at Ellison Park could hardly have exceeded fifteen degrees, none of us got much beyond the snowplow turn. Indeed, a typical afternoon would begin with a few snowplow descents of

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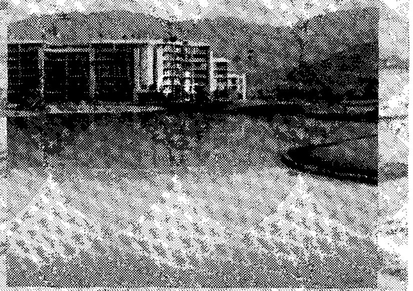

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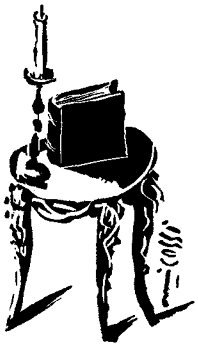
the hill, each one followed, since we had no tow, by a long climb. (The first patent on a mechanical ski tow was issued to a Swiss engineer, Gerhard Mueller, in 1932. He used a hemp rope and some old motorcycle parts. The first tow in North America was installed in the Laurentians, in Canada, in 1932, and the first tow in the United States was installed at Woodstock, Vermont, in 1934. It was powered by a jacked-up Model T Ford, and it used a Manila-hemp rope to tow skiers up five hundred feet, at a cost of a dollar a day.) In any event, after our snowplows, not knowing what else to do, we would simply barrel straight down the hill, falling into a snowbank at the bottom to stop. I persisted in this for several years, at the end of which I could say, with all sincerity, that I did not have the foggiest idea of how to ski.

After the early nineteen-forties, when I made a few unsatisfactory forays with my rudimentary Boy Scout Arlberg technique, I essentially gave up skiing for twenty-five years. It was just too frustrating. During that period, I took up guided mountain climbing—primarily in the French Alps, in the summers. In Chamonix, over the years, I got to know a large number of the best Alpine skiers in Europe—racers, members of various Olympic teams, guides who taught skiing in the winter. One of the more remarkable skiers among them is Sylvain Saudan, a Swiss guide, now in his late thirties, who has become world-famous for his exploits in what the French call "*ski extrême*." In the late nineteen-sixties, Saudan got the idea of skiing down some of the most difficult snow and ice climbs in the Alps, thus giving birth to this form of skiing. He has now extended his activities to North America, and in June of 1972 he skied down the southwest face of Mt. McKinley, in Alaska—the highest mountain on this continent. (Saudan did not quite get to the top of McKinley, but since there was a hundred-mile-an-hour wind blowing that day he can be forgiven.) Saudan, now sponsored by manufacturers of various sorts of ski equipment, gives lectures about these descents, and illustrates the lectures with breathtaking films. When I first met him, at a café in Chamonix, he had just begun this enterprise. He is a charming, modest fellow, and, like many of the best skiers, he is short and compact. A friend once observed, "Sylvain has no neck." The reason he gave me for skiing down the snow slides was simple: he thought it was fun. He was always somewhat mysterious about his next project, primarily because, following his example, several other skiers began skiing down steep Alpine slopes, and he didn't want a lot of competitors buzzing around him. People who have skied with Saudan note that he has a method of "windshield-wiper" turning in deep snow which enables him to control his descent by a series of zigzag traverses even when the slope exceeds sixty degrees. On a typical difficult descent, Saudan makes about two thousand turns. All the skiers kept telling me that I was missing a whole Alpine world by not learning to ski correctly—that the beauty of the Alps in winter was beyond anything you could imagine from what you saw of them in the summer. My response was always that one of these years I would come to the Alps and learn to ski, but, perhaps haunted by memories of Ellison Park, I kept putting the lessons off.

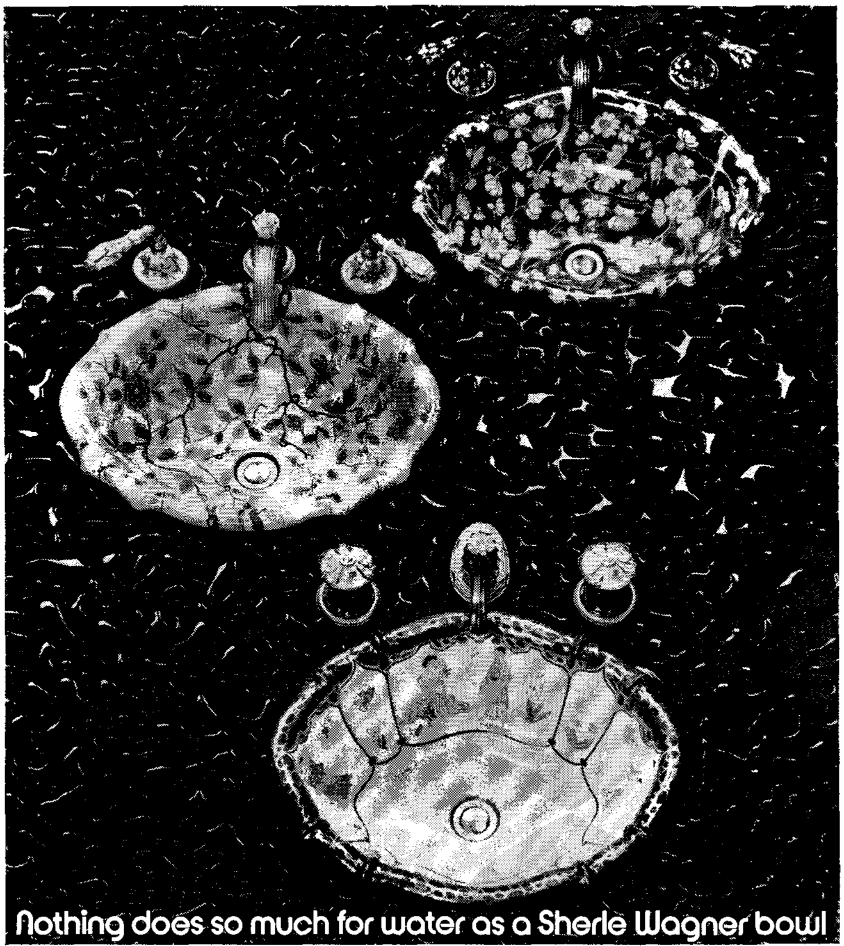


THIS past winter, finding myself with a little free time, I finally decided to take up skiing again. The French Alps, where I went to learn, are dotted with ski stations. These fall into two basic categories—the "classic" ski areas, such as Chamonix, Megève, and Val d'Isère, which are old mountain towns, and the newer areas, which the French call "*balcon*," or "balcony," resorts. (Val d'Isère will soon celebrate its fortieth anniversary as a ski station. Before the early nineteen-thirties, it was a peaceful mountain village occasionally visited by skiers as a way station on one of the Alpine ski tours that were, and still are, frequently made in the spring. The Alpine ski-touring season begins in February and lasts through the end of May.) The virtue of the old stations is that they offer more than skiing; they have something of the atmosphere of real village life, although by now this has been all but buried by skiers and their appendages. The drawback is that the skiing is not necessarily very well centralized. In Chamonix, for example, the skier must rely on automobiles and buses to take him to the various ski areas up and down the valley. The newer ski resorts—the oldest of them is Courchevel, which was constructed in the nineteen-forties and fifties—are usually in the foothills, or natural balconies, of the really high

Alps. These stations have been constructed from scratch, on what was previously pastureland. Being new, they have lent themselves to unconventional architectural experiments. Most of the stations consist of closely interconnected buildings—almost a single architectural unit that has been contoured to the terrain. At Les Arcs, one of the newer *balcon* stations, there is a hotel that is contoured so closely to the shape of the hill on which it has been built that people have used the roof as a ski run.

An experienced skier coming to the Alps would certainly want to visit one of the classic stations, to enjoy real high-mountain skiing, frequently on glaciers. But for an inexperienced or intermediate skier the *balcon* stations fill the bill. Quite simple slopes abound, along with more difficult ones, and the ski lifts begin fifty feet or so from one's hotel room. The well-known American ski writer Harvey Edwards, who has lived in Chamonix for the last nine years, and who is not enthusiastic about the *balcon* resorts—he misses the village life—admitted in a recent article in the *Mountain Gazette*, a Denver-based monthly devoted to skiing and mountaineering, that "skiing at the *balcon* resorts is certainly more convenient sport." He went on, "Things are superbly organized. The lifts are close by, the slopes well groomed, ski classes are held on schedule. The *balcon* resorts are great, efficiently organized machines." And this, he adds, "is exactly one of the criticisms I level at them." In any event, considering what I wanted to do—learn to ski—a *balcon* resort seemed just right.

There are many *balcon* resorts, but I had no problem choosing the one I wanted to go to—La Plagne, above the valley of the Isère, ninety miles southeast of Geneva. Apart from considerations of convenience, I chose La Plagne because many of my closest climbing associates teach skiing there. The ski school at La Plagne has been run since its inception, in 1962, by Pierre Leroux, who is a Parisian by birth and is one of the rare Chamonix guides from outside the Chamonix Valley, having been admitted to the company for his Alpine exploits. Leroux was, among other things, a member of the 1955 French expedition to Nepal, which first climbed Makalu, and later, in 1962, he was a member of the expedition that climbed Jannu, also in Nepal. (Makalu, at twenty-seven thousand seven hundred and ninety feet, is the fifth-highest mountain in the world; Jannu, though it is nearly half a mile lower, is considered a more dif-



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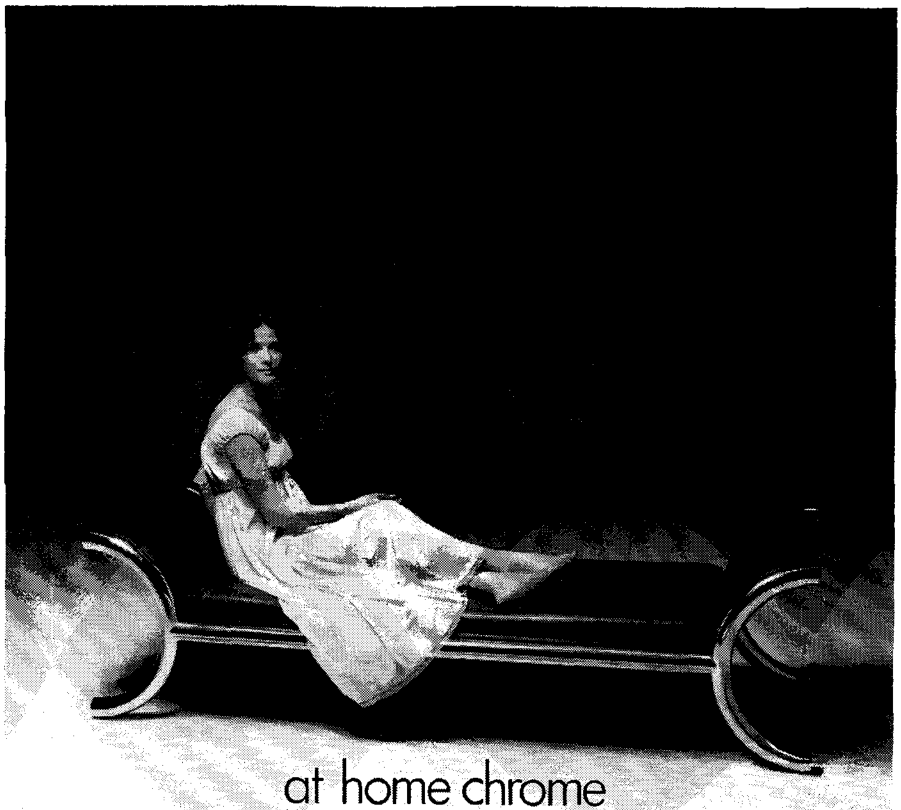

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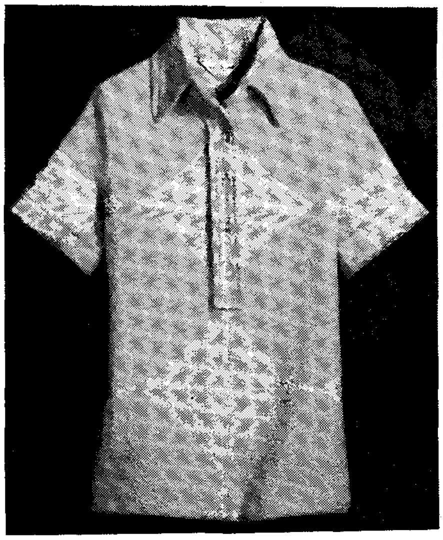

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ficult climb.) Now in his early fifties, Leroux is an urbane, carefully tailored man, and he resembles an articulate, somewhat *sportif* French businessman rather than a professional mountaineer, but this impression of him changes rapidly when one sees him climb or ski. Upon coming to La Plagne, he assembled a group of ski instructors which included several mountain guides, and among them was my friend Claude Jaccoux, the Chamonix guide with whom I have been climbing for ten years now. When I decided to go to La Plagne, I wrote to Jaccoux to find out whether the oil shortage had affected the place and whether there was any snow. Of oil, the French had, for the moment, plenty. (When I arrived, there were several broadcasts on the national radio network praising the "*politique Arabe*," with its oil dividend. When I left, however, the franc had started to plummet sharply, and the price of crude oil had more than doubled, which meant a rise of twenty to thirty per cent in gasoline prices. No one seemed to know what was in store for the future. Still, ski resorts were doing a record business, and one had the feeling that people were taking a fling before the bottom fell out.) Of snow, the Alps seemed to have something of a shortage, especially early in the season. This lack has occurred for several years, and it may well be an aspect of the "greenhouse effect"—the trapping of radiation by an increasingly polluted atmosphere. But Jaccoux assured me that there would be plenty of snow for my purpose. Indeed, in its publicity brochures La Plagne offers a sort of insurance against a lack of snow:

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If at any time during a skier's visit at least twenty lifts out of the thirty-nine available at La Plagne are not functioning because there isn't enough snow, the station will pay the skier's bill for each day of skiing missed. So far, no one has collected.

All visitors to La Plagne reach the ski station, which has three sections, by driving up the serpentine mountain road that leads from the small Savoyard village of Aime, in the valley, to the lowest section. This is La Plagne itself, at nineteen hundred and seventy metres, or sixty-five hundred feet; two separate satellite sections, at twenty-one hundred metres, are connected to the lower level both by roads and by *téléphériques*. (A third satellite will open next December.) About six kilometres from the lower station is the

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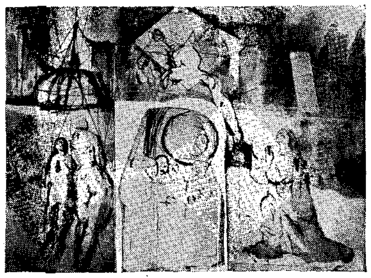

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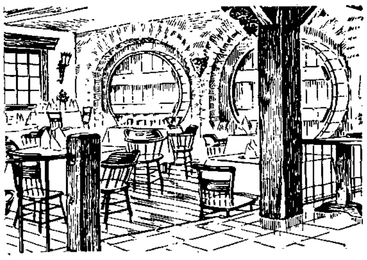

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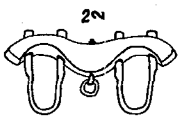

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entrance to an ancient lead mine. This mine and agriculture provided the sole occupations for the Savoyards in the region until the construction of the ski station began, in 1961. In consequence, young people were leaving to find jobs elsewhere. Whenever one considers the inevitable destruction of virgin Alpine territory and the associated ecological damage, one must also take into account this economic reality in the mountain communities. Skiing has kept these valleys alive.

La Plagne is not especially noted as an *après-ski* resort—among the *balcon* resorts, Courchevel, about sixty kilometres away, has the greatest reputation for night life—and, as I discovered, it is quite rare to find anyone but a few hardy young souls up much after 10 P.M. However, the stores stay open until eight during the season—December to Easter—seven days a week. Around 7 P.M. the day I arrived, Jaccoux and I wandered into the Émile Allais Ski Service. (Allais, a great French ski racer of the late nineteen-thirties, pioneered one of the early successor techniques to the Arlberg.) My aim was to rent a modest assortment of equipment suitable for the task at hand.

In his film "Sleeper," Woody Allen, wrapped in tinfoil, awakens after a two-hundred-year sleep to confront a technologically incomprehensible landscape. I know how he felt. Not only have ski techniques changed greatly since I first tried the sport but the wooden ski and the leather boot of my childhood have vanished, and in their stead *chez* Allais was an all but incomprehensible chaos of plastic, fibre glass, and metal. The basic shapes seemed familiar, but they bore roughly the relation to their predecessors that Secretariat bears to the shaggy prehistoric horses of Central Asia. With a lot of help from the "Encyclopedia of Skiing," I was subsequently able to piece together some idea of what has happened to ski equipment in the last twenty-five years. Until the mid-nineteen-fifties, most skis were still made of hickory or ash. A number of aircraft engineers—most notably Howard Head, of Baltimore, who was an engineer with the Glenn L. Martin aircraft company at the time—had been seriously experimenting with the use of modern, lightweight metals in combination with wood for skis. In 1950, after three years of experimentation, Head introduced his first production model of a kind of sandwich ski—a black plastic coating on the top and bottom, over two aluminum layers bonded to a wooden core. He sold three hun-

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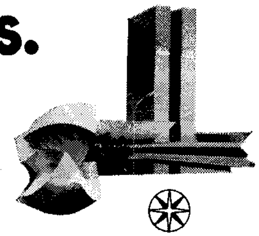
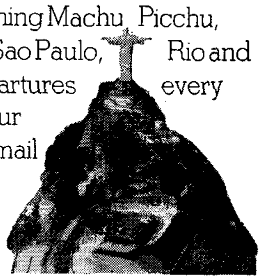
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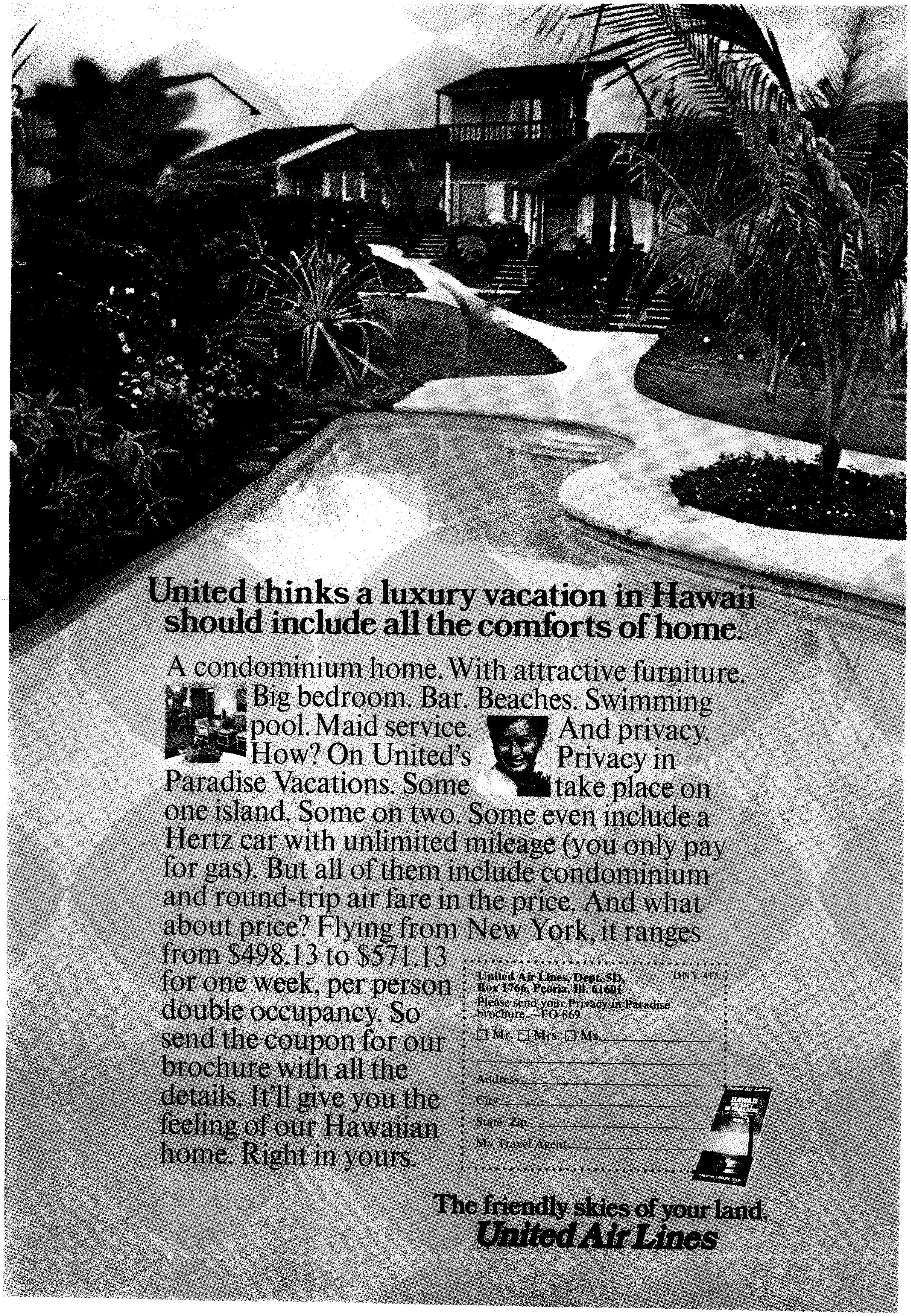
dred pairs. These Head skis were both lighter and stronger than their wooden counterparts, and, moreover, they turned much more easily. By the nineteen-sixties, metal had begun to give way to plastics, especially fibre glass, which can be produced in varying degrees of resilience. Almost all skis now have a running surface of polyethylene plastic, which, as the encyclopedia points out, has the virtue of not sticking to anything—"and, in particular, not to snow"—and is thus an ideal surface for sliding. Applying wax to such a surface is an act that, under ordinary circumstances, most skiers would now regard as bordering on lunacy. (Racers still wax.) The old philosophy about ski lengths has also changed radically. With the advent of plastic skis, there developed what the French call the "*ski évolutif*," or what is known in the United States as the G.L.M.—the graduated-length method. The beginner learns to ski on very short skis—an adult would begin with a ski of a hundred and thirty to a hundred and sixty centimetres, or four feet three inches to five feet three inches. The longest standard ski made is two hundred and twenty centimetres, or seven feet three inches, and a typical recreational ski for a normal adult male would be two hundred to two hundred and ten centimetres. The advantages of short skis for beginners are that they are extremely easy to turn and that they are the closest thing, in feel, to wearing shoes. The disadvantage is that they do not perform well in deep snow or in icy conditions, and so are unsuitable for general Alpine skiing. Furthermore, once the novice begins to feel at home on his short skis, it can be nearly impossible to wean him away to the next length, which will inevitably feel strange. Considering my history, Jaccoux suggested that I start with a pair of skis a hundred and sixty centimetres long, so I rented a flashy red pair of Rossignols—a standard French variety.

Next came the boots. The change in boot styles in the last twenty-five years is nearly total. Boots are now made almost entirely of plastic. Many are fastened in the front with buckles, but some open in the back with hinges. The old system of heavy woollen socks has given way to an interior molding of plastic foam or wax, which is injected into bladders inside the boots when one buys them; the hot foam or wax then cools and solidifies around the foot. (A layer of thermal insulation protects the foot and prevents one from being burned in this process.) The fit is so precise that one can, in principle, ski barefoot, but most people wear thin socks. The colors of the boots are fantastic—bright yellows, blues, and oranges. Most of the new boots come up well above the ankle, and this new length and the new bindings raise an interesting safety question. All modern bindings are of the "safety-release" type. One puts the toe of the boot into a metal clamp and presses down with the heel, which snaps a spring device shut. The spring is designed to release when it receives a violent shock, and the toe part is set on a pivot, so that the release is activated when the ski receives a shock from any direction. This has had the paradoxical consequence that practically all serious accidents—involving broken bones—now occur at slow speeds, for a skier can twist a leg enough to break it, or can dislocate a knee, without sufficient shock to release the binding. (I am speaking here not of accidents that ski racers have but of the kind of accidents that befall normal recreational skiers.) Furthermore, because of the high rise of the boots, ankle accidents rarely occur—one simply breaks a leg. During my trip, I encountered an American surgeon who specializes in ski-accident cases. We discussed the relative merits of breaking an ankle—the old-fashioned way—and breaking a leg. An ankle break, he noted, takes six or seven weeks to heal but may leave the ankle vulnerable to arthritis in later life. A leg break takes several months to heal, and the leg usually recovers, although, he said, breaks resulting from skiing accidents are now especially nasty, because of the high boots. I asked him which he would prefer, and he said, "Neither." As an afterthought, he remarked, "If skiing were a job and not a sport, it might well have been outlawed as too dangerous."

The choice of boots *chez* Allais was among five hundred or so equally bizarre-looking pairs. Finally, Jaccoux said he would lend me an old plastic pair—ankle-high, leather-colored, and large enough for a comfortable heavy woollen sock. The only piece of ski equipment that I actually owned was an ancient pair of gabardine over-the-boot pants with stirrups to hold them down. I think they had a considerable vogue only a few decades ago. Some years back, wool-nylon-Spandex stretch pants came on the scene, along with nylon parkas. The early versions of these parkas, while elegant, had a remarkable and unexpected property:



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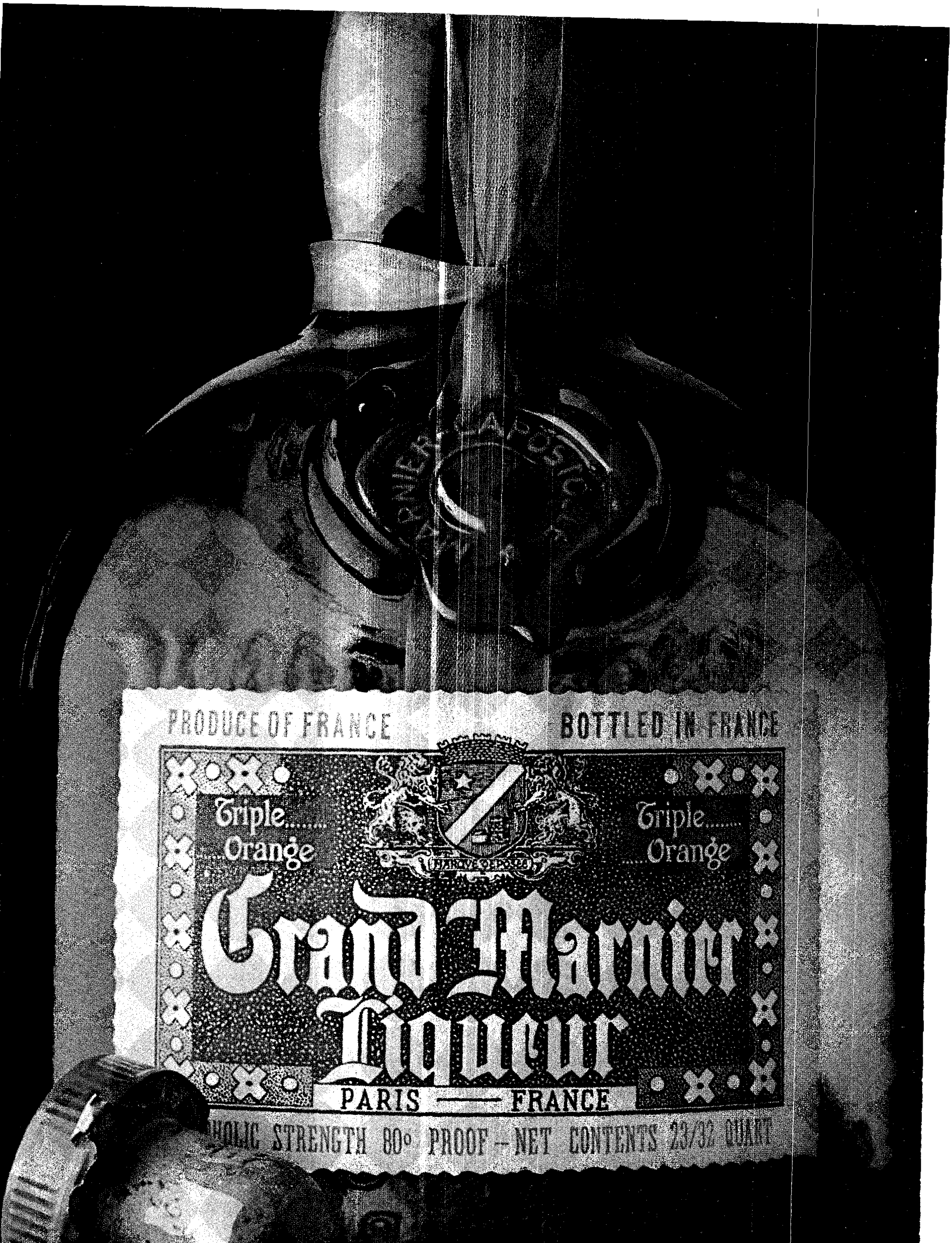
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they were so slick that anyone who fell at the top of a moderately steep hill had a pretty good chance of sliding all the way to the bottom. The present parkas are made of materials that have rough textures to make them slide-resistant. Thus outfitted—light aluminum poles came along with the skis—I was to present myself at the ski school the next day for a diagnostic session with Jaccoux.

WHEN I arrived, late the following morning, carrying the skis, I discovered not only Jaccoux but also Yannick Martenet, an old friend and a guide from Saint-Gervais, who is noted for his somewhat mordant Alpine humor. Martenet announced that he was going to come along with us, because he hadn't had a good laugh in several days. He and Jaccoux tied into their skis and moved off in the direction of an intermediate lift called the St.-Esprit. I put on my Rossignols, and found, to my bewilderment, that they were stuck to the snow. The damn things simply would not glide. They resisted every attempt at forward or backward motion. Fortunately, another ski instructor, who had been watching me, came to the rescue. From him I learned that metal or plastic skis, polyethylene surface or not, have a property that, as a physicist, I might have anticipated: they cannot be put on the snow until they have been "refrigerated" for at least fifteen minutes after being brought out of a warm room—in this case, the ski room in the hotel. Otherwise, the warm skis melt the snow around them, and it instantly refreezes as ice; the ice takes the form of irregular lumps glued to the bottom of the skis, which will not glide. It took me about five minutes to scrape this stuff off, and afterward I could dimly make out Jaccoux and Martenet standing in the distance smoking cigarettes. Whatever the defects of our old wooden skis, they never produced a problem like that.

I learned later that there were two routes to the St.-Esprit—a gentle slope leading down from the hotels, and a "shortcut." Jaccoux and Martenet had taken the shortcut, which led along level snow and then made a sudden drop to the lift, about three hundred feet away. I don't know how steep this drop really is, but to me it appeared to be the steepest-looking snow slope I had ever been on without crampons, an ice axe, and a rope. "*La voilà*," Jaccoux remarked, pointing down to the lift station and indicating that I was meant, somehow, to get down there. A good skier can snowplow down any-

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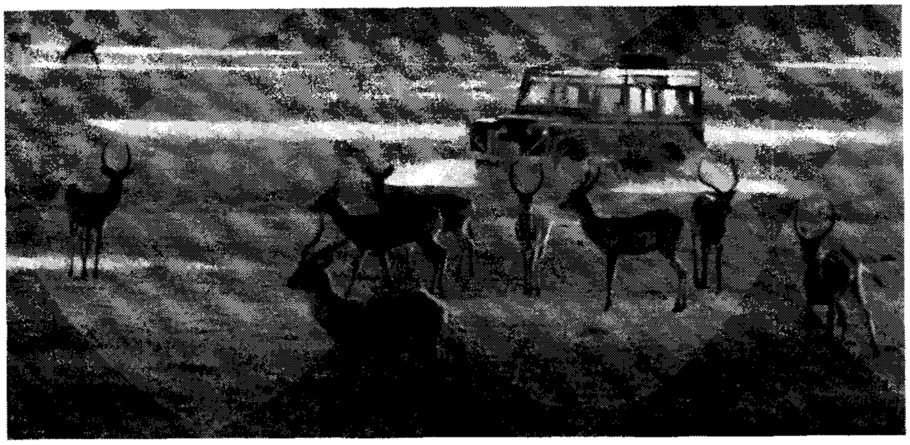

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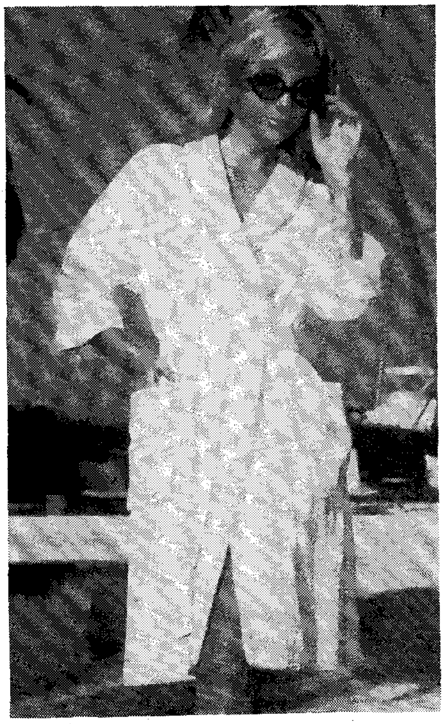

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thing, but one thing I was sure of was that *I* would never be able to snowplow straight down the thing. I headed off on a more or less horizontal trajectory, hoping that as I lost altitude something would come to mind. Shortly thereafter, I ran onto a snowbank, fell, and slid down several feet. The fall had the satisfactory consequence that my skis were now turned in the opposite direction, so I could start another horizontal traverse. I reasoned that about six of these maneuvers would get me near the bottom. After the next traverse and fall and slide, Jaccoux shouted down that I had better stop where I was. He and Martenet zipped down, and Jaccoux announced, "*Jeremy, franchement, ta position est épouvantable.*" The French technical term for "ski stance" is "*position*," and a *film d'épouvante* is the sort of movie that features Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi. Jaccoux then demonstrated how one should perform such a traverse. The two skis are meant to be parallel to each other, with *le ski amont* (the uphill ski) slightly in advance of *le ski aval* (the ski closer to the valley). The key—and this phrase was to be repeated at least six hundred times in the next nine days—was "*le poids sur le ski aval*," meaning that one keeps the weight on the downhill ski. All control on the *trace direct en traversée*, as the French call the traverse, comes from putting weight on the downhill ski. Moreover, Jaccoux said that I was leaning backward—the most common fault of novice skiers. I should flex my knees until I could feel the backs of my ski boots pressing against the backs of my legs. (Some of the modern boots are canted forward, to lock the knees in the proper position.) Furthermore, contrary to the instinct of self-preservation, the upper part of the body should be angled out *away* from the hill; in fact, one must almost lean out over the hill and look down at the valley. This increases the pressure on the downhill ski, and hence the control. I kept wanting to lean into the hill. This releases the downhill ski, with a subsequent loss of control, and one begins to slide sidewise down the slope. To stop at the end of the traverse, Jaccoux proposed, I should try to turn uphill. This, at least, appeared to solve the problem of how to get across the hill and stop without falling down, leaving only the question of how to turn the skis around to begin the next *trace direct*. Jaccoux thought that I had enough to concentrate on for the moment without getting into moving turns—they would come later—so he proposed a *conversion*, known to Americans as the kick turn. This is a static turn in which the two poles are planted firmly in the snow; one then lifts the downhill ski—which until this point has been parallel to the uphill ski across the slope. The front of the ski is lifted entirely off the snow, with the tail planted firmly in the snow. One then pivots the ski and puts it back on the snow so that the two skis are now parallel but pointing in opposite directions. Then, in a single motion, and with all the weight on the downhill ski, one swings the uphill ski around so that it points in the desired direction; it thus becomes the downhill ski, and one plants the appropriate pole below the new downhill ski. The two skis are now pointed in the same direction and one has turned a full one hundred and eighty degrees. A number of *conversions* were made by one and all, and after much tangling of skis and poles I acquired at least the rudiments of the method. By converting and traversing, I managed to arrive at the St.-Esprit without falling again. When I remarked to Jaccoux that the whole business seemed very technical to me, he said that it was. Alpine skiing, he felt, is a much more technically complex business than climbing, and, in his opinion, a person who is only normally gifted requires at least four full seasons of Alpine skiing to become *convenable*, or acceptable.

The St.-Esprit is a fairly typical poma, or button lift—a device that has a metal bar suspended from a guide wire, with a button-shaped disc at the rear end of the bar. One straddles the bar, holding on to it with one hand and leaning one's buttocks against the button—an arrangement that has given the machine the common name of "*tire-fesses*," which means one is pulled up the hill by one's tail. Martenet got aboard, and I was somewhat surprised to see him lifted suddenly, with both skis off the ground. This is apparently standard practice with the longer *tire-fesses*—the St.-Esprit is over a mile long—so one must hold on firmly and make sure that one's skis are not crossed, because if one lands after such a jump with crossed skis one risks a bad fall. On some of the button lifts, one is propelled into the air several times in the course of the trip—whenever the terrain rises sharply—and it is just as well to be prepared. Near the top was a sign instructing one to detach oneself after thirty metres—one lowers the metal bar, and slips the disc through the legs, and off one goes.

We meandered back down the broad trail—more *trace directs* and *conversions*, and an occasional snowplow—while other skiers were gliding on all sides like so many birds. The trail brought us back to La Plagne, and I was pleased to have got down—albeit very slowly—in one piece and without so very many falls. Jaccoux had an appointment with another client, but before he left he remarked that I might show some progress if I skied perhaps thirty miles a day for the next week. Then he offered a suggestion that made my heart sink. "At your stage, you should enroll in a group lesson, a *cours collectif*. It is the only way to learn," he said, "and, moreover, the atmosphere in the classes is *très sympathique*." There is nothing that I like less than group athletic lessons. The idea brings to mind the most dismal aspects of Boy Scout hikes, high-school calisthenics classes, and summer camps. I told him I would consider the matter carefully, actually intending, even if it meant any number of broken legs, to get no closer than several kilometres to any group lesson. With this, the skiing ended for day one.

THE next day was Sunday. It was a magnificent day, and warm sun glistened off the mountains. My first thought was to spend the day reading on the terrace in front of the hotel. Like the hotels in all the *balcon* resorts, those in La Plagne have terraces that extend out over the snow; in fact, one may ski along in front of the hotels and shops, from one terrace to another. Having rented the ski gear, though, I felt I should venture out for at least an hour or so on my skis. As I was passing the ski school, I heard a familiar voice calling. It belonged to J. L. Bernezat—known universally as Bernouze. Bernouze's wife, Odette, who is a ski instructor and one of the best women climbers in France, is known as Bernouzette. When I first met Bernezat, he was a full-time Alpine guide in the summer and taught skiing at La Plagne in the winter. For the past seven years, he has been living in the Sahara for six months of the year, with Odette and their camels, and organizing treks, climbs, and Land-Rover trips in the desert for all sorts of travel groups. He and his wife now climb and ski only for the fun of it, and, by chance, he had come up for the day from Grenoble, where his home office is, for some recreational ski-

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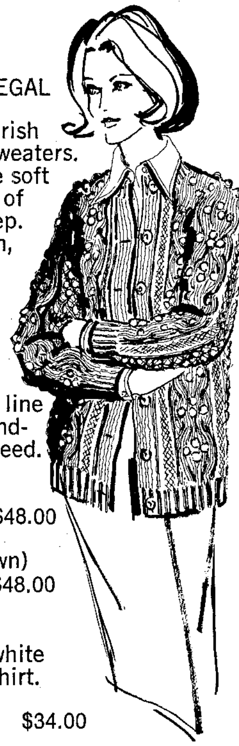

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ing. He suggested that we ski together for an hour or so. I explained that I skied badly and would spoil his day, but he said that since he had not been on skis for six months, he was not sure he knew how to turn anymore. With this, we hopped a nearby button lift and took off for a relatively simple slope. Needless to say, Bernezat had not forgotten how to turn, and he repeated some of the instruction of the previous day, ending with the same advice: Join a class. A message was beginning to get through.

Normally, there are no group lessons on Sunday at La Plagne, so I decided to use the rest of the afternoon to look into the matter. I soon made several discoveries. The first was that the lessons are very reasonably priced. The fee—which is set by the national ski instructors' union—is fifty-five francs for a card of six tickets, or slightly less than two dollars a ticket. Each ticket entitles you to one lesson. When I was at La Plagne, the classes were given from nine-forty-five to eleven-forty-five in the morning, and from two-fifteen to four-fifteen in the afternoon, so the cost came to less than a dollar an hour. There are seven levels of instruction, I learned, ranging from the *Cours accueil*, for people who have never had skis on, to *Cours 1*. In addition, there is specialized instruction in racing techniques and the like. These divisions are standardized in all of France, so that a student who has moved up to a certain division may feel free to enter the same division at any ski station. The divisions also mean that a skier's degree of competence can be determined before he undertakes true cross-country Alpine skiing—tours on glacial terrain lasting for several days—in which it is absolutely essential that all the skiers have a technical mastery over what the French call "*tous terrains, toutes neiges*" (any terrain in any kind of snow or ice). Jaccoux, whom I talked with later that Sunday, told me that only certified Alpine guides who are also ski instructors are legally entitled to take people on glaciers, and that he will take skiers on cross-country glacier tours only if they have moved up to *Cours 3*—true parallel skiing. He also told me that the instructors in the group classes are paid every two weeks, when the money received for tickets and cards is added up and then divided, according to a union-established formula, among all the instructors in the school. This means that it is in the interest of each instructor to make sure that the school as a whole is functioning well, and it means that it is in the interest of every instructor, what-

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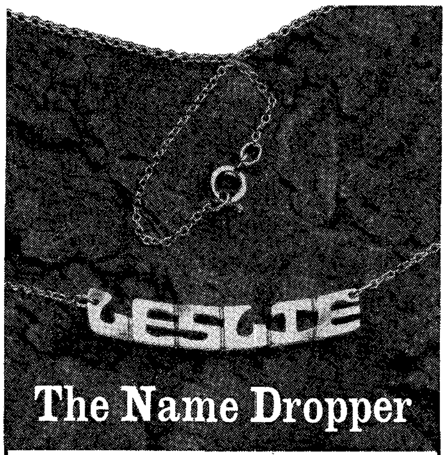

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ever his national reputation, to teach classes at all levels. Jaccoux is now president of the Syndicat des Guides de France—the guides' national union—and has a national reputation for both guiding and skiing. Nonetheless, the week before I came to La Plagne he had instructed a *Cours 6*—the next-to-lowest level—and he said that by the end of the week his students were taking simple daylong Alpine tours. When I asked him what class I should enter *if* I decided to take group lessons, he said, "*Cours 6*." By the end of the day, I had made up my mind, bought my card of six tickets, and asked who the instructor would be. "Régis Villien," I was told. "*Un jeune—très sympathique*."

The next morning, after refrigerating my skis, I made my way up a small snow hill to the area where the ski-school students were to assemble. Poles had been stuck in the snow at uniform intervals, each with a round placard on top giving the number of the *cours* whose members were to assemble at that spot. There is nothing to stop one from entering a class at any level, but a few minutes of observation will enable an instructor to weed out people who have overestimated their abilities. In the elementary classes, there can be as many as twenty skiers during the busy periods of the season, which coincide with school vacations, but since my visit was in January—between vacations—things were relatively uncrowded. Ultimately, eight of us assembled by our pole. There were a husband and wife from Paris and two girls who had come with a ski club from Paris, but the rest of us were total strangers. Yet by the end of the week we had become almost a family unit. We had got to know a good deal about one another, and whenever we encountered another group we all tried to put on a good performance on behalf of our own. There is nothing like several good falls in snow up to one's neck—and we all had plenty—to expose one's vulnerability and reveal a good deal about one's emotional state. I have never attended a group psychotherapy session, but I would not be surprised to find a similar atmosphere there. After some initial awkwardness, everyone genuinely tried to help everyone else; we all needed all the help we could get, and no one was above asking for it.

Like the French *lycées*, ski classes start on time, and at nine-forty the instructors came out of the ski school; they wear a sort of uniform with a cloth patch on the jacket indicating that they are instructors. A young man detached himself from the rest

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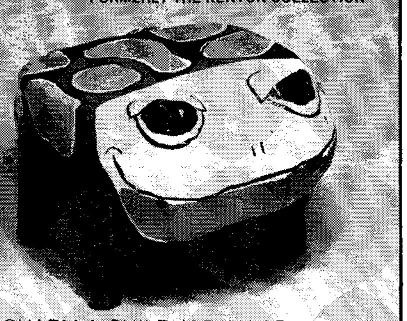

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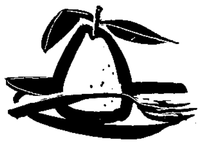
and glided up to where we were assembled. This was Régis. There was something about him that was instantly likable. He had a great shock of hair and an infectious laugh. After taking our tickets, Régis made sure that no one had any residual ice on the running surface of his skis, and then led us off to *le Baby*—the easiest button lift in La Plagne, which rises to the magnificent height of thirteen metres. There we found ourselves surrounded by babies—tiny children with miniature plastic skis, most of whom were wearing scaled-down versions of ski racers' numbered cloth bibs, which in their case bore a small deer, indicating that they, too, were in class. Leading one of these Lilliputian parades was Henri Pollet, a large Chamonix guide, looking like a serious and schoolmasterly Gulliver.



We took our turn on the lift, and when we had lined up at the top, Régis asked what at first seemed an odd question: Did we know how to fall? Most of us felt we had fallen enough to qualify for an expert falling class, but it had never occurred to me that there might be a *correct* way to fall. Régis pointed out that while no one likes to fall, emergency situations could arise in which it would be better to take a planned fall than to run out of control into, say, a tree. He shoved off, sat down on his skis to get as low to the snow as possible, leaned back, with his chin close to his chest, so that he wouldn't hit his head, and, just as he reached the snow, stretched out flat on his back, using his arms to cushion the impact. In a real fall, his safety bindings would have released, and he asked us to see that the thin elastic loops attached to our bindings were securely fastened to our lower legs. This arrangement keeps the skis from running away after the binding has been sprung. There is nothing more dangerous to skiers on a track than a loose ski coming down from above; a heavy, pointed, rapidly moving object, it can inflict serious harm. Next, of course, Régis showed us how to get up. The skis are swung downhill and placed parallel across the fall line—the line of steepest descent on the slope at a given point. By pushing on the poles, if necessary, one can eventually right oneself. We then all fell and got up several times.

Next, Régis instructed us to come down the hill one at a time, and he thereupon skied off to the bottom to study our form individually. Here the various personalities in the group began to reveal themselves. The timid inched down, clinging to the snowplow maneuver for dear life. A young Parisian named Hubert said amiably, at the top, that he tended to be somewhat *casse-cou*—breakneck—and that in skiing the thing that really interested him was speed; to him, stopping and turning were minor inconveniences. With that, he pushed off in a tremendous leap, flew directly down the hill, with his skis crossed, and crashed below us—a performance that was to be repeated several dozen times a day for a week. Each time, he would rise from the snow swearing that he would never ski out of control again. After we had gone down and back to the top, Régis led off again, and we were to play follow-the-leader—all eight of us in a line doing successive snowplow turns. This was about the peak of my existing technique; all the rest would be essentially new. And, indeed, before lunch Régis gave us two new exercises to perform. The first was a snowplow, but of a different breed from any I had done. Régis went to the bottom of the slope and planted his two ski poles like a slalom gate—a few feet apart. We were to ski straight down the hill, with our skis parallel and not checking our speed (a schuss), go through the gate, and stop with a snowplow. Among skiers, perhaps the most widely appreciated of Newton's laws of motion is the one stating that an acceleration, however small, will produce, if it is applied long enough, a velocity of any magnitude. The Baby hill was fairly flat, but it was long enough so that by the time one had schussed down to Régis's gate one had worked up a respectable speed, and I, at least, had to fight the temptation to cheat by applying a little snowplow before I got to the bottom. Finally, I learned to bend my knees enough so as to edge the skis firmly, and thus use the snowplow as a braking device at higher speeds. The last exercise of the morning was a first attempt at a technique for dealing with bumps. Many bumps—especially successive ones—are taken by turning around them or moving over them and turning at the same time, but since our turning was still in a very primitive stage, Régis wanted us to practice going over a good-sized bump without falling or panicking. Just such a bump is provided on the Baby, and we were told to keep our weight forward and our knees fully bent. The fatal mistake is to lean backward at the moment of impact. The skis will go out in front, and one will sit down hard. One after another, we schussed down the hill, leaning forward for dear life and leaping perhaps three feet into the air upon hitting the bump. It was a slightly scary but not unpleasant sensation.

IN the French ski resorts, the lunch break is taken seriously, for reasons apart from the obvious one. It is very important not to overwork at skiing, for fatigue is a skier's worst enemy. The "Encyclopedia of Skiing" says, "A tired skier does not ski well. In this connection, avoid taking 'one last run.' It is a superstition among skiers never to say, 'Let us take a last run.' (It may really become your last run for a while.) The superstition has a good basis in fact. If you are tired and yet tempted to take just one more run, you are stretching it; this is when you get hurt." I was meeting Jaccoux for lunch, and I decided to take the opportunity to ask him how one becomes a *moniteur*, or ski instructor, in France. It turned out to be a complex business—something like the stages one goes through to become a mountain guide—and, like that course of training, it is all nationally supervised. One must undergo at least six years of training to become a fully licensed French ski instructor. The first step, which the candidate usually takes at about eighteen, and which is open, as all the stages are, to both men and women, is to pass an examination in skiing, offered at several centers in France, that covers all technical aspects of skiing and is quite tough. Anyone who passes it is called a *capacitaire* and is entitled to do some ski teaching, but the *capacitaire* receives only a small share of the percentage of the ski-school gross. After a minimum of one season—more often it is two—the candidate goes to school for five weeks in Chamonix, at l'École Nationale de Ski et d'Alpinisme, sometimes known as the Sorbonne of the Snow. His aim is to move up to the next stage, that of *auxiliaire*. An interesting glimpse of what happens during those five weeks was given in a recent article in the *Mountain Gazette* by Dick Dorworth, a well-known American skier and climber. Dorworth went through the school in 1970, because, he wrote, "I was making my living as a ski instructor/coach, [so] it made sense to get all the certifications, credentials, knowledge, exposure and experience that I possibly could in that field." He went on, "Certification by the French National Ski School would . . . give me the opportunity to live and work in France if I ever wanted. Also, I was curious. It was said that the French had the best national system for ski instruction, the best teaching techniques and the best

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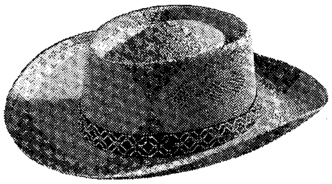

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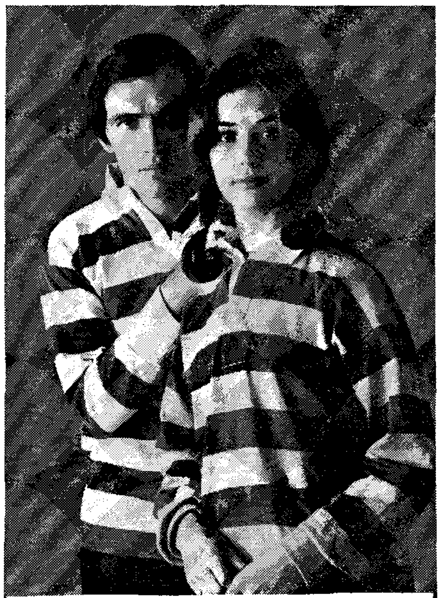

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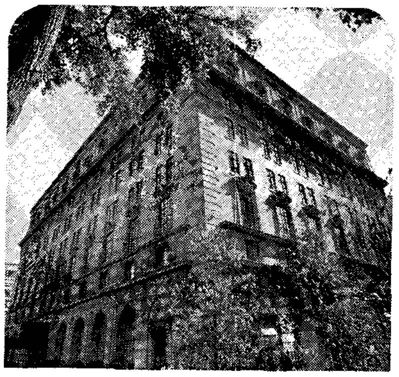
instructors. They certainly were producing some powerful racers in those years. I really wanted to find out what the French were up to with their skiing."

Dorworth then described the working conditions that he found:

> My roommate was Richard Meeker, an Aspen real estate salesman. We lived a very organized existence.
>
> 7:30 A.M. a loud bell rang, as it did for everything, and it was time to get up.
>
> 8:00 A.M. breakfast of coffee and bread and butter and jam in the single dining room.
>
> 8:40 A.M. buses took us to one of Chamonix's several ski areas, where we skied and learned the French teaching method until 12:30 P.M., when we returned to the school for lunch.
>
> 1:30 P.M. back on the buses for what was usually a different area than we were at in the morning. We skied, discussed, practiced and demonstrated technique until 4:00 P.M., when we got back on the buses and returned to the school.
>
> 5:30 P.M. each night were lectures on avalanches, first aid, weather, high country skiing, guiding, bivouacks, rescue, and equipment, with a great emphasis on the necessity of common sense in all situations.

Dorworth added, "Saturday's schedule was the same, except that after lunch was a written examination." During the course, the trainees had four slalom races and a race that was both a downhill and a giant-slalom contest. An instructor—as often as not a former member of the French national ski team—would set the opening time; that is, he would ski the course first, and the students were required to ski three of the five races in near his time. If they did not, they failed the course. Dorworth wrote, "I stood a long time looking at the Gervasutti Couloir, which Sylvain Saudan, whom I had met that week, skiied down. I was impressed." This is understandable when one reads the description of the *couloir* in a standard climbing guide: "The *couloir* is very steep—45° in the lower section, rising to 55° below the wall of *séracs*. . . . The climb is very exposed to stone and ice falls and is best climbed at night and in cold weather." At the end of the five weeks, there were, according to Dorworth, "several days of tests—skiing, first aid, teaching, technical; spoken, written and practiced." The skiers were graded in five levels—*très bien*, *bien*, *assez-bien*, *passez*, and failing. In his session, there were a hundred and five candidates. "One achieved '*très bien*.' Four got '*bien*.' Twenty-two were given '*assez-bien*.' And thirty-four were '*passez*.'" Forty-four failed. Dorworth got a *bien*. After three years of working as an *auxiliaire*, the *moniteur* is entitled to return to



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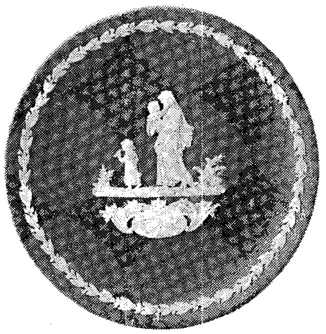

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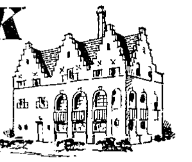

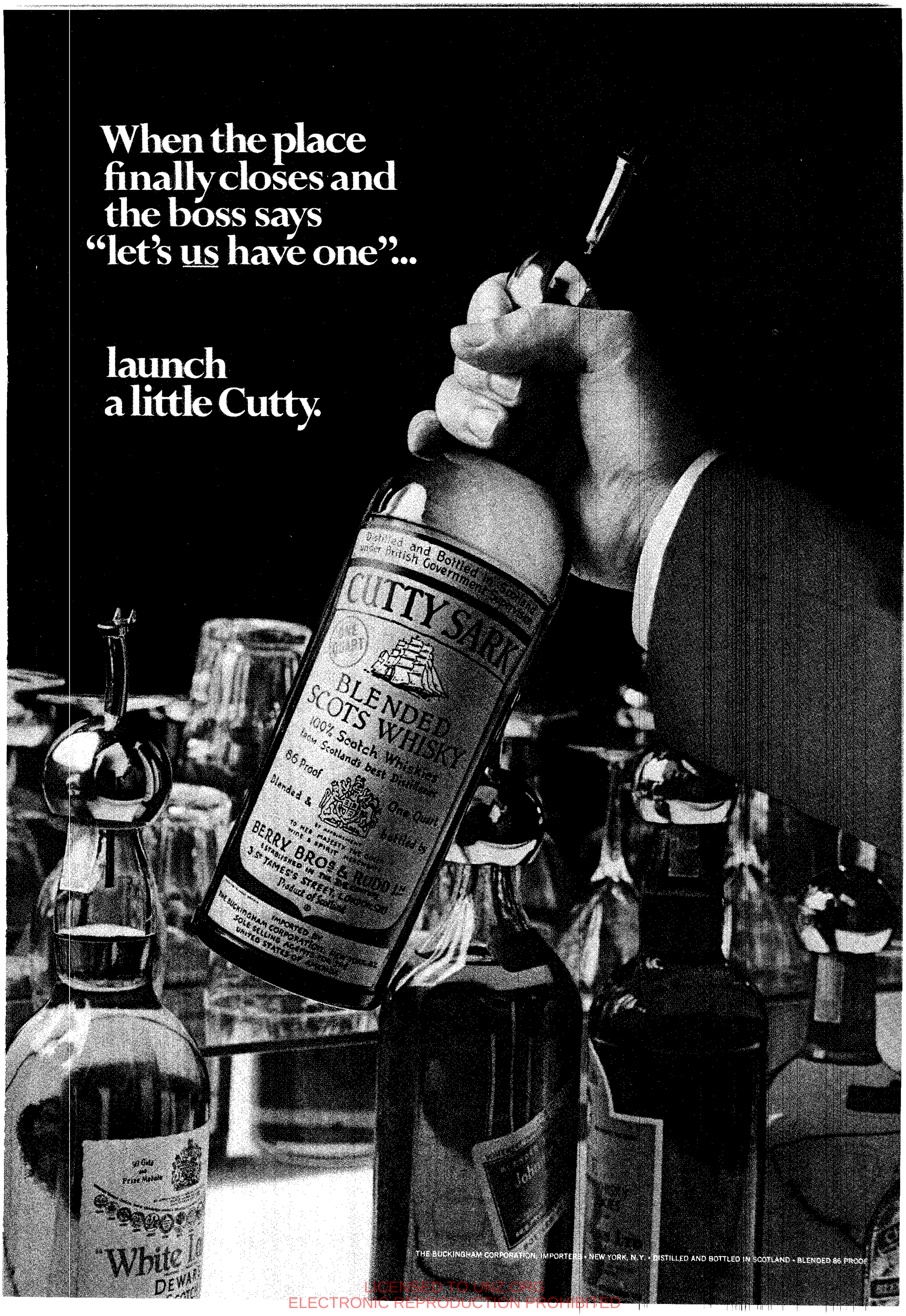
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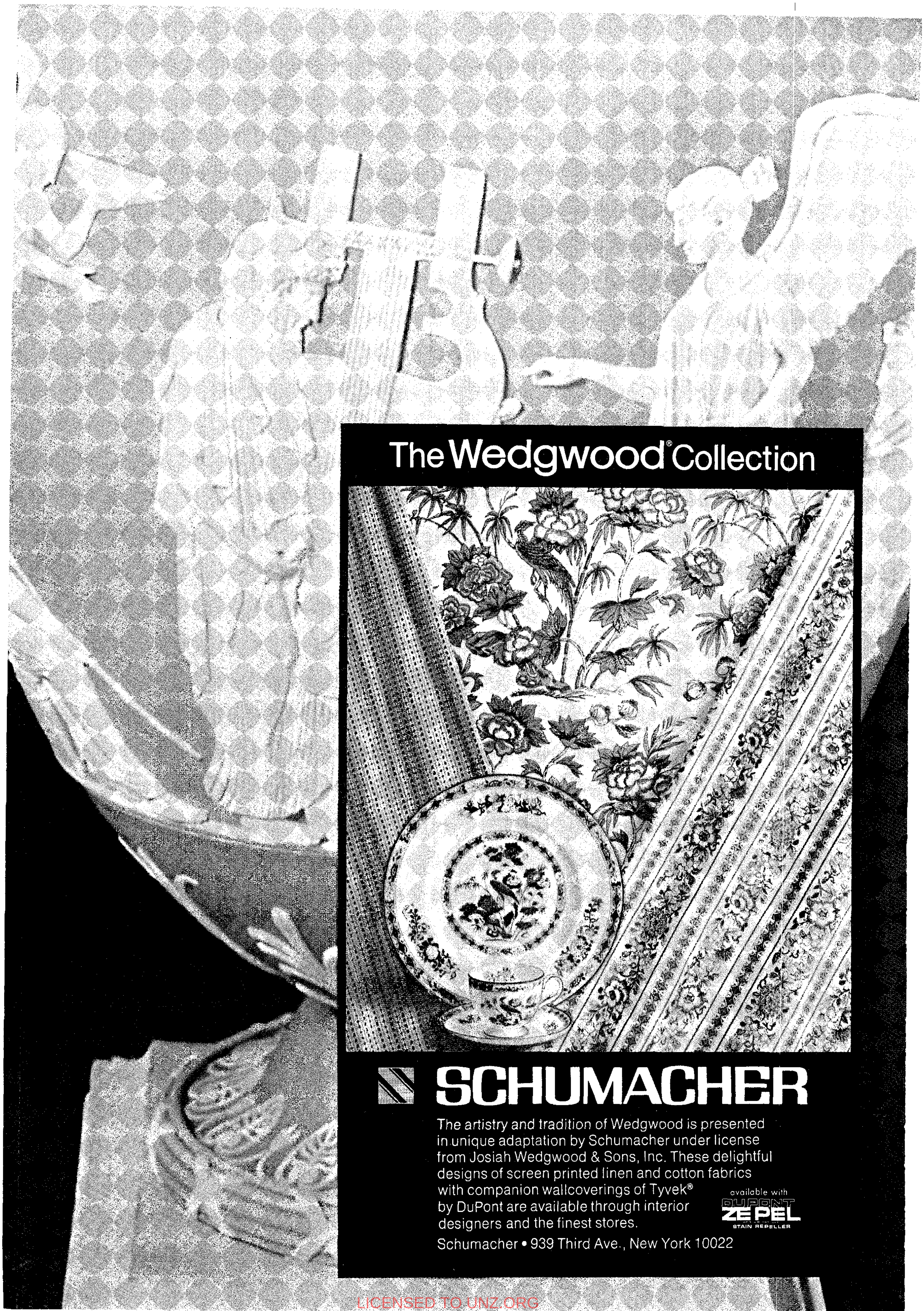

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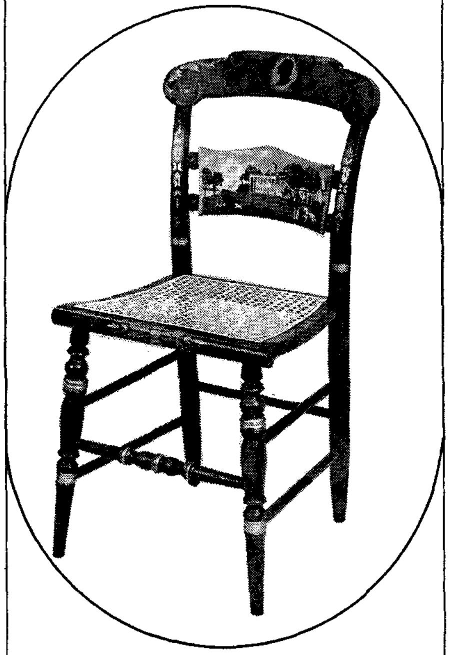
Chamonix to try to pass to the highest stage—the *national*. The standards for this are even more rigorous. Furthermore, every *moniteur* must pass a control examination every five years after he has qualified for any one of these divisions. As the instructor moves up the ladder, he gets a higher percentage of the total receipts of the school.

Apart from the fact that this system assures licensed ski instructors of a very high calibre, Dorworth felt that there is a definite difference in the way skiing is taught in France and in the United States. Since 1960, by the way, there has been an association of Professional Ski Instructors of America, which certifies instructors. I am in no position to say how its requirements compare in rigor with the French system. In any event, Dorworth wrote, "Aside from things of technical, methodological and attitudinal nature, I learned one important difference . . . between the place of emphasis in teaching skiing in France and in America. In America the emphasis is on explanation-demonstration and having the student practice a certain maneuver until he is proficient at it. . . . In France, however, the overriding attitude is that the student learns faster and better by emphasis on skiing itself, guided by a minimum of explaining and demonstrating. The French student is encouraged, forced or cajoled into educating his physiology as much as his brain. This approach makes a lot of sense to me." Again, I am in no position to make comparisons, but I *was* struck during our instruction by the fact that Régis constantly challenged us to do a little more—frequently more than we were at first confident we could do. As Dorworth suggests, we were taught skiing by being urged to ski dozens of kilometres. A week in a ski school in France *is* one's entire ski week. There is rather little time left over after classes.

Later in the week, I asked Régis how *he* became an instructor. His history is fairly typical. (Jaccoux's is not, since he began skiing and climbing in his late teens and made the switch from teaching literature in a *lycée* to professional guiding and skiing only in his twenties.) Régis, who is now twenty-four, was born in Aime, in the valley below La Plagne. He took up skiing at the age of four. At that time, the only ski station that was functioning in the area, except for a small lift above a village near Aime, was at Val d'Isère, seventy kilometres away. Régis learned skiing on his own, more or less, and at the age of seventeen he got a job as a *pisteur* at the newly created ski station at La Plagne. The *pisteurs* in the French ski stations are responsible for the maintenance of the *pistes*—the ski runs. Early each morning, they ski each *piste* to certify that it is free of avalanche danger. They also set up markers then to warn people against hazards—bad snow or deep gullies—and they spend the rest of the day on rescue duty. Each night, just after the lifts are closed to the public, a team of *pisteurs* skis every *piste* that has been open during the day, to make sure that no skier has been stranded because of injury or has simply lost his way—something that is quite possible, when one considers that at La Plagne, for example, there are about a hundred miles of ski trails, many connecting one village with another. When the development of the area is completed, in a few years, many of the *balcon* resorts will be linked by ski lifts and trails, so that one will be able to ski from, say, La Plagne to the neighboring station at Les Arcs and back during a day. Régis told me that it was his experience as a *pisteur* that really taught him to ski, since he was forced to go out every day, often under the worst snow and weather conditions imaginable. After three years of that, Régis passed the examination for *capacitaire* and then for *auxiliaire*. He will soon have enough experience to attempt to qualify as a *national*. During the summer, he is training to be a professional Alpine guide. The *moniteurs* at La Plagne have a ski team that competes with teams made up of *moniteurs* at the other French ski stations. La Plagne has had one of the strongest teams, which includes Armand Bérard, who the local people feel could probably outrace anyone on the current French national ski team. Régis skis the slalom for the La Plagne team, and, according to the people I spoke with, is tremendously strong in this race and is still improving. During the two weeks that preceded my arrival in La Plagne, he had been assigned to train racers in the slalom. (Both the Chileans and the Argentines had sent groups of young skiers to La Plagne to train, and while I was there, I often saw them flying down various slopes.) It was just a matter of luck—good luck, we all felt—that Régis had been assigned to our lowly *Cours 6* the week that we were members of it.

AFTER lunch the first day, we reassembled, and Régis led us toward the St.-Esprit via the shortcut. It was on the steep hill leading down



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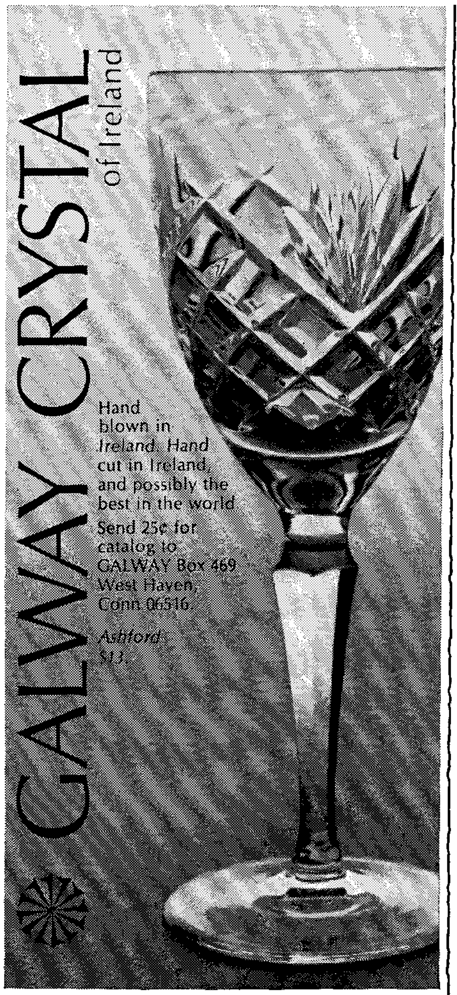
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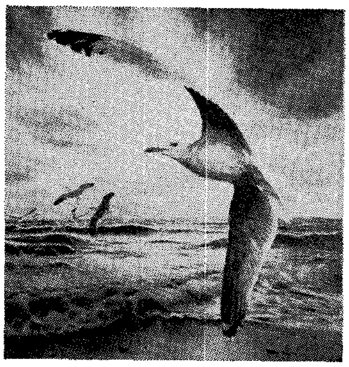
to the lift that he introduced us to the technique that is the heart and soul of modern skiing—a technique that has been made possible by the introduction of plastic-and-metal skis, with their ruggedness and "slide-ability." This is what the French call *dérapage*—or, in its Franglais version, "*le sideslipping*." Here one begins, as in a traverse, with the skis at right angles to the fall line. Again, the uphill ski is slightly advanced, and the weight is on the downhill ski. Now, instead of edging the downhill ski and moving forward, one flattens the downhill ski so that both skis are flat and slide, still parallel, down the slope. This is the vertical sideslip, and one controls it by pressing the knees in toward the slope, thus edging the skis and bringing the slip to a stop. The method can be refined so that one slips forward or backward as conditions warrant. The importance of learning to do this cannot be exaggerated. Suddenly, the student has a method that enables him to negotiate anything. The steeper the slope, the easier it is to sideslip down, and in complete control. When in doubt, sideslip, and goodbye the snowplow forever. It takes a good deal of work to learn the control and to learn to let go with the edges. But I think that it is fair to say that in my group we all felt a sudden sense of liberation. Skiing looked no longer like a dangerous sport but like something we could do safely and with real satisfaction. In fact, we were at first all so addicted to sideslipping that Régis had his hands full to make us point our skis back down the fall line and let go. From the sideslip, all the modern turns begin. A forward sideslip is converted into a parallel turn up the hill, and so on. If one closely watches a good modern skier coming down a slope, one notices that what is happening is that the skier is slipping his skis back and forth across the fall line by the motion of his knees and upper body. Bumps are negotiated by slipping off the top, planting a ski pole, and turning. The sound this makes is a gentle hissing of the skis against the snow. It is a beautiful sound. By evening, I was so elated that I reported to Jaccoux that I thought I had become *le roi du sideslip*. He said that if it were only true I could ski anywhere.

Over the next five days, we took on increasingly steep slopes and increasingly high lifts. The next day, Régis took us out on the Biollet—one of the highest lifts at La Plagne, from which we got a view of the whole Mont Blanc range, thirty miles or so to the north. While we were skiing down—sideslip-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ping and traversing—Régis gave us some pointers on rules of the road. In French law—and this has been the basis of judgments in legal suits—the skier farthest downhill is the presumptive innocent in any collision. One's responsibility is to all skiers below. As Régis was explaining this to us, a skier dropped in from above, bounced off Régis's skis, and landed, not much the worse for wear, several feet below. Régis was legally innocent but somewhat surprised. On one occasion, Régis showed us the measured kilometre at La Plagne—a run, reaching sixty degrees, on which a skier can be timed over a kilometre to see if he can break the current world's record of 114.411 miles an hour, held by a twenty-six-year-old Italian skier, Alessandro Casse. When I was there, the record at La Plagne was held by Armand Bérard, and was 94.1 miles an hour. Régis asked if any of us would like to try, but he got no takers. On some days, the snow was perfect and the sun shining. On other days, snow and rain fell. Whatever the weather, we skied. Heavy, wet snow is extremely difficult for skiing, and Régis said that it was a snow *"qui ne pardonne pas"*—that one must ski correctly or risk a fall. One day, he led us off the beaten track to the top of a short, steep wall covered with thick powder. He made a track straight down, and we were to follow, one at a time. One of the Parisian girls—a former competitive swimmer—led off and planted herself in the snow up to her neck. I was next, and planted myself in snow up to my neck.

Early in the afternoon of our last day, before class, I watched Régis and Armand Bérard practice the slalom. They had set up a few dozen poles on a nearby hill. They seemed to dance from turn to turn, and their skis appeared almost never to touch the ground. Powder flew up and caught the bright sun. When Régis spotted me watching, he skied up and said, *"Un slalom."* And then, looking up at the snow-covered mountains that cradle La Plagne, he added, *"Il fait beau."*

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

•

The Repertory Theatre is "alive and well" in Seattle. The season subscriptions, according to Peter Donnelly, Rep manager, are up over 8,000, a net gain of 6,000.

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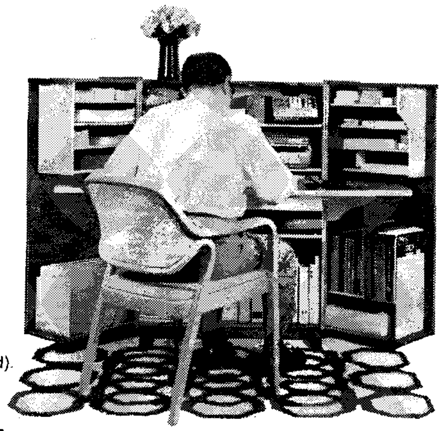

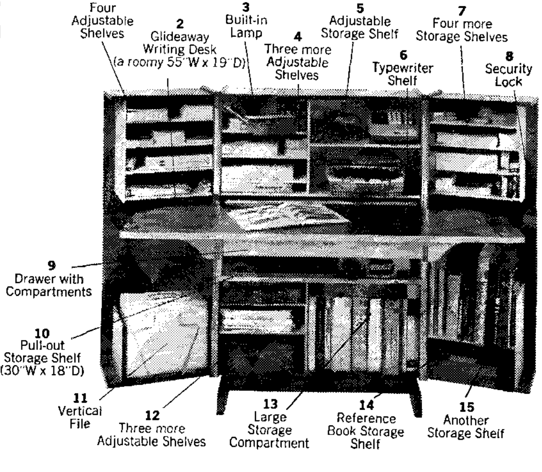
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MUSICAL EVENTS

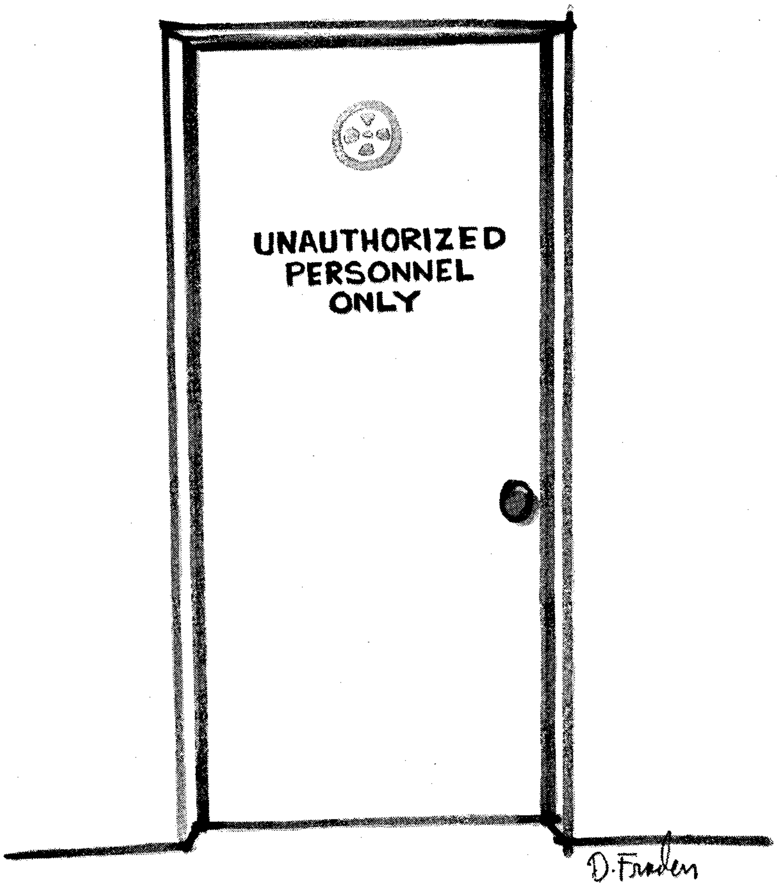
Showing Off

OF the major musical types developed during the classic-romantic period, hardly any is bearing up as well these days as the concerto. One must now refer to "types" rather than "forms," of course, for a century's expansion and diversification of the musical language have thoroughly undermined the mode of musical discourse, based on thematic development and a system of relationships among keys, which predicated a certain general order of events in most instrumental music between, say, Haydn and Reger. Despite their distinctive sonorities and consequently various expressive potentials, symphony, sonata, string quartet once shared a similar logic. Today, they subsist primarily as sound media, carrying with them no structural connotations. Although the concerto also partook of the same logic, it had a second aspect as well, less dependent on the language: the encounter, somewhere in the triangle defined by the ideas of competition, confrontation, and contrast, between a single instrument and the orchestral mass. And to this was closely related a further characterizing factor—the soloist's virtuoso capability, his superior flexibility and velocity, which, in the encounter, compensated for his lesser resources of volume and coloristic variety. At times, in fact, this last facet of the concerto overwhelmed the other, more fundamental ones. Instead of a form, it would become a format, calculated to display the soloist's more spectacular achievements in a more public, proclamatory vein than is permitted by the solo recital. (Even the concertos of Mozart and Beethoven have been regarded by unsophisticated listeners—and the occasional benighted virtuoso—as functioning primarily in this way. They can be made to do so, of course, but hardly as cheerfully and successfully as the works of, say, Paganini and Wieniawski.)

Thus, even when the architectural underpinnings of the classical concerto are removed, there remains a residue, a central concept susceptible of reconstruction in terms of other musical materials, other modes of discourse. For that matter, the concerto situation defines certain possibilities that may be as useful in one style as in another. For example, a given chunk of musical matter can be offered by both soloist and orchestra, each trying its best to match the other's presentation as closely as possible in sonority and expressive effect—or, equally, trying its best to state the material in a uniquely idiomatic way, unreproducible by the other. Little contests of this kind, common enough in the concertos of Mozart, can be found in the latest concerto as well, although their presence may well be obscured at first hearing by any number of more obvious dissimilarities.

The "latest concerto," as of this writing, is Alberto Ginastera's Second Piano Concerto, Opus 39, which received its local première at Carnegie Hall on April 4th; Hilde Somer, to whom it is dedicated, played the solo part, and Kenneth Schermerhorn conducted the Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra. The titles of the four movements declare a definite, if unconventional, obeisance to the past: "32 Variations on a Chord of Beethoven," "Scherzo for the Left Hand," "Quasi una Fantasia," and "Cadenza e Finale Prestissimo." Sets of variations are not unknown in concertos, but they have not often been regarded as sufficiently weighty for an opening movement. Scherzos are very rare altogether, the notable exception being Brahms' Second Piano Concerto. Abnormal though they may be in this context, these features are readily graspable; the variations are clearly demarcated, and grouped in several larger progressions of increasing speed and density, while the shape of this Scherzo will not surprise anyone familiar with the classical literature. "Quasi una Fantasia" turns out to be a slow movement, and that prestissimo finale sports a running, sotto-voce piano part that recalls (and at one point explicitly quotes) the ghostly last movement of Chopin's Second Piano Sonata. Therefore, although the orchestral writing abounds in swooping glissandos, elaborate and flashy percussion parts, and a modicum of limited improvisatory doodling contrived to create those sonic blankets known as tone clusters, this aggressively contemporary surface is liberally equipped with handholds and footholds for the timid listener.

An uncharitable view might well hold that these archaicising elements constitute bet-hedging—a way to write modern music for people who hate modern music; even a charitable one would have to agree that the thrust of the Concerto's continuity is almost entirely in the piano part. It is the piano writing that completely characterizes the variations, for example, passing from one to another Czernyesque figuration, the orchestra merely supporting with subsidiary sounds of repose or excitement, or imitating the piano, as the occasion demands. (The Beethoven chord in question, by the way, is the fierce dissonance that begins the second, choral exposition in the last movement of the Ninth Symphony—and thus is not quite the same sound quoted for a programmatic purpose in Michael Tippett's Third Symphony, which referred to the much milder dissonance at the very beginning of the Beethoven move-



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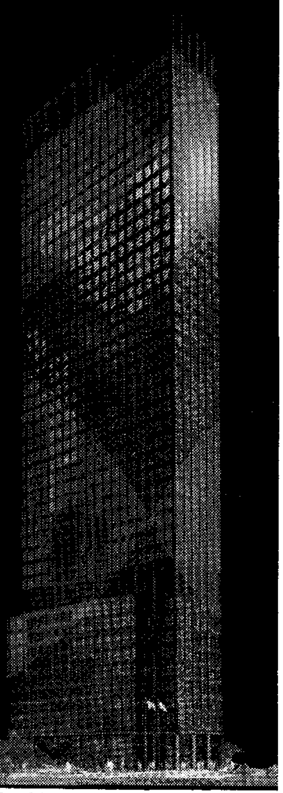
ment.) Save in the slow movement (rather neutral in character), all this pianistic activity is essentially athletic, and that is where the piece really lives. Its attitude, one concludes, is that of a display piece rather than a significant encounter between piano and orchestra—the likes of Thalberg and Herz redivivus, dressed in boutique fashions. Miss Somer coped impressively, even with the eighteen hundred and sixty eighth-notes in a row, at the rate of ten per second, in that finale, twice as long as its Chopinian model; the orchestra had its task well in hand.

THE twentieth century has brought forth one novel adumbration of the concerto idea: the "concerto for orchestra," in which a single soloist is eschewed in favor of putting all the members of the orchestra through their paces, either individually or in groups. The earliest example, according to a survey by John Vinton, is Paul Hindemith's Opus 38, composed in 1925. The most famous, of course, is Bartók's, from 1943, written for the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The Italian composer Goffredo Petrassi has contributed seven works to the genre. A recent and imposing specimen, Elliott Carter's New York Philharmonic commission, completed in 1969, was the subject of several performances and an "Informal Evening" at the hands of Boulez and the Philharmonic earlier this season.

There are no standard patterns for the orchestral concerto. Carter divides his orchestra, more or less horizontally, into four groups (high-pitched instruments, medium-high, medium-low, and low), each with its own material, which develops, interweaves, and collides with the others in fluid and exciting images of confrontation. Gunther Schuller, in his "Gala Music (Concerto for Orchestra)," completed in 1966 for the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and played here by Erich Leinsdorf and the Philharmonic at the concerts of March 28th-April 2nd, adopts a vertical division, along the lines of the standard orchestral choirs: brass, strings, winds, with percussion, harp, and piano, respectively, coöpted to those main groups. Each group has a "solo" movement (the brass proclamatory, the strings expressive and eventually agitated, the winds in the manner of a scherzo), and then material from all three is quoted and passed about in a final movement, superimposed on an elaborate pattern of bell sounds.

It works well. Schuller knows his orchestra inside out, and for it he in-



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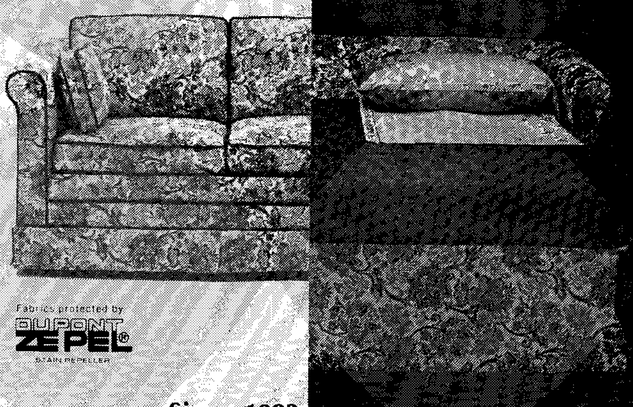

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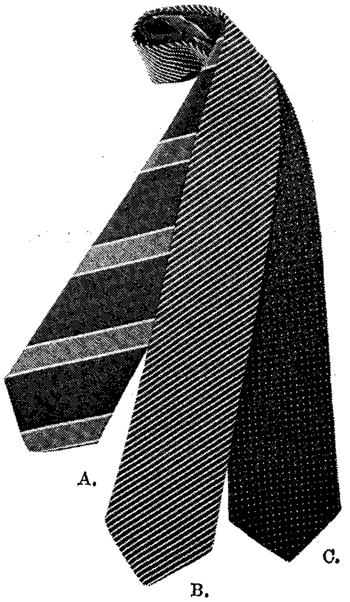

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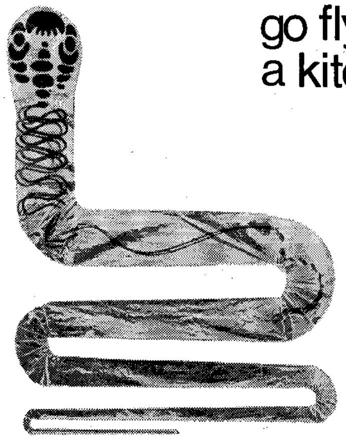

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vents material that really "sounds." Particularly striking is the woodwind movement, in which the instruments in use change every measure or two, ranging from duets to the entire section of twelve plus piano, the colors tumbling around as in a kaleidoscope and the effect of the whole depending not so much on individual virtuosity as on the ensemble abilities of the entire group. This special kind of collective excitement did not always emerge from the Philharmonic's performance, proficient though it was; such finely detailed and specific writing wants living with, in any case, and Mr. Leinsdorf's beat, none too flexible with respect to downbeats, is often insufficiently firm in between.

THIS particular failing constituted something of a problem in Beethoven's Second Piano Concerto, on the same program, for melodies in the orchestra that began before the downbeat never really got off the ground. However, for Alicia de Larrocha, the soloist in this work, I can find little but praise. Indeed, the last few weeks have been rewarding ones for pianists confronting orchestras. Charles Rosen played Chopin's early, showy Variations on Mozart's "Là ci darem la mano," Opus 2, with dazzling brio at an otherwise dispiriting concert by the Little Orchestra Society (March 6th, at Fisher). Maurizio Pollini joined Boulez and the Philharmonic for Bartók's First Piano Concerto at the concerts of February 28th-March 5th—a presentation with impact far beyond what I have ever before encountered in this work, not only for the steely clarity of the outer movements but for the chamber-music precision that marked the strikingly conceived slow movement, a sort of three-legged nocturnal march. A few weeks later, Pollini returned for Mozart's A-Major Concerto, K. 488, with Seiji Ozawa and the Boston Symphony: fastidious playing, but full of subtle life; the pianist's inflection of simple repeated notes in the slow movement assigned to each one a precise structural function.

—DAVID HAMILTON

●

NEW YORK (AP)—I hate to keep repeating myself, but yet another private eye series is upon us this season. It's called "Tenafly" and involves the doings of a black investigator.

NEW YORK (AP)—I hate to keep repeating myself, but yet another private eye series is upon us this season. It's called "Tenafls" and involves the doings of a black investigator.—*Stockton (Calif.) Record.*

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BOOKS

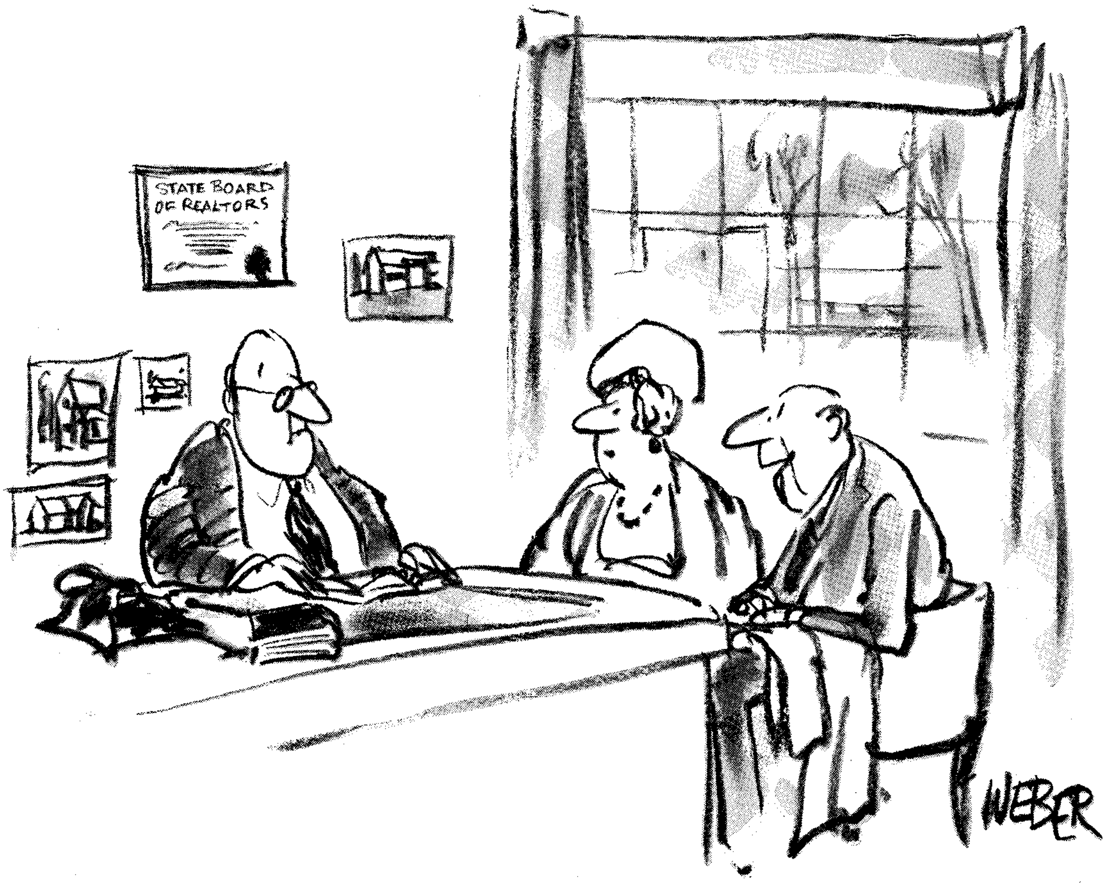
Uneasy Rider

TOLD by the blurb that we have here "one of the most unique and exciting books in the history of American letters," one bridles both at the grammar of the claim and at its routine excess. The grammar stays irreparable. But I have a hunch that the assertion itself is valid. "Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance: An Inquiry Into Values," by Robert M. Pirsig (Morrow), is as willfully awkward as its title. It is densely put together. It lurches, with a deliberate shift of its grave ballast, between fiction and philosophic discourse, between a private memoir and the formulaic impersonality of an engineering or trade journal. As it stands, it is a very long book, but report has it, and fault lines indicate, that a much longer text lies behind it. One hears of an eight-hundred-thousand-word draft and feels perversely deprived of it by the mere sanity and worldliness of the publisher. "Zen and the Art" is awkward both to live with and to write about. It lodges in the mind as few recent novels have, deepening its grip, compelling the landscape into unexpected planes of order and menace.

The narrative thread is deceptively trite. Father and son are on a motorcycle holiday, travelling from Minneapolis toward the Dakotas, then across the mountains, turning south to Santa Rosa and the Bay. Asphalt, motels, hairpins in the knife-cold of the Rockies, fog and desert, the waters dividing, then the vineyards and the tawny flanks of the sea. Mr. Pirsig is not the first ever to burst: Kerouac has been here before him, and Humbert Humbert, a clutch of novels, films, stories, television serials of loners on the move, lapping the silent miles, toasted or drenched under the big skies, motelling from one neon oasis to the next, and gliding at sundown through the nerve-wrenching sadness of the American suburb, honky-tonk town, and used-car crater. Pirsig is good on distance, windburn, and the uncomely occurrences in one's innards after too many hours on a cycle, after too many dusty snacks. But this would not make for the force of his book.

There are other pressures. The eleven-year-old passenger is called Chris. The weight of his nascent perceptions, of his endangered identity, grows fierce. There is a level at which this is the story of the great-shouldered ferryman of the Lord, of St. Christopher, guardian, talisman of travellers, his ribs bursting, his thighs shivering as the Child's weight almost overwhelms him in midstream. And Pirsig knows, perhaps senses with the somnambular erudition of a major artist, that the Christian image is itself a reflection of something much older—the centaur, a creature "motorcyclic" if ever there was, bearing the infant Hercules. A father and his child are riding through night and wind, enigmatically pursued, in receipt of eerie solicitations that seem to tear at the boy's soul. Yes, of course: the most famous of ballads, Goethe's "Erlkönig," some of whose multitudinous musical settings seem to resound from between the crotchets and plosives of the motorcycle engine. An erl-tale of nocturnal harrying, the human psyche being drawn back into an ancient slumber or possession, precisely as Chris may be if the cleansing Pacific is not reached in time. In short, we find a prodigality of pointers and echoes. There are the Wild Ones from Marlon Brando's pack, the Angels out of Hell (all theological inferences being allowed)—those outriders of Death whom Cocteau sheathed in leather and filmed long ago. A largesse of symbols, allusions, archetypes so spendthrift, so palpable, that only a great imaginer, shaping his material out of integral need, could afford it. A more professional contriver would have excised, he would have made his mythologies oblique, he would have felt embarrassed at the obviousness of the symbols offered. Mr. Pirsig allows himself a certain broad innocence. Everything is animate at the surface, contoured, casting exact shadows, as in the snowscape of an American primitive. Because the underlying design is covert and original to a degree.

Pirsig's work is, like so much of classic American literature, Manichaean. It is formed of dualities, binary oppositions, presences, values, codes of utterance in conflict. Father against son; the architectures of the



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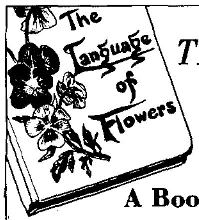

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mind against those of the machine; a modernity of speed, uniformity, and consumption (of fuel, of space, of political gimmicks) against conservancy, against the patience of true thought. But these confrontations are themselves ambiguous; they keep us off balance and straining for poise as do the swerves of the motorcycle.

Phaedrus is hunting the narrator. He is, at one level, the secret sharer, the intense questioner, the compaction of pure intellect. He has sprung directly out of the Plato dialogue that carries his name, and the device of having a living being pursued by a shadow out of Plato is by itself enough to certify Pirsig's strength, his mastery over the reader. But the chase is, to be sure, *internal*. It is *the narrator himself* who is a rent being, cloven nearly to his roots by alternate modes of identity. It is not the Demonking who is threatening the child's psyche, perhaps his life, but the father. Chris's dawning awareness of this fact, via nightmares, via the strangeness he hears in the penumbra of his father's voice, and the final duel between divided man and child on the verge of the healing sea, are of a numbing force. Chris perceives that his father has, at some dread point in the past, been out of his mind, literally ecstatic, as are the daemonically inhabited. The remembrance of a glass wall, in some hospital long ago, overwhelms him. Phaedrus, the lambent but ultimately anarchic agency of untamed thought, of speculative obsession beyond the constraints of love and of social life, is about to spring:

> His gaze fails in a sudden inward flash. Then his eyes close and a strange cry comes from his mouth, a wail like the sound of something far away. He turns and stumbles on the ground, then falls, doubles up and kneels and rocks back and forth, head on the ground. A faint misty wind blows in the grass around him. A seagull alights nearby.
>
> Through the fog I hear the whine of gears of a truck....

Gears, points, engine-mounting bolts, the overhead-cam chain-tensioner, chain guards, fuel injectors play a major part. This is indeed a book about the art of motorcycle maintenance, about the cerebral concentration, about the scruple and delicacy of both hand and ear required to keep an engine musical and safe across heat or cold, tarmac or red dust. It is a book about the diverse orders of relation—wasteful, obtuse, amateurish, peremptory, utilitarian, insightful—which connect modern man to his mechanical environment. A motorcycle is "a system of concepts worked out in steel."

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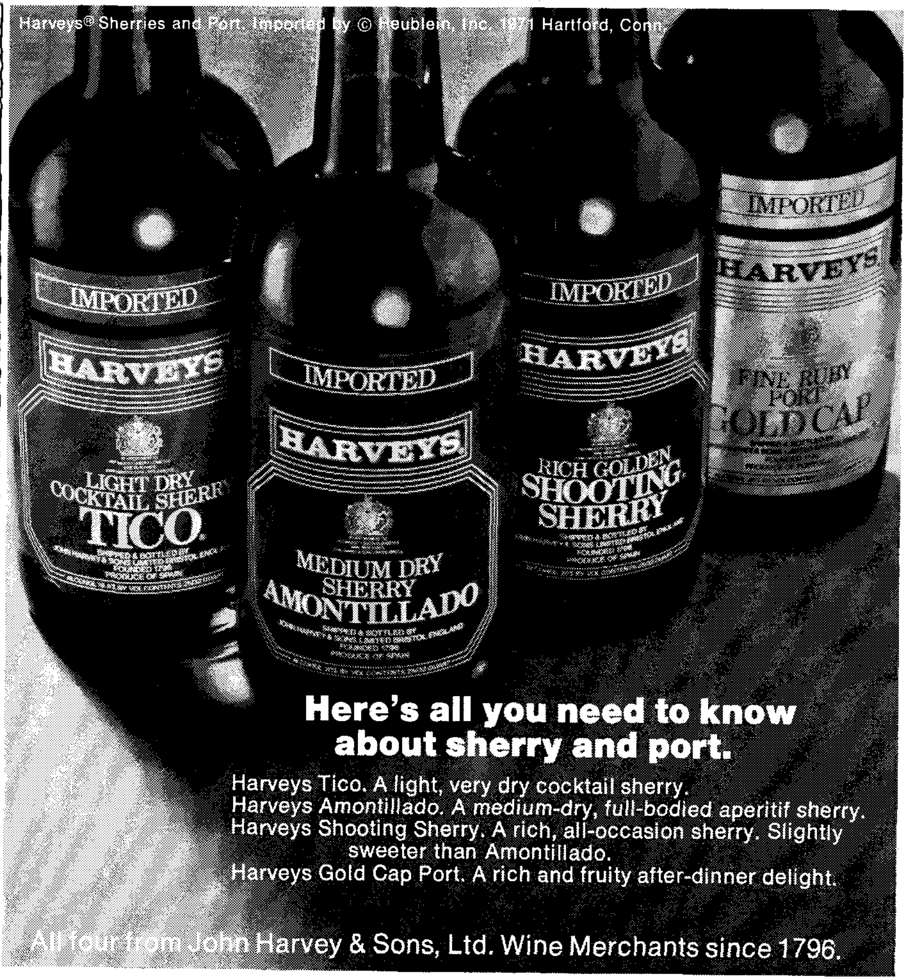
Phaedrus and Plato, his master, believe that the steel fabric is but a shadow, necessarily inferior, of the idea of an engine generated by, perfect within, the mind. There is, the narrator allows, truth in this addiction to the ideal. But it is a perilous truth. It is the actual, the material we must endure and shape to our needs. Matter, too, has its exactitudes:

> If the fit is loose by a distance of only a few thousandths of an inch the force will be delivered suddenly, like a hammer blow, and the rod, bearing, and crankshaft surface will soon be pounded flat, creating a noise which at first sounds a lot like loose tappets. That's the reason I'm checking it now. If it *is* a loose rod and I try to make it to the mountains without an overhaul, it will soon get louder and louder until the rod tears itself free, slams into the spinning crankshaft, and destroys the engine. Sometimes broken rods will pile right down through the crankcase and dump all the oil onto the road. All you can do then is start walking.

The two disciplines of apprehension, ideal and instrumental, are bodied forth in what is probably the wittiest, most ramified episode in the tale. The traveller returns to the college in Montana from which nervous collapse and Phaedrus's insistence on the absolute value of truth, on education as moral begetting, had driven him years before. His hosts dwell in the perfect house in the perfect canyon. Theirs is the very essence of the new American pastoral, of those chic serenities we now dress, build, and diet for. Robert DeWeese, artist-in-residence, brings out instructions for the assembly of an outdoor barbecue rotisserie which have baffled him. The discussion flows deep. It touches on the limitations of language in regard to mechanical procedure, on machine assembly as a long-lost branch of sculpture whose organic finesse is betrayed by the inert facility of commercial blueprints, on the ghost (O shades of Descartes) that inhabits the machine. Pirsig's timing and crafting at this juncture are flawless.

This is not always so. The westward journey is punctuated by lengthy meditations and lay sermons that Pirsig calls "Chautauquas." They are basic to his purpose. During these addresses to the reader, Phaedrus's insinuations are registered and diagnosed. The nature of quality, in conduct as in engineering, is debated and tested against the pragmatic shoddiness of a consumer society. Much of this discursive argument, the "inquiry into values," is finely shaped. But there are pedestrian stretches, potted summaries of Kant which betray the aggressive certitudes



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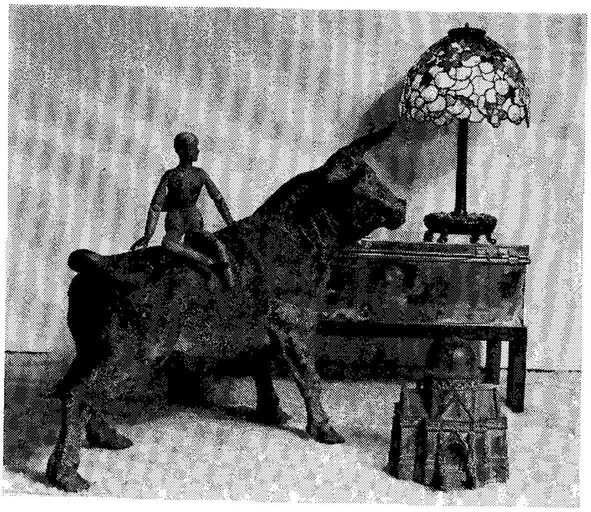

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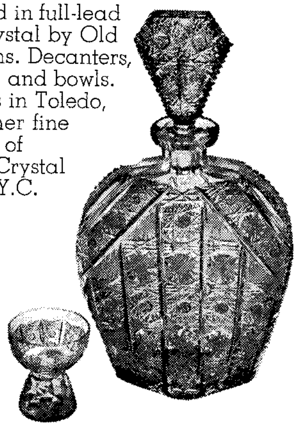

The Fun House

BY PHILIP REID

Freelance journalist Harris, with all his Fleet Street contacts, couldn't understand why editors shied at his series on Trans-Equatorial Mining. The stuff was harmless enough—until bodies began piling up and it suddenly seemed *his would be* next. $5.95

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of the self-taught man, misattributions (it was not Coleridge but Goethe who divided rational humanity into Platonists and Aristotelians), tatters out of a Great Books seminar to which the narrator once took bitter exception. The cracker-barrel voice grinds on, sententious and flat. But the book is inspired, original enough to impel us across gray patches. And as the mountains gentle toward the sea—with father and child locked in a ghostly grip—the narrative tact, the perfect economy of effect, defy criticism.

A detailed technical treatise on the tools, on the routines, on the metaphysics of a specialized skill; the legend of a great hunt after identity, after the salvation of mind and soul out of obsession, the hunter being hunted; a fiction repeatedly interrupted by, enmeshed with, a lengthy meditation on the ironic and tragic singularities of American man—the analogies with "Moby Dick" are patent. Robert Pirsig invites the prodigious comparison. It is at many points, including, even, the almost complete absence of women, suitable. What more can one say?—GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE GUILTLESS: A NOVEL IN ELEVEN STORIES, by Hermann Broch, translated from the German by Ralph Manheim (Little, Brown). This is the first English translation of a novel that was published in Germany in 1950. Broch's extraordinary first novel, "The Sleepwalkers," was published here in 1932. He was imprisoned by the Nazis in 1938, but managed to make his way to this country, where a second, equally brilliant and innovative book, "The Death of Virgil," was published in 1945. (He died in New Haven in 1951.) The present volume was put together from a number of stories written while Broch still lived in Austria (he was born in Vienna) and from six he wrote here. Most of the stories take place in Austria or Germany between the First and Second World Wars, and the somewhat dreamlike events and gray, decadent people in them are meant to reflect "conditions and types prevalent in the pre-Hitler period." Insofar as the stories try to recapture the mood and atmosphere of the time, they succeed—admirably. Broch's hypocritical schoolteacher, his aging Baroness W., his self-absorbed, fat young businessman, and his mean-spirited, religious

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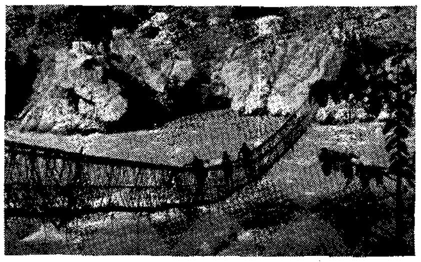

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spinster all have the fresh, sour reality of figures in a George Grosz painting. There are flashes, too, of the brilliant cohesiveness of abstract thought and characterization that marked his first two novels. Unfortunately, however, the almost skeletal fictional foundation of this book cannot support the weight of a superabundance of ponderous, if impassioned, lecturing ("Limitless are the possibilities of our thinking, more limitless than the possibilities of the natural process, but where these two multiplicities correspond, perhaps they will unite"), and though Mr. Manheim's translation is excellent, non-German-speaking readers will occasionally stumble against roadblocks—such as "soul-noise"—that are impassable.

GENERAL

THE GREAT SCHOOL WARS: NEW YORK CITY, 1805-1973, by Diane Ravitch (Basic Books). A history of the New York City public schools that provides facts about the past and perspective on the present. Mrs. Ravitch has found that the dramas played since the Second World War are revivals of earlier conflicts, for the city's public schools have always had trouble educating the children of poor immigrants, especially when there were lots of them. Past panaceas have included decentralization and community control as well as centralization and professional control. Reform organizations have lobbied, depending on the decade, for educational innovation, for strict economy, for political intervention, or for taking the schools out of politics. None of these prescriptions has worked. The schools' greatest successes occurred for noneducational reasons: from the late nineteen-twenties to the nineteen-forties, the school population not only dropped but included comparatively few immigrants. So the book asks us to recognize that the public schools cannot solve all the problems of society, and asks us to reconsider catchwords of the moment by reminding us that they echo the slogans of past failures. An excellent work.

THE FREUD-JUNG LETTERS: THE CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN SIGMUND FREUD AND C. G. JUNG, translated from the German by Ralph Manheim and R. F. C. Hull, and edited by William McGuire (Bollingen Series/Princeton). As all the world knows, the Viennese inventor of psychoanalysis expected

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the younger Swiss psychoanalyst to become his disciple and theoretical heir. Their professional intimacy was great, and their separation, which began in 1912, was extremely bitter. Their correspondence (1906-14, with one professional referral some years later) demonstrates, among other things, the dogged dedication, the immense efforts that these two giants gave to understanding, classifying, and curing emotional disturbances. Both men are intolerant; they give the impression, as they exchange their opinions of other workers or thinkers in the field, that they cannot bear criticism or disagreement. Much of their correspondence is technical, and some of it in terms likely to be unfamiliar to laymen. But any reader can guess without hindsight that these two enormous egos are on a collision course from the start, and this gives the book its terrifying fascination. The voice of common sense is heard in several letters that Mrs. Jung wrote to Freud without her husband's knowledge. She foresaw their clash, hoped to avert it, and wrote with a frankness, simplicity, and warmth that contrast with the touchiness of the two obstinate geniuses.

THE GLORY OF THE VIOLIN, by Joseph Wechsberg (Viking). An enchanting book about the great age of stringed-instrument making, the makers themselves (Amati, Stradivari, Guarneri), the history of some great violins, and the performers who have played them. Mr. Wechsberg's book is more than anecdote and lore: it offers, in layman's language, a short course in the technicalities of violin-making which explains, among other things, what is known and what remains mysterious about the fine old instruments that seem to ripen over the centuries and have not been duplicated since.

•

Meanwhile, a Soviet grand jury report on Nixon's activities while the alleged Watergate coverup was taking place was returned to District Court, awaiting its delivery to the House.—*Montreal Gazette.*

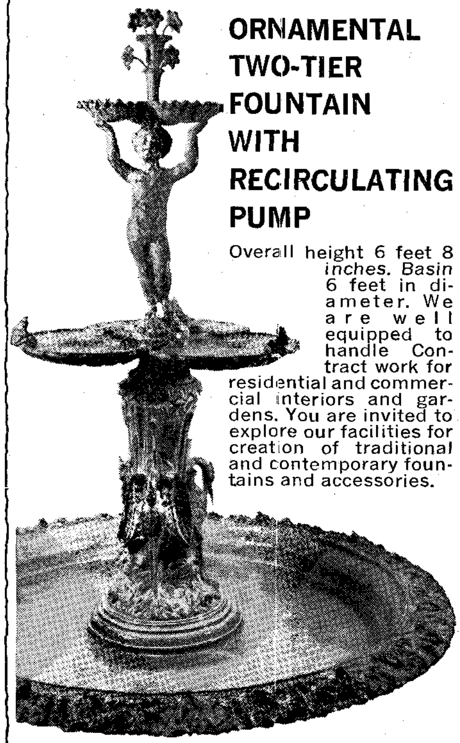
There goes détente.

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Post*]

She [Mme. Anwar Sadat] is 40 years old now, still beautiful, but the wrinkle lines are gathering around her eyes. She shrugs them off.



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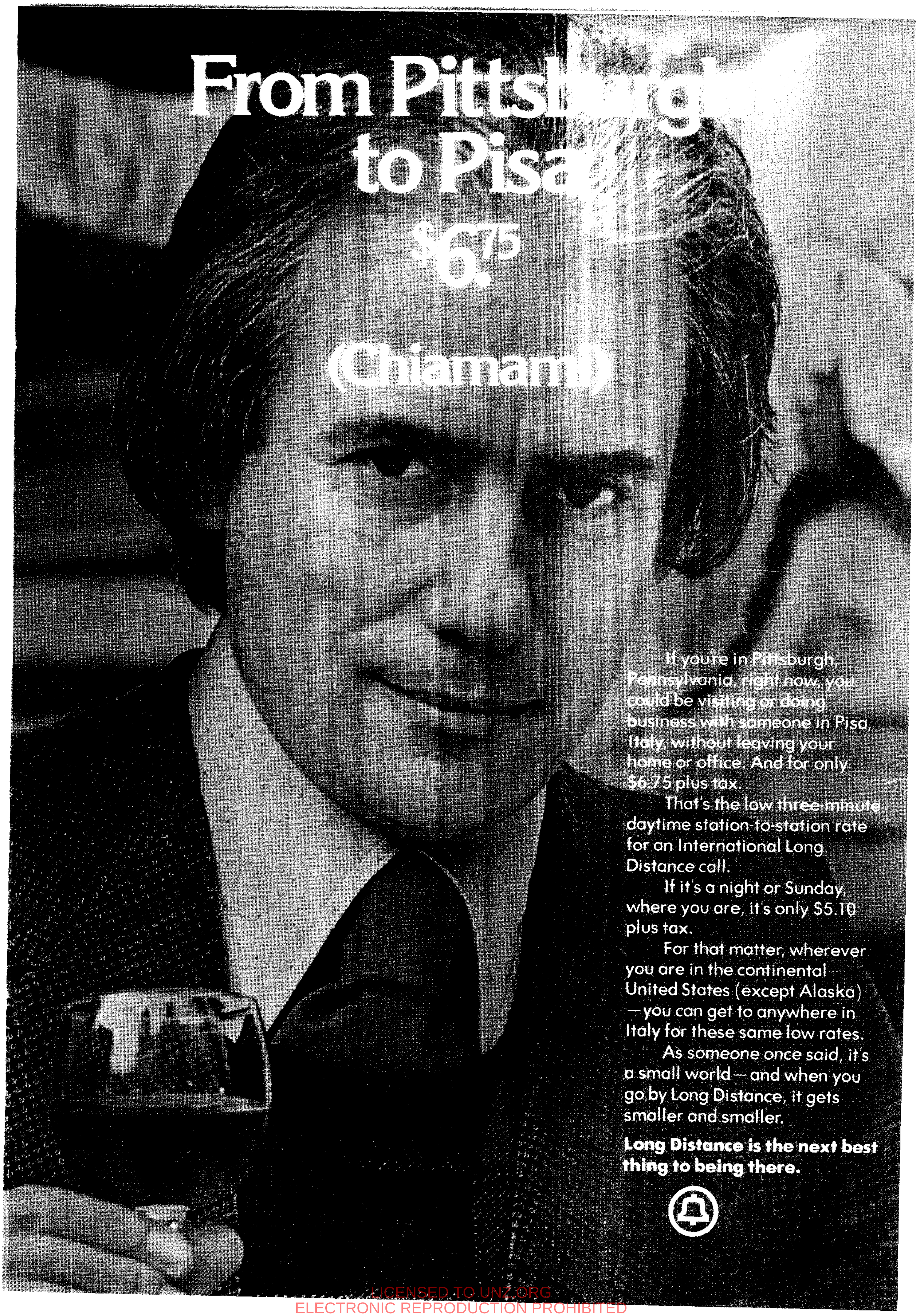

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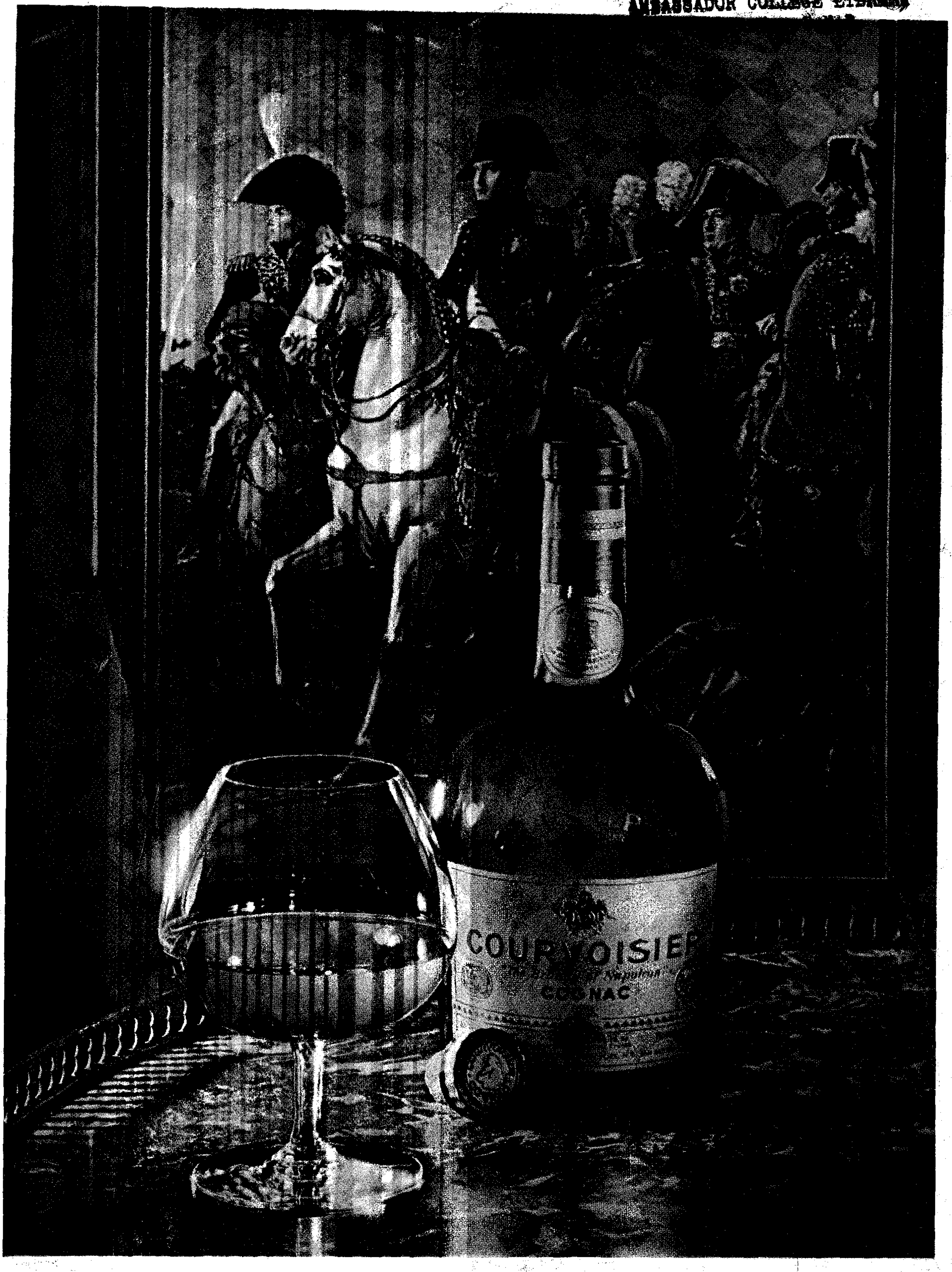
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